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THE

CHURCH HYMN BOOK:

COMPRISING

A CHOICE COLLECTION OF HYMNS,

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED,

FOR

THE USE OF PUBLIC WORSHIP,

AND

VARIOUS OTHER OCCASIONS.

COMPILED BY JOHN WINEBRENNER, V. D. M.

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"O come, and let us sing to the Lord."—Ps. 95 : 1.

HARRISBURG, PA.,
PUBLISHED BY AUTHORITY OF THE GENERAL ELDERSHIP
OF THE CHURCH OF GOD.
1859.

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JOHN F. WEISHAMPEL, JR., PUBLISHER AND BOOKSELLER,
BALTIMORE, MD.

PREFACE.

OK of Psalms, Hymns and Spiritual Songs, ervice of the Church, is second only to the a point of importance and spiritual interests. The want of such a book, adapted in all respects, to the use of private, social and public worship, has long been felt and desired by the CHURCH OF GOD.

The GENERAL ELDERSHIP, eleven years ago, appointed a Committee of seven brethren, to compile a Hymn Book for congregational use, and to have it published in a large 18mo. form. But the members of that Committee living at a great distance from each other, in the East and West, found it inconvenient to hold a meeting, and form a plan for the accomplishment of the work assigned them. Hence, nothing was effected; and the next Triennial Meeting appointed another Committee, for the same purpose—all members of the East Pennsylvania Eldership;—but none of them seemed to have time and inclination to undertake the task of compiling the work. At the succeeding Triennial Meeting, the Eldership appointed the compiler and editor of this volume, to assume the task; but made no provision to meet the expenses of compiling and publishing the work. Therefore, the action of the Eldership remained a dead letter, and the project resulted as before. The Eldership, at its Session in May, 1857, provided a plan for both its compilation and publication, which proved successful, and has been faithfully carried out.

In presenting this new Hymn Book to th
and the public, the compiler feels it his du
fully to acknowledge the many valuable
tions to the work, from kind friends and
at home and abroad.

A choice variety of the best hymns in the
language, and a large number of new and
spiritual songs, will be found in this book, wh
not embodied in any of the standard hymn b
now in use.

Essential improvements will also be found in some of the old hymns, where it was necessary to improve the diction and doctrine, so as to make the sentiment harmonize with the teachings of the Holy Scriptures. Sound theology, as well as good lyrical poetry, are essential to good singing. No one can sing with the spirit and understanding, where the metre, composition and doctrine are all defective.

We do not claim entire perfection for "The Church Hymn Book;" but we do claim for it, a high degree of literary merit and poetic excellence—improvement in metrical accuracy—in the classification of the hymns—in a copious variety, and due apportionment of hymns to subjects—in orthodoxy, or soundness of doctrine—and in typography, and general neatness of workmanship. Changes and improvements, therefore, it is hoped, may not be necessary, for many years to come. And for the sake of uniformity, the brethren will do well to make themselves acquainted with the hymns as they are now found revised and improved in this book.

It has been a prominent aim of the compiler to prepare a good and useful book, which, besides being

appropriate to ordinary and regular church services, would also be suitable and well adapted to various other seasons and occasions.

Special attention has been given to the classification of the hymns. In most of the hymn books, in common use, this subject, from some unknown cause, has not received that careful attention, which its importance demands.

Besides the usual Table of Contents, and Index of First Lines, this compilation has also a Metrical Index, an Index of particular Subjects, and an Index of Scripture Texts. These Indexes will all be found of great importance, and particularly to the ministry.

The compiler would emphatically say, and earnestly recommend to the ministers, and leaders of the singing in the churches, to make themselves familiar with the Metrical Index. Those who do so, will soon discover a material advantage and benefit.

He would also suggest to the brethren in the ministry, not to line the hymns, in time of singing, except where the people are not supplied with books; and then to be sure to avoid the unmeaning practice of lining but half the stanza.

The compiler most respectfully dedicates this book to the Church of God; and prays that it may be made a blessing to his brethren of the churches, and to the world at large.

JOHN WINEBRENNER.

Baltimore, Md., July 4, 1859.

ADDRESS TO THE BRETHREN AND FRIENDS OF THE CHURCH OF GOD.

The undersigned, the Hymn Book Committee, by appointment of the General Eldership of the Church of God, (at its late Triennial Meeting, in Harrisburg, Pa.,) take pleasure in announcing that the work assigned them, revised and approved by a Committee of Revision, has been accomplished, and they hope, in a manner that will fully supply the wants, and meet the highest expectations of the Churches.

Committing their labors into the hands of Him whose glory they have endeavored to keep in view, with the hope that He may accept the praises and prayers addressed to Him; and that the songs of their brethren may be more animated, and fuller of the "spirit and the understanding," they respectfully submit this volume to the Churches.

JOHN S. GABLE,
JOSEPH ROSS,
GEORGE ROSS,
Committee of Publication.

Middletown, Pa., July 6, 1859.

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METRE signifies measure, as applied to musical verse. The various metres are designated by letters and figures, as follows:

NO. OF SYLLABLES IN EACH LINE.

S. M. denotes Short Metre, containing 6,6,8,6
C. M. " Common Metre, " 8,6,8,6
L. M. " Long Metre, " 8,8,8,8
S. P. M. " Short Peculiar Metre, " 6,6,8,6,6,8
As, "To God, the Father, Son," (*Doxology 7th.*)
C. P. M. " Common Peculiar Metre, 8,8,6,8,8,6
As, "Come on, my partners in distress."
L. P. M. " Long Peculiar Metre, " 8,8,8,8,8,8
As, "I'll praise my Maker while I've breath."
H. M. " Hallelujah Metre, " 6,6,6,6,8,8
As, "Blow ye the trumpet, blow."
S. H. M. " Short Hallelujah Metre, " 6,6,8,6,8,8
As, "Friend after friend departs."
C. H. M. " Common Hallelujah M., " 8,6,8,6,8,8
As, "Go, watch and pray; thou canst not tell."
M. 7s. " Metre Sevens, " 7,7,7,7
As, "Children of the heavenly King."
P. M. 8s. " Same as L.M., but peculiar in accent,
As, "How tedious and tasteless the hours."
M. 6 lines 8s. Same as L.P.M., but different in accent,
As, "Come, O thou Traveler unknown."
L. M. D. Long Metre, double, 8,8,8,8,8,8,8,8
As, "There seems a voice in every gale."
M. 8s & 7s. " A measure of 8,7,8,7
As, "Come, thou Fount of every blessing."
M. 8s, 7s & 4. A measure of 8,7,8,7,4,7
As, "Come, ye sinners, poor and needy."
M. 7s, & 6s, or, Reg'lr Iambic, A measure of 7,6,7,6,7,6,7,6
As, "From Greenland's icy mountains."

	NO. OF SYLLABLES IN EACH LINE.
M. 7s 6s, or Irreg. Iamb. A measure of the same, As, "Drooping souls, no longer grieve."	7,6,7,6,7,6,7,6
M. 6s & 4s. A measure of As, "My country, 'tis of thee."	6,6,4,6,6,4
M. 10s. " A measure of As, "Joyfully, joyfully, onward I move."	10,10,10,10
M. 10s & 11s. A measure of As, "O, tell me no more of this world's vain store."	10,11,10,11
M. 11s & 10s. A measure of As, "Brightest and best of the sons of the morning."	11,10,11,10
M. 11s. " A measure of As, "I would not live alway." &c.	11,11,11,11
M. 12s. " A measure of As, "The voice of free grace," &c.	12,12,12,12
P. M. " Peculiar Metre, and is irregular in measure, as, "Saw ye my Saviour," containing	5,5,7,7,7,9
or, "Come, let us anew," &c., "	10,5,11,12,6,12
or, "O come, come away," "	12,8,5,8,8,6,4
or, "O how happy are they," &c. "	6,6,9,6,6,9
or, "How precious is the name," "	6,6,6,3,6,6,6,6,6,3
or, "Beyond where Kedron's waters,"	8,8,6,8,8
or, "Hail, mighty and victorious Lord,"	8,8,8,8,8,4
or, "Behold, behold the Lamb of God,"	8,6,8,6,8,8,8,6
or, "By faith I view my Saviour dying,"	9,6,9,6,8,8,8,6
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or, "The Son of man they did betray,"	8,8,8,6,8,8,8,8,6

CHURCH HYMN BOOK.

EXISTENCE OF GOD.

1 *There is a God.* C. M.

DENY it not! There is a God—
There is a Holy One;
The stars proclaim it all abroad,
The planets and the sun.

2 His voice is heard in every clime,
Wherever man has trod,
And all his works proclaim and chime—
"There is—there is a God."

3 The whisp'ring zephyr, and the winds
That howling tempests send,
And flow'rs that bloom, and birds that sing,
The glorious faith defend.

4 The brook, that ripples on its way,
And cascade roaring loud,
In unison with conscience say—
"There is—there is a God."

2 *Existence of God seen in Nature.* L. M.

THERE is a God—all nature speaks,
Through earth, and air, and sea, and skies;
See, from the clouds his glory breaks,
When earliest beams of morning rise.

2 The rising sun, serenely bright,
Throughout the world's extended frame,
Inscribes in characters of light
His mighty Maker's glorious name.

3 Ye curious minds, who roam abroad,
And trace creation's wonders o'er,
Confess the footsteps of your God;
Bow down before him, and adore.

3 *Being and Maker of the Universe.* C. M.

THERE is a God who rules on high,
In realms of endless light,
Whose wisdom is unsearchable;
Omnipotent his might.

2 By him the universe was made,
With all its varied store;
He was, and is, and is to come,
He lives for evermore.

3 All that he made, he still upholds,
By his Almighty power;
In him we live, and move, and breathe,
Each moment, and each hour.

4 While saints in heaven rehearse his praise,
And sing his matchless name,
Let saints on earth his goodness show,
And spread abroad his fame.

4 *Is there a God?* C. M.

IS THERE a God? Yon rising sun
In answer meet replies,
Writes it in flame upon the earth,
Proclaims it round the skies.

2 Is there a God? Hark! from on high
His thunder shakes the poles;
I hear his voice in every wind,
In every wave that rolls.

3 Is there a God? With sacred fear
I upward turn my eyes;
"There is," each glittering lamp of light;
"There is," my soul replies.

4 If such convictions to my mind
His works aloud impart,
O let the wisdom of his word
Inscribe them on my heart!

5

Nature proves the Being of God. L. M.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue etherial sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

2 The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display;
And publishes to every land,
The work of an Almighty hand.

3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;

4 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets, in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

5 What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark, terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found:

6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
Forever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

6

Being of God. L. M.

ETERNAL God! Almighty cause
Of earth and seas, and worlds unknown;
All things are subject to thy laws;
All things depend on thee alone.

2 Thy glorious Being singly stands,
Of all within itself possest;
Controll'd by none are thy commands;
Thou from thyself alone art blest.

3 To thee alone ourselves we owe;
Let heav'n and earth due homage pay:
All other gods we disavow,
Deny their claims, renounce their sway.

4 Spread thy great name through heathen lands;
Their idol-deities dethrone:
Reduce the world to thy command,
And reign, as thou art, God alone.

ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

7 *Divine Attributes.* H.M. 6,6,6,6,8,8

THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
His throne is built on high;
The garments he assumes
Are light and majesty.
His glories shine with beams so bright,
No mortal eye can bear the sight.

2 The thunders of his hand
Keep the wide world in awe;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard his holy law;
And where his love resolves to bless,
His truth confirms and seals the grace.

3 Through all his ancient works,
Surprising wisdom shines;
Confounds the powers of hell,
And breaks their curst designs.
Strong is his arm, and shall fulfil
His great decrees, his sovereign will.

4 And can this mighty King
Of glory condescend?
And will he write his name,
My Father and my Friend?
I love his name, I love his word;
Join all my powers to praise the Lord.

8 *God's Eternity.* C. M.

Thou didst, O mighty God, exist
Ere time began its race;
Before the ample elements
Filled up the void of space;—

2 Before the ponderous earthly globe
In fluid air was stayed;
Before the ocean's mighty springs
Their liquid stores displayed.

3 And when the pillars of the world
With sudden ruin break,
And all this vast and goodly frame
Sinks in the mighty wreck;

4 When from her orb the moon shall start,
Th' astonished sun roll back,
While all the trembling starry lamps
Their ancient course forsake;—

5 Forever permanent and fixed,
From agitation free,
Unchanged in everlasting years,
Shall thy existence be.

9 *Eternity of God.* C. M.

Rise, rise, my soul, and leave the ground;
Stretch all thy thoughts abroad;
And raise up every tuneful sound,
To praise th' eternal God!

2 Long ere the lofty skies were spread,
Jehovah filled his throne,
Or Adam formed, or angels made,
Jehovah lived alone.

3 His boundless years can ne'er decrease,
But still maintain their prime;
Eternity's his dwelling-place,
And EVER is his time.

4 While like a tide our minutes flow,
The present and the past,
He fills his own immortal NOW,
And sees our ages waste.

5 The sea and sky must perish too,
And vast destruction come;
The creatures—look, how old they grow,
And wait their fiery doom!

6 Well, let the sea shrink all away,
And flame melt down the skies;
My God shall live an endless day,
When old creation dies.

10 *God Unchangeable.* L. M.

ALL-POWERFUL, self-existent God,
Who all creation dost sustain!
Thou wast, and art, and art to come,
And everlasting is thy reign.

2 Fixed and eternal as thy days,
Each glorious attribute divine,
Through ages infinite, shall still
With undiminished lustre shine.

3 Fountain of being! Source of good!
Immutable dost thou remain;
Nor can the shadow of a change
Obscure the glories of thy reign.

4 Nature her order may reverse,
Revolving seasons cease their round;
Nor spring appear with blooming pride,
Nor autumn be with plenty crowned.

5 Earth may with all her power dissolve,
If such the great Creator's will;
But thou forever art the same;
"I AM" is thy memorial still.

11 *His Immutability.* C. M.

THROUGH endless years thou art the same,
O thou eternal God!
Each future age shall know thy name,
And tell thy works abroad.

2 The strong foundations of the earth
Of old by thee were laid;
By thee the beauteous arch of heaven
With matchless skill was made.

3 Soon shall this goodly frame of things,
Created by thy hand,
Be, like a vesture, laid aside,
And changed at thy command.

4 But thy perfections, all divine,
Eternal as thy days,
Through everlasting ages shine
With undiminished rays.

12 *God's Eternal Dominion.* C. M.

GREAT GOD! how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made;
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

3 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view;
To thee there's nothing old appears—
Great God! there's nothing new.

4 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares;
While thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturbed affairs.

5 Great God! how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

13

God Incomprehensible. L. M.

GREAT God, in vain man's narrow view
Attempts to look thy nature through;
Our laboring powers with reverence own
Thy glories never can be known.

2 Not the high seraph's mighty thought,
Who countless years his God has sought,
Such wondrous height or depth can find,
Or fully trace thy boundless mind.

3 Yet, Lord, thy kindness deigns to show
All that we mortals need to know;
While wisdom, goodness, power divine,
Through all thy works and conduct shine.

4 O, may our souls with rapture trace
Thy works of nature and of grace;
Adore thy sacred name, and still
Press on to know and do thy will.

14

God Incomprehensible. C. M.

SHALL foolish, weak, short-sighted man
Beyond the angels go?
The great Almighty God explain,
Or to perfection know?

2 His attributes divinely soar
Above the creature's sight,
And prostrate seraphim adore
The glorious Infinite.

3 The brightness of his glory leaves
Description far below;
Nor man's nor angel's heart conceives
How deep his mercies flow.

4 His grace is most unsearchable,
And dazzles all above;
They gaze, but cannot count or tell
The treasures of his love.

15 *God is a Spirit.*—John 4: 24. L. M.

O God! Thou art a Spirit pure,
Invisible to mortal eyes;
Th' immortal and th' eternal King,
The great, the good, the only wise.

2 While nature changes, and her works
Decay, corrupt, dissolve and die:
Thy essence pure, no change shall see,
Secure of immortality.

3 Thou great Invisible! what hand
Can draw thy spotless image fair?
To what in heav'n, to what on earth,
Can man th' immortal King compare?

4 Let stupid heathens frame their gods,
Of gold and silver, wood and stone;
Our God is he that made the heav'ns;
He is Jehovah, God alone.

5 My soul thy purest homage pay,
In truth and spirit him adore;
More shall this please than sacrifice,
Than outward forms, delight him more.

16 *Incomprehensibility of God.* L. M.

GOD is a name my soul adores;
Th' almighty Three, th' eternal One;
Nature and grace, with all their powers,
Confess the infinite Unknown.

2 From thy great Self thy being springs:
Thou art thy own original,
Made up of uncreated things,
And self-sufficience bears them all.

3 Thy voice produced the seas and spheres,
Bade the waves roar and planets shine;
But nothing like thyself appears
Through all these spacious works of thine.

4 Still restless nature dies and grows;
From change to change the creatures run;
Thy being no succession knows,
And all thy vast designs are one.

5 Then fly, my song, an endless round;
The lofty tune let Gabriel raise;
All nature dwell upon the sound;
But we can ne'er fulfil the praise.

17 *God everywhere present.* C. M.

LORD, all I am is known to thee;
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, or to flee
The notice of thine eye.

2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
The secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to thee, Lord,
Before they're form'd within,
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
Thou know'st the sense I mean.

4 O wondrous knowledge! deep and high,
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.

5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sov'reign love.

18 *Omnipresence of God.* L. M.

FATHER of spirits, nature's God,
Our inmost thoughts are known to thee;
Thou, Lord, canst hear each idle word,
And every private action see.

2 Could we, on morning's swiftest wings,
Pursue our flight through trackless air,
Or dive beneath deep ocean's springs,
Thy presence still would meet us there.

3 In vain may guilt attempt to fly,
Concealed beneath the pall of night;
One glance from thy all-piercing eye
Can kindle darkness into light.

4 Search thou our hearts, and there destroy
Each evil thought, each secret sin,
And fit us for those realms of joy,
Where nought impure shall enter in.

19 *The All-seeing God.* C. M.

ALMIGHTY God, thy piercing eye
Strikes through the shades of night,
And our most secret actions lie
All open to thy sight.

2 There's not a sin that we commit,
Nor wicked word we say,
But in thy dreadful book 'tis writ,
Against the judgment day.

3 And must the crimes that I have done
Be read and published there?
Be all exposed before the sun,
While men and angels hear?

4 Lord, at thy feet ashamed I lie;
Upward I dare not look;
Pardon my sins, before I die,
And blot them from thy book.

5 Remember all the dying pains
That my Redeemer felt;
And let his blood wash out my stains,
And answer for my guilt.

20 *God's Power.* C. M.

The Lord, our God, is full of might,
The winds obey his will;
He speaks—and, in his heav'nly height,
The rolling sun stands still.

2 Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
With threat'ning aspect roar;
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

3 Howl, winds of night! your force combine;
Without his high behest,
Ye shall not, in the mountain-pine,
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

4 His voice sublime is heard afar,
In distant peals it dies;
He yokes the whirlwinds to his car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

5 Ye nations, bend—in rev'rence bend;
Ye monarchs, wait his nod,
And bid the choral song ascend,
To celebrate your God.

21 *Wisdom of God.* L. M.

AWAKE, my tongue! thy tribute bring
To him, who gave thee power to sing;
Praise him, who is all praise above,—
The Source of wisdom and of love.

2 How vast his knowledge—how profound!
A depth, where all our thoughts are drowned;
The stars he numbers; and their names
He gives to all those heavenly flames.

3 Through each bright world above, behold
Ten thousand thousand charms unfold;
Earth, air, and mighty seas combine,
To speak his wisdom all-divine.

4 But in redemption,—O what grace!
Its wonders,—O what thought can trace!
Here wisdom shines for ever bright:—
Praise him, my soul! with sweet delight.

22 *The Goodness of God.*—Nah. 1: 7. C.M.

YE humble souls, approach your God
With songs of sacred praise;
For he is good, supremely good,
And kind are all his ways.

2 All nature owns his guardian care;
In him we live and move;
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love.

3 He gave his well-beloved Son
To save our souls from sin;
'Tis here he makes his goodness known,
And proves it all divine.

4 To this sure refuge, Lord, we come,
And here our hope relies;
A safe defence, a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise.

5 Thine eye beholds, with kind regard,
The souls who trust in thee;
Their humble hope thou wilt reward
With bliss, divinely free.

6 Great God, to thy almighty love
What honors shall we raise?
Not all the raptured songs above
Can render equal praise.

23

God's Goodness. C. M.

THY goodness, Lord, our souls confess;
Thy goodness we adore;—
A spring whose blessings never fail;
A sea without a shore.

2 Sun, moon and stars, thy love declare
In every golden ray;
Love draws the curtains of the night,
And love brings back the day.

3 Thy bounty every season crowns
With all the bliss it yields;
With joyful clusters loads the vines,
With strength'ning grain the fields.

4 But chiefly thy compassion, Lord,
Is in the gospel seen;
There, like a sun, thy mercy shines,
Without a cloud between.

5 There pardon, peace, and holy joy,
Through Jesus' name are given;
He on the cross was lifted high,
That we might reign in heaven.

24

God our Benefactor. S. M.

MY Maker and my King!
To thee my all I owe:
Thy sov'reign bounty is the spring
From whence my blessings flow.

2 Thou ever good and kind!
A thousand reasons move,
A thousand obligations bind
My heart to grateful love.

3 The creature of thy hand,
On thee alone I live;
My God, thy benefits demand
More praise than tongue can give.

4 O let thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine;
Let all my powers to thee aspire,
And all my days be thine.

25 *God's Condescension.* C. M.

O Lord, our King, how excellent
Thy name on earth is known!
Thy glory in the firmament
How wonderfully shown!

2 When I behold the heav'ns on high,
The work of thy right hand;
The moon and stars amid the sky,
Thy lights in every land:—

3 Lord, what is man, or all his race,
Who dwells so far below,
That thou shouldst visit him with grace,
And love his nature so?

4 O Lord, how excellent thy name!
How manifold thy ways!
Let time thy saving truth proclaim,
Eternity thy praise.

26 *God is Wisdom and Love.* M. 8s. & 7s.

God is love; his mercy brightens
All the paths in which we rove;
Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens;
God is wisdom, God is love.

2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But his mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,
Will his changeless goodness prove;
From the mist his brightness streameth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere his glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

27 *God is Love.*—1 John 4: 8. C. M.

COME, ye that know and fear the Lord,
And lift your souls above;
Let every heart and voice accord,
To sing that God is love.

2 This precious truth his word declares,
And all his mercies prove;
Jesus, the gift of gifts, appears
To show, that God is love.

3 Sinai, in clouds, and smoke, and fire,
Thunders his dreadful name;
But Zion sings, in melting notes,
The honors of the Lamb.

4 In all his doctrines and commands,
His counsels and designs—
In every work his hands have framed
His love supremely shines.

5 Angels and men the news proclaim,
Through earth and heaven above,
The joyful and transporting news,
That God, the Lord is love.

28 *God is Love.* P. M. 11,6,11,6,8,8,8,6.

WHAT sound is this? a song through heav'n resounding,
"God is love! God is love!"
And now from earth I hear the sound rebounding,
"God is love! God is love!"
Yes, while adoring hosts proclaim,
"Love is his nature, love his name!"
My soul in rapture cries the same:
"God is love! God is love!"

2 This song repeat, repeat ye saints in glory!
God is love! God is love!
And saints on earth, shout back the pleasing story,
God is love! God is love!
In this let heav'n and earth agree,
To sound his love both full and free,
And let the theme for ever be,
God is love! God is love!

3 Creation speaks, with thousand tongues proclaiming,
God is love! God is love!
And Providence unites her voice, exclaiming,
God is love! God is love!
But let the burdened sinner hear
The gospel, sounding loud and clear,
To every soul both far and near,
God is love! God is love!

4 This heav'nly love all 'round is sweetly flowing,
God is love! God is love!
And in my heart the sacred fire is glowing,
God is love! God is love!
That God is love, I know full well,
And had I pow'r his love to tell,
With loudest notes my song should swell
God is love! God is love!

5 The love of God is now my greatest pleasure;
God is love! God is love!
And while I live, I ask no greater treasure;
God is love! God is love!
This theme shall be my song below,
And when to glory I shall go,
This strain eternally shall flow:
God is love! God is love!

29 *The Holiness of God.*—Isaiah 8: 13. C. M.

HOLY and reverend is the name
Of our eternal King:
Thrice holy, Lord, the angels cry:
Thrice holy let us sing.

2 Holy is he in all his works,
And truth is his delight;
But sinners and their wicked ways
Shall perish from his sight.

3 The deepest reverence of the mind,
Pay, O my soul, to God;
Lift with thy hands a holy heart
To his sublime abode.

4 Thou holy God! preserve my soul
From all pollution free;
The pure in heart are thy delight,
And they thy face shall see.

30 *The Justice of God.* L. M.

ETERNAL King! the greatest, best,
For ever glorious, ever blest;
The great I AM, Jehovah, Lord,
By seraphim and saint adored.

2 Justice the firm foundation lays,
Of all thy laws, thy works, and ways;
Obedient souls will ever find
A God that's faithful, loving, kind.

3 But he who sins, becomes accurs'd,
Or God would be no longer just;
Curs'd is the man, who dares withdraw
Obedience from thy holy law.

4 But, O thou holy, just and true!
Though justice must have all its due,
Thou canst be just, yet justify
The soul that doth on Christ rely.

5 O boundless wisdom, love and power!
Thy matchless mercy we adore,
That found out this amazing plan,
To save thy ruined creature, man.

6 We plead the sufferings of thy Son,
We plead his righteousness alone;
He bore the curse, whence thou art just
In pardoning those, who were accurs'd.

31 *Faithfulness of God.* C. M.

THE truth of God shall still endure,
And firm his promise stand;
Believing souls may rest secure
In his almighty hand.

2 Should earth and hell their forces join,
He would contemn their rage,
And render fruitless their design
Against his heritage.

3 The rainbow round about his throne
Proclaims his faithfulness;
He will his purposes perform,
His promises of grace.

4 The hills and mountains melt away;
But he is still the same;
Let saints to him their homage pay,
And magnify his name.

32 *Mercy of God.* S. M.

My soul, repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 His power subdues our sins,
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

3 The pity of the Lord
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel:
He knows our feeble frame.

4 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower:
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

5 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

33 *Sovereignty of God.* C. M.

Keep silence, all created things!
And wait your Maker's nod;
My soul stands trembling, while she sings
The honors of her God.

2 His providence unfolds his book,
And makes his counsels shine;
Each opening leaf, and every stroke,
Fulfils some deep design.

3 My God, I would not long to see
My fate with curious eyes,—
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes may rise.

4 In thy fair book of life and grace
O may I find my name,
Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb!

TRINITY.

34 *Praise to the Trinity.* C. M.

GLORY to God the Father's name,
Who from our sinful race
Hath chosen myriads to proclaim
The honors of his grace.

2 Glory to God the Son be paid,
Who dwelt in humble clay,
And to redeem us from the dead,
Gave his own life away.

3 Glory to God the Spirit give,
From whose almighty power
Our souls their heav'nly birth derive,
And bless the happy hour.

4 Glory to God, that reigns above,
The Holy Three in One,
Who, by the wonders of his love,
Has made his nature known.

35 *Song of Praise to the Trinity.* M. 7s.

GLORY to the Father give,
He in whom we move and live;
All our prayers he deigns to hear,
All our songs delight his ear.

2 Glory to the Son we bring,—
Christ our Prophet, Priest and King!
Christians, raise your sweetest strain
To the Lamb, for he was slain.

3 Glory to the Holy Ghost;
He reclaims the sinner lost;
Fills his heart with just desires,
And his mind with truth inspires.

4 Glory in the highest be
To the blessed Trinity,
For the gospel from above,
For the word that "God is love."

36

Praise to the Trinity. H. M. 6,6,6,6,8,8.

We give immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all our comforts here,
And hopes of bliss above.
He sent his Son, his only Son,
To die for sins that man had done.

2 To God the Son belongs
Eternal glory too;
Who bought us with his blood,
From everlasting woe.
But now he lives, and now he reigns,
And sees the fruit of all his pains.

3 To God the Holy Ghost
Immortal praise we give;
Whose new-creating power
Can make the sinner live.
His work completes the great design
And fills the soul with joys divine.

4 Almighty God! to thee
Be endless honors done;
The undivided Three!
The uncreated One!
Thee we adore, eternal Lord,
And rest our faith upon thy word.

37 *Invocation of the Trinity.* P.M.6,6,4,6,6,6,4.

COME, thou Almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise;
Father all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of days.

2 Jesus, our Lord, arise,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall;
Let thy almighty aid
Our sure defence be made,
Our souls on thee be stayed—
Lord, hear our call.

3 Come, thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend;
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.

4 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour;
Thou who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

5 To the great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore:
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

CREATION.

38 *The Glory of God in Creation.* C. M.

THE God of nature and of grace
In all his works appears;
His goodness through the earth we trace,
His grandeur in the spheres.

2 Behold this fair and fertile globe,
By him in wisdom plann'd!
'T was he who girded, like a robe,
The ocean round the land.

3 Lift to the arch of heaven your eye;
Thither his path pursue;
His glory, boundless as the sky,
O'erwhelms the wond'ring view.

4 How excellent, O Lord! thy name,
In all creation's lines!
Spread through eternity, thy fame
With rising lustre shines.

5 These lower works that swell thy praise,
High as our thoughts can tower,
Are but a portion of thy ways,—
The hiding of thy power.

6 Millions before thy presence stand,
Who feel, while they adore,
Fullness of joy, at thy right hand,
And pleasures evermore.

39 *Nature and Revelation.* L. M.

THE heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord!
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But, when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy power confess;
But the blest volume thou hast writ
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon and stars convey thy praise,
Round the whole earth, and never stand:
So, when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run,
Till Christ has all the nations blest,
That see the light, or feel the sun.

5 Great Sun of righteousness! arise;
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renewed, and sins forgiven;
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

40 *God seen in his Works.* C. M.

THERE's not a tint that paints the rose,
Or decks the lily fair,
Or streaks the humblest flower that grows,
But God has placed it there.

2 There's not of grass a single blade,
Or leaf of loveliest green,
Where heavenly skill is not displayed,
And heavenly wisdom seen.

3 There's not a cloud whose dews distil
Upon the parching clod,
And clothe with verdure vale and hill,
That is not sent by God.

4 There's not a star whose twinkling light
Shines on the distant earth,
And cheers the silent gloom of night,
But Mercy gave it birth.

5 There's not a place in earth's vast round,
In ocean's deep, or air,
Where skill and wisdom are not found,
For God is everywhere.

6 Around, beneath, below, above—
Wherever space extends,—
There God displays his boundless love,
And power with mercy blends.

41 *The Divine Character Exhibited.* C. M.

FATHER, how wide thy glory shines!
How high thy wonders rise!
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousand through the skies.

2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power;
Their motions speak thy skill;
And on the wings of every hour
We read thy patience still.

3 But when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where justice and compassion join
In their divinest forms,—

4 Here the whole Deity is known;
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice or the grace.

5 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains;
Bright seraphs chant Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

6 O, may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song;
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

42

Man's Creation and Innocency. C. M.

JEHOVAH'S image brightly shone
In Eden's lovely pair,
And oft, before his gracious throne,
They bowed in praise and prayer.

2 With rectitude, as with a robe,
Their spotless souls were dressed;
With peace abounding, and with joy,
They were divinely blessed.

3 No self-reproach, no slavish dread
Disturbed their peace within;
No frowning storm their path o'erspread,
While undefiled with sin.

4 Thus souls renewed by saving grace,—
Whose sins have been forgiven,
Behold the smiles of Jesus' face,
And feel an inward heaven.

43

Voice of Creation. L. M. D.

THERE seems a voice in every gale,
A tongue in every op'ning flower,
Which tells, O Lord, the wondrous tale
Of thy indulgence, love and power.
The birds that rise on quiv'ring wing,
Appear to hymn their Maker's praise,
And all the mingling sounds of spring
To thee one general chorus raise.

2 And shall my voice, great God, alone,
Be mute 'midst nature's loud acclaim?
No, let my heart with answ'ring tone,
Breathe forth in praise thy holy name.

All Nature's debt is small to mine,
For Nature soon shall cease to be;
But—matchless proof of love divine—
Thou gav'st immortal life to me.

3 The Saviour left his heav'nly throne,
A ransom for my soul to give;
Man's suffering state he made his own,
And deigned to die that I might live.
But thanks and praise for love so great
No mortal tongue can e'er express;
Then let me, bowed before thy feet,
In silence love thee, Lord, and bless.

44 *God in his Works and Word.* S. M.

BEHOLD, the lofty sky
Declares its maker, God;
And all the starry worlds on high,
Proclaim his power abroad.

2 The darkness and the light
Still keep their course the same;
While night to day, and day to night,
Divinely teach his name.

3 In every different land,
Their general voice is known;
They show the wonders of his hand,
And orders of his throne.

4 His laws are just and pure,
His truth without deceit;
His promises forever sure,
And his rewards are great.

5 While of thy works I sing,
Thy glory to proclaim,
Accept the praise, my God, my King,
In my Redeemer's name.

45 *God, as Seen in Nature.* C. M.

I SING th' almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise;
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

2 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That fill'd the earth with food;
He form'd the creatures with his word,
And then pronounc'd them good.

3 Lord, how thy wonders are display'd,
Where'er I turn mine eye!
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky.

4 There's not a plant or flow'r below,
But makes thy glories known;
The clouds arise and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne.

46 *An Humble Offering to Jehovah.* L. M.

THE perfect world, by Adam trod,
Was the first temple built by God;
His fiat laid the corner-stone;
He spake, and, lo! the work was done.

2 He hung its starry roof on high,
The broad expanse of azure sky;
He spread his pavement, green and bright,
And curtained it with morning light.

3 The mountains in their places stood,
The sea, the sky; and all was good;
And when its first pure praises rang,
The morning stars together sang.

4 Lord, 'tis not ours to make the sea,
And earth, and sky, a house for thee;
But in thy sight our hearts we raise
To celebrate Jehovah's praise.

PROVIDENCE.

47 *Mysteries of Providence.* C. M.

God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sov'reign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take:
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flow'r.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

48 *The Ways of God Inscrutable.* C. M.

Thy way, O God, is in the sea;
Thy paths I cannot trace,
Nor comprehend the mystery
Of thine unbounded grace.

2 Here the dark veils of flesh and sense
My captive soul surround;
Mysterious deeps of providence
My inward thoughts confound.

3 As, through a glass, I dimly see
The wonders of thy love,
How little do I know of thee,
Or of the joys above!

4 Though but in part I know thy will,
I bless thee for the sight;
When will thy love the whole reveal
In glory's clearer light?

5 In rapture shall I then survey
Thy providence and grace,
And spend an everlasting day
In wonder, love and praise.

49 *God's General and Special Providence.* C. M.

THY kingdom, Lord, for ever stands,
While earthly thrones decay;
And time submits to thy commands,
While ages roll away.

2 Thy sovereign bounty freely gives
Its unexhausted store;
And universal nature lives
On thy sustaining pow'r.

3 Holy and just in all thy ways,
Thy providence divine;
In all thy works, immortal rays
Of power and mercy shine.

4 The praise of God—delightful theme!
Shall fill my heart and tongue;
Let all creation bless his name,
In one eternal song.

50 *Gratitude for Providential Care.* C. M.

O THOU, my light, my life, my joy,
My glory, and my all!
Unsent by thee, no good can come,
Nor evil can befall.

2 Such are thy schemes of providence,
And methods of thy grace,
That I may safely trust in thee
Through all the wilderness.

3 'Tis thine outstretch'd and pow'rful arm
Upholds me in my way;
And thy rich bounty well supplies
The wants of every day.

4 For such compassions, O my God,
Ten thousand thanks are due;
For such compassions, I esteem
Ten thousand thanks too few.

51 *Confidence in God's Government.* C. M.

SINCE all the varying scenes of time
God's watchful eye surveys,
O! who so wise to choose our lot,
Or to appoint our ways?

2 Good when he gives, supremely good,
Nor less when he denies;
Afflictions from his sovereign hand
Are blessings in disguise.

3 Why should we doubt a Father's love,
So constant and so kind?
To his unerring gracious will
Be every wish resigned.

4 In thy fair book of life divine,
My God, inscribe my name;
There let it fill some humble place
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb.

52 *The Mystery of Providence.* S. M.

SURE, there's a righteous God,
Nor is religion vain;
Though men of vice may boast aloud,
And men of grace complain.

2 I saw the wicked rise,
And felt my heart repine,
While haughty fools, with scornful eyes,
In robes of honor shine.

3 The tumult of my thought
Held me in hard suspense,
Till to thy house my feet were brought,
To learn thy justice thence.

4 Thy word, with light and pow'r,
Did my mistake amend;
I viewed the sinners' life before,
But here I learn'd their end.

5 On what a slippery steep
The thoughtless wretches go!
And O, that dreadful fiery deep,
That waits their fall below!

6 Lord, at thy feet I bow;
My thoughts no more repine;
I call my God my portion now,
And all my powers are thine.

53 *Resignation and Submission.* C. M.

MY God! my Father! cheering name!
O, may I call thee mine!
Give me with humble hope to claim
A portion so divine.

2 This only can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly;
What real harm can reach my soul
Beneath my Father's eye?

3 Whate'er thy providence denies,
I calmly would resign;
For thou art just, and good, and wise:
O bend my will to thine!

4 Whate'er thy sov'reign will ordains,
O give me strength to bear;
Still let me know a Father reigns,
Still trust a Father's care.

5 Thy ways, great God! are little known
To my weak, erring sight;
Yet shall my soul, believing, own
That all thy ways are right.

54 *The Bounties of Providence.* C. M.

LORD, when my raptured thought surveys
Creation's beauties o'er,
All nature joins to teach thy praise,
And bid my soul adore.

2 Where'er I turn my gazing eyes,
Thy radiant footsteps shine;
Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise,
And speak their source divine.

3 On me thy providence has shone
With gentle, smiling rays;
O let my lips and life make known
Thy goodness and thy praise.

4 All-bounteous Lord, thy grace impart;
O teach me to improve
Thy gifts, with ever-grateful heart;
And crown them with thy love.

55 *Times in God's Hand.* M. 7s.

SOVEREIGN Ruler of the skies!
Ever gracious, ever wise!
All my times are in thy hand—
All events at thy command.

2 Times of sickness, times of health,
Times of penury and wealth,
Times of trial and of grief,
Times of triumph and relief;

3 Times the tempter's power to prove;
Times to taste a Saviour's love;
All must come, and last, and end,
As shall please my heavenly Friend.

4 O thou Gracious, Wise and Just,
In thy hands my life I trust;
Have I somewhat dearer still?
I resign it to thy will.

5 Thee at all times will I bless;
Having thee, I all possess:
How can I bereaved be,
Since I cannot part with thee?

56 *Holy Resignation.* C. M.

It is the Lord, enthroned in light,
Whose claims are all divine,
Who has an undisputed right
To govern me and mine.

2 It is the Lord, who gives me all
My wealth, my friends, my ease;
And of his bounties may recall
Whatever part he please.

3 It is the Lord, my faithful God,—
Thrice blessed be his name,—
Whose gracious promise, sealed with blood,
Must ever be the same.

4 And can my soul, with hopes like these,
Be faithless or repine?
No, gracious God; take what thou please,
To thee I all resign.

5 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on thee.

57 *The Changes of Life.* S. M.

As various as the moon
Is man's estate below;
To his bright day of gladness soon
Succeeds a night of woe.

2 Yet not to fickle chance
Is man's condition giv'n;
His dark and shining hours advance
By the fix'd laws of Heav'n.

3 God measures here to all
Their lot of good or ill;
Nor this too great, nor that too small,
For his ordaining will.

4 Let man conform his mind
To every changing state;
Rejoicing now, and now resigned,
And the great issue wait.

5 Hopeful and humble, bear
Thine evil and thy good:
Nor by presumption nor despair,
Weak mortal, be subdued.

58 *Confidence in God.* C. M.

What though no flow'rs the fig-tree clothe,
Though vines their fruit deny,
The labor of the olive fail,
And fields no food supply—

2 Though from the fold, with sad surprise,
My flock cut off I see;
Though famine pine in empty stalls,
Where herds were wont to be—

3 Yet in the Lord will I be glad,
And glory in his love;
In him I'll joy, who will the God
Of my salvation prove.

4 God is the treasure of my soul,
The source of lasting joy;
A joy which want shall not impair,
Nor death itself destroy.

59 *The Lord will Provide.* P. M. 10,10,11,11.

THOUGH troubles assail and dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite;
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The Scripture assures us, "The Lord will provide."

2 The birds, without barn or store-house, are fed;
From them let us learn, to trust for our bread:
His saints, what is fitting, shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written, "The Lord will provide."

3 We may like the ship, by tempests be toss'd
On perilous deeps, but never be lost;
Though Satan enrages the wind and the tide,
The promise engages, "The Lord will provide."

4 His call we obey, like Abrah'm of old,
Not knowing our way; but faith makes us bold;
For tho' we are strangers, we have a sure guide,
And trust in all dangers, "The Lord will provide."

5 When Satan appears to shut up our path,
And fill us with fears, we triumph by faith;
He cannot take from us, though oft he has tried,
This heart-cheering promise, "The Lord will provide."

6 He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain,
The good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain;
But when such suggestions our graces have tried,
This answers all questions, "The Lord will provide."

7 No strength of our own, or goodness we claim;
Yet since we have known the Saviour's great name,
In this, our strong tower, for safety we hide;
The Lord is our power, "The Lord will provide."

8 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
The word of his grace shall comfort us through;
Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting, "The Lord will provide."

60 *Resignation under Losses.* C. M.

MY TIMES of sorrow and of joy,
Great God, are in thy hand:
My choicest comforts come from thee,
And go at thy command.

2 If thou shouldst take them all away,
Yet would I not repine;
Before they were possess'd by me,
They were entirely thine.

3 Nor would I drop a murm ring word,
Though all the world were gone,
But seek enduring happiness
In thee, and thee alone.

4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The paths of truth and love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

FALL AND DEPRAVITY OF MAN.

61 *Primitive State of Man.* L. M.

ADAM in Paradise was placed,
Our natural and fed'ral head;
With holiness and wisdom graced,
In his Creator's image made.

2 Bless'd with the joys of innocence,
Upright and happy, firm he stood;
Till he debas'd himself to sense,
And ate of the forbidden food.

3 His soul at first, a holy flame,
Was kindled by his Maker's breath;
But stung by sin, it soon became
The seat of darkness, strife and death.

62 *Original and Actual Sin.* L. M.

LORD, we are vile, conceiv'd in sin,
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts his race, and taints us all.

2 Soon as we draw our infant breath
The seeds of sin grow up for death;
Thy law demands a perfect heart,
But we're defiled in every part.

3 Behold, we fall before thy face;
Our only refuge is thy grace:
No outward forms can make us clean;
The leprosy lies deep within.

4 Nor bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.

5 Jesus, thy blood, thy blood alone,
Hath power sufficient to atone;
Thy blood can make us white as snow;
No Jewish types could cleanse us so.

6 While guilt disturbs and breaks our peace,
No flesh nor soul hath rest or ease;
Lord, let us hear thy pard'ning voice,
And make these broken hearts rejoice.

63 *By Nature all Men are Sinners.* C. M.

FOOLS in their hearts believe and say
That all religion's vain;
There is no God that reigns on high,
Or minds th' affairs of men.

2 From thoughts so dreadful and profane,
Corrupt discourse proceeds;
And in their impious hands are found
Abominable deeds.

3 By nature all are gone astray,
Their practice all the same;
There's none that fears his Maker's hand,
There's none that loves his name.

4 Their tongues are used to speak deceit,
Their slanders never cease;
How swift to mischief are their feet,
Nor know the paths of peace!

5 Such seeds of sin, that bitter root,
In every heart are found:
Nor can they bear diviner fruit,
Till grace refine the ground.

64 *Sin Hereditary.* C. M.

WHEN Adam sinned, through all his race
The dire contagion spread;
Sickness and death and deep disgrace
Sprang from our fallen head.

2 Satan in strong and heavy chains
Binds the deluded soul,
And every furious passion reigns
Without the least control.

3 From God and happiness we fly,
To earth and sense confined,
Lost in a maze of misery,
Yet to our misery blind.

4 Whene'er the man begins his race,
The criminal appears,
And evil habits keep their pace
With our increasing years.

5 Corruption flows through all our veins,
Our moral beauty's gone,
The gold is fled, the dross remains—
O sin, what hast thou done!

6 Jesus, reveal thy pard'ning grace,
And draw our souls to thee;
Thou art the only hiding-place,
Where ruined souls can flee.

65 *Deceitfulness of Sin.* C. M.

SIN has a thousand treacherous arts
To practise on the mind;
With flattering looks she tempts our hearts
But leaves a sting behind.

2 With names of virtue she deceives
The aged and the young;
And while the heedless wretch believes,
She makes his fetters strong.

3 She pleads for all the joys she brings,
And gives a fair pretence;
But cheats the soul of heavenly things,
And chains it down to sense.

4 So on a tree, divinely fair,
Grew the forbidden food;
Our mother took the poison there,
And tainted all her blood.

66 *Distemper, Folly and Madness of Sin.* C. M.

SIN, like a venomous disease,
Infects our vital blood;
The only balm is sovereign grace,
And the physician God.

2 We lick the dust, we grasp the wind,
And solid good despise;
Such is the folly of the mind,
Till Jesus makes us wise.

3 Our beauty and our strength are fled,
And we draw near to death;
But Christ, the Lord, recalls the dead,
With his almighty breath.

4 Madness, by nature, reigns within,
The passions burn and rage,
Till God's own Son, with skill divine,
The inward fires assuage.

5 We give our souls the wounds they feel,
We drink the pois'nous gall,
And rush with fury down to hell;
But Heaven prevents the fall.

67 *Total Depravity.*—Rom. 5:12. C. M.

BACKWARD, with humble shame, we look
On our original;
How is our nature dashed and broke
In our first father's fall!

2 Conceived in sin, O wretched state!
Before we draw our breath,
The first young pulse begins to beat
Depravity and death.

3 To all that's good averse and blind,
But prone to all that 's ill;
What dreadful darkness vails our mind!
How obstinate our will!

4 Yet, mighty God, thy wondrous love
Can make our nature clean,
While Christ and grace prevail above
The tempter, death, and sin.

5 The second Adam shall restore
The ruins of the first;
Hosanna to that sovereign power
That new creates our dust.

68 *Corrupt Nature from Adam.* C. M.

BLEST with the joys of innocence,
Adam, our father, stood,
Till he debased his soul to sense,
And ate th' unlawful food.

2 Now we are born a sensual race,
To sinful joys inclined;
Reason has lost its native place,
And flesh enslaves the mind.

3 While flesh, and sense, and passion reign,
Sin is the sweetest good;
We fancy music in our chain,
And so forget the load.

4 Great God, renew our ruined frame,
Our broken powers restore;
Inspire us with a heavenly flame,
And flesh shall reign no more.

5 Eternal Spirit, write thy law
Upon our inward parts;
And let the second Adam draw
His image on our hearts.

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

69 *Value of the Scriptures.* C. M.

How precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;
And life, and light, and joy imparts,
And banishes our fears.

3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way;
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

70 *Use of the Bible.* M. 7s.

Holy Bible! book divine!
Precious treasure! thou art mine!
Mine, to tell me whence I came;
Mine, to teach me what I am;

2 Mine, to chide me when I rove;
Mine, to show a Saviour's love;
Mine art thou, to guide my feet;
Mine, to judge—condemn—acquit;

3 Mine, to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless;
Mine, to show by living faith
Man can triumph over death;

4 Mine, to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom.
O thou precious book divine!
Precious treasure, thou art mine!

71 *The Bible a Precious Gift.* C. M.

THE Bible is a blessed book,
In love and mercy given;
A kind conducting angel, sent
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 Oh Lord, be thou my better part,
And may my Bible be
A guardian angel to my heart,
To lead my soul to thee.

3 Where'er I go, in joy or woe,
Thy grace, Lord, let me prove,
That I may still obey thy will,
And thy commandments love.

72 *Value of the Bible.* C. M.

THIS book of books I'd rather own
Than all the gold or gems
That e'er in monarch's coffers shone–
Than all their diadems.

2 Nay, were the seas one chrysolite,
The earth a golden ball
And diamonds all the stars of night,
This book were worth them all.

3 Without a doubt, this book is worth
All else to mortals given;
For what are all the joys of earth,
Compared to joys in heaven?

4 This is the guide our Father gave,
To lead to realms of day—
A star whose lustre gilds the grave—
"The life, the light, the way."

73 *The Bible Suited to our Wants.* C. M.

FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
Forever be thy name adored,
For these celestial lines.

2 'Tis here the tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
Here purer sweets than nature knows,
Invite the longing taste.

3 'Tis here the Saviour's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around,
And life, and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

4 Oh, may these heavenly pages be
My ever-dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou forever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour here.

74 *The Fullness of the Bible.* C. M.

LAMP of our feet! whereby we trace
Our path, when wont to stray:
Stream from the Fount of heav'nly grace!
Brook by the traveler's way!

2 Bread of our souls! whereon we feed;
True manna from on high!
Our guide, our chart! wherein we read
Of realms beyond the sky.

3 Pillar of fire, through watches dark!
Or radiant cloud by day!
When waves would whelm our tossing bark,
Our anchor and our stay!

4 Childhood's preceptor! manhood's trust!
Old age's firm ally!
Our hope, when we go down to dust,
Of immortality!

75

What my Bible is. P. M. 8,8,8,4.

My Bible! 'tis a book divine,
Where heavenly truth and mercy shine,
And wisdom speaks in every line,
And speaks to me.

2 My Bible! in this book alone
I find God's holy will made known;
And here his love to man is shown—
His love to me.

3 My Bible! here with joy I trace
The records of redeeming grace;
Glad tidings to a sinful race:
Good news to me.

4 My Bible! here it is I read
How Jesus did for sinners bleed;
O! that most wondrous love indeed!
Christ bled for me!

5 My Bible! source of comfort pure,
To those who trials here endure,
The hope of heaven it renders sure;
Best hope for me!

6 I love my Bible! may I e'er
Consult it oft with faith and prayer,
That I may see my Saviour there,
Who died for me!

76 *Safety in Keeping God's Precepts.* S. M.

How perfect is thy word!
Thy judgments all are just;
And ever in thy promise, Lord,
Man may securely trust.

2 I hear thy word in love;—
In faith thy word obey;
O, send thy Spirit from above,
To teach me, Lord, thy way.

3 Thy counsels all are plain,
Thy precepts all are pure;
And long as heaven and earth remain,
Thy truth shall still endure.

4 O, may my soul, with joy,
Trust in thy faithful word:
Be it through life my glad employ,
To keep thy precepts, Lord.

77 *The Bible the Light of the World.* C. M.

What glory gilds the sacred page?
Majestic, like the sun,
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.

2 The power that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
Its truths upon the nations rise:
They rise, but never set.

3 Lord! everlasting thanks be thine
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

4 Our souls rejoicingly pursue
The steps of him we love,
Till glory breaks upon our view
In brighter worlds above.

78 *Before the Reading of the Scriptures.* C. M.

JESUS, my Saviour and my Lord,
To thee I lift mine eyes;
Teach and instruct me by thy word,
And make me truly wise.

2 Make me to know and understand
Thy whole revealed will;
Fain would I learn to comprehend
Thy love more clearly still.

3 Help me to read this volume o'er
With new and fresh delight;
Help me to love its Author more,
To seek thee day and night.

4 O, let it purify my heart,
And guide me all my days;
Its wonders, Lord, to me impart,
And thou shalt have the praise.

79 *Value and Use of the Bible.* M. 7s.

BLESSED Bible, precious word!
Boon most sacred from the Lord!
Glory to his name be given
For this blessed book of heav'n.

2 'Tis a ray of purest light,
Beaming through the depths of night;
Brighter than ten thousand gems
Of the richest diadems.

3 'Tis an orb more radiant far
Than the fairest evening star;
Yea, the sun outshining ev'n,
When it rides midway in heav'n.

4 'Tis a fountain, pouring forth
Streams of life to gladden earth;
Whence eternal blessings flow,
Antidote for human woe.

5 'Tis an ocean, vast and clear,
In which rays divine appear,
Bearing freight, the choicest store
Ever borne the wide world o'er.

6 'Tis a mine, ay, deeper, too,
Than can mortal ever go;
Search we may for many years,
Still some new rich gem appears.

80

Precious Bible. P. M. 8,7,8,7,7,7.

PRECIOUS Bible! what a treasure
Does the word of God afford!—
All I want for life or pleasure,
Food and med'cine, shield and sword.
Let the world account me poor;
Having this, I need no more.

2 Food to which the world's a stranger
Here my hungry soul enjoys;
Of excess there is no danger;
Though it fills, it never cloys.
On a dying Christ I feed;
He is meat and drink indeed.

3 In the hour of dark temptation,
Satan cannot make me yield;
For the word of consolation
Is to me a mighty shield.
While the Scripture truths are sure,
From his malice I'm secure.

4 Vain his threats to overcome me,
When I take the Spirit's sword;
Then with ease I drive him from me;
Satan trembles at his word:
'Tis a sword for conquest made;
Keen the edge and strong the blade.

TYPES, PROPHECIES, PROMISES.

81

Types of Christ. H.M. 6,6,6,6,8,8.

ISRAEL, in ancient days,
Not only had a view
Of Sinai in a blaze,
But learn'd the gospel, too.
The types and figures were a glass,
In which they saw the Saviour's face.

2 The paschal sacrifice,
And blood-besprinkled door,
Seen with enlightened eyes,
And once applied with pow'r,
Would teach the need of other blood,
To reconcile an angry God.

3 The lamb, the dove, set forth
His perfect innocence,
Whose blood of matchless worth
Should be the soul's defence;
For he, who can for sin atone,
Must have no failing of his own.

4 The scape-goat, on his head,
The people's trespass bore,
And to the desert led,
Was to be seen no more.
In him our surety seemed to say,
"Behold, I bear your sins away."

5 Dipp'd in his fellow's blood,
The living bird went free;
The type, well understood,
Express'd the sinner's plea;—
Described a guilty soul enlarg'd,
And by a Saviour's death discharg'd.

6 Jesus, I love to trace
Throughout the sacred page,
The footsteps of thy grace,
The same in every age!
Oh, grant that I may faithful be
To clearer light vouchsaf'd to me.

82 *Prophecy and Inspiration.* L. M.

'Twas by an order from the Lord,
The ancient prophets spoke his word;
His Spirit did their tongues inspire,
And warmed their hearts with heavenly fire.

2 The works and wonders which they wrought,
Confirmed the messages they brought;
The prophet's pen succeeds his breath,
To save the holy words from death.

3 Great God! mine eyes with pleasure look
On the dear volume of thy book;
There my Redeemer's face I see,
And read his name who died for me.

4 Let the false raptures of the mind
Be lost and vanished in the wind;
Here I can fix my hope secure;
This is thy word, and must endure.

83 *The Promised Seed.* L. M.

Behold the woman's promised seed!
Behold the great Messiah come!
Behold the prophets all agreed
To give him the superior room!

2 Abrah'm, the saint, rejoiced of old,
When visions of the Lord he saw;
Moses, the man of God, foretold
This great Fulfiller of his law.

3 The types bore witness to his name,
Obtained their chief design and ceased—
The incense and the bleeding lamb,
The ark, the altar, and the priest.

4 Predictions in abundance join,
To pour their witness on his head:
Jesus, we bow before thy throne,
And own thee as the promised seed.

84 *Brazen Serpent.* Num. 21: 8, 9. C. M.

WHEN Israel's sons, a murm'ring race,
Despised their heav'nly bread,
God bade his fiery serpents fly,
To strike the rebels dead.

2 Swift, like an arrow through the air,
The baneful reptiles fly;
The rebels feel the deadly wound,
And groan, and gasp, and die.

3 A part still live; but O! what looks,
What agonizing pain!
The fatal poison works within,
And human help is vain.

4 Now Moses feels for Israel's grief:
To God for them he prays;
A brazen serpent he 's to make,
And on a pole to raise.

5 How strange the means! but in his hand
The remedy how sure!
Not one that viewed the healing brass
But found immediate cure.

6 Thus Jesus on the sacred cross
Is lifted upon high;
Sinners now look to him by faith,
And you shall never die.

85 *The Brazen Serpent a Type of Christ.* C. M.

So did the Hebrew prophet raise
The brazen serpent high;
The wounded felt immediate ease,
The camp forbore to die.

2 "Look upward in the dying hour,
And live," the phophet cries;
But Christ performs a nobler cure,
When faith lifts up her eyes.

3 High on the cross the Saviour hung,
High in the heavens he reigns;
Here sinners, by th' old serpent stung,
Look and forget their pains.

4 When God's own Son is lifted up,
A dying world revives;
The Jew beholds the glorious hope,
Th' expiring Gentile lives.

86 *Substance of the Levitical Priesthood.* C. M.

The true Messiah now appears;
The types are all withdrawn:
So fly the shadows and the stars
Before the rising dawn.

2 The smoking sweet, and bleeding lamb,
The kid and bullock slain,
And costly spice, of every name,
Would all be burnt in vain.

3 Aaron must lay his robes away,
His mitre and his vest,
When Christ the Lord, comes down to be
The offering and the priest.

4 He took our mortal flesh, to show
The wonders of his love;
For us he paid his life below,
And prays for us above.

5 "Forgive," he cries, "forgive their sins,
For I myself have died;"
And then he shows his opened veins,
And pleads his wounded side.

87 *The Promises.* H. M. 6,6,6,6,8,8.

THE promises I sing,
Which sovereign love hath spoke;
Nor will th' eternal King
His words of grace revoke:
They stand secure and steadfast still;
Not Zion's hill abides so sure.

2 The mountains melt away,
When once the Judge appears,
And sun and moon decay,
That measure mortal years;
But still the same, in radiant lines,
The promise shines through all the flame.

3 Their harmony shall sound
Through my attentive ears,
When thunders cleave the ground,
And dissipate the spheres:
'Midst all the shock of that dread scene
I stand serene, thy word my rock.

JOHN'S MINISTRY AND BAPTISM.

88 *John's Ministry.* C. M.

JOHN was the prophet of the Lord,
To go before his face;
The herald which the Prince of peace
Sent to prepare his ways.

2 He makes the great salvation known,
He speaks of pardon'd sins;
While grace divine, and heavenly love,
In its own glory shines.

3 "Behold the Lamb of God," he cries,
"That takes our guilt away:
I saw the Spirit o'er his head
On his baptizing day.

4 The heathen realms with Israel's land
Shall join in sweet accord;
And all that's born of man shall see
The glory of the Lord.

5 Behold the Morning Star arise,
Ye that in darkness sit;
He marks the path that leads to peace,
And guides our doubtful feet."

89 *John's Ministry and Baptism.* C. M

UPON the banks of Jordan stood
The great reformer, John,
And pointed to the Lamb of God,
The long-expected one.

2 He loud proclaim'd the coming reign,
And told them to reform,
If they God's favor would obtain,
And shun the gath'ring storm.

3 "Forsake your sins," the Baptist said,
"That you may be forgiv'n;
Forsake them now, and be immers'd,
For near's the reign of heav'n."

4 Thus did the man of God prepare
A people for the Lord;
To him did all the Jews repair,
Who trusted in his word.

5 But now the reign of God has come,
That reign of grace below,
And Jesus reigns upon God's throne,
Remission to bestow.

6 He bids all nations look to him,
As Prince of life and peace;
And offers pardon to all them
Who now accept his grace.

REDEMPTION THROUGH CHRIST.

90

Christ's Commission. C. M.

Come, happy souls, approach your God,
With new melodious songs;
Come, tender to Almighty grace,
The tributes of your tongues.

2 So strange, so boundless was the love
That pitied dying men,
The Father sent his equal Son
To give them life again.

3 Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not arm'd
With a revenging rod,
No hard commission to perform
The vengeance of a God.

4 But all was mercy, all was mild,
And wrath forsook the throne,
When Christ on the kind errand came,
And brought salvation down.

5 Here, sinners you may heal your wounds
And wipe your sorrows dry;
Trust in the mighty Saviour's name,
And you shall never die.

6 See dearest Lord, our willing souls
Accept thine offered grace;
We bless the great Redeemer's love,
And give the Father praise.

91

God's Eternal Love. H. M. 6,6,6,6,8,8.

O for a shout of joy,
Loud as the theme we sing!
To this divine employ
Your hearts and voices bring;
Sound, sound through all the earth abroad,
The love, th' eternal love of God!

2 Unnumbered myriads stand
Of seraphs bright and fair,
Or bow at his right hand,
And pay their homage there;
But strive in vain with loudest chord,
To sound the love of Christ the Lord.

3 Yet sinners, saved by grace,
In songs of lower key,
In every age and place,
Have sung the mystery;
Have told in strains of sweet accord,
The love, the love of Christ the Lord.

4 O for a shout of joy,
Loud as the theme we sing!
To this divine employ
Your hearts and voices bring;
Sound, sound through all the earth abroad,
The love, th' eternal love of God.

92

Redemption by Christ. C. M.

When the first parents of our race
Rebell'd and lost their God,
And the infection of their sin
Had tainted all our blood;

2 Infinite pity touched the heart
Of the eternal Son;
Descending from the heavenly court,
He left his Father's throne.

3 Aside the Prince of glory threw
His most divine array,
And wrapp'd his Godhead in a veil
Of our inferior clay.

4 His living power and dying love
Redeem'd unhappy men,
And raised the ruins of our race
To life and God again.

5 To thee, dear Lord, our flesh and soul
We joyfully resign;
Blest Jesus, take us for thy own,
For we are doubly thine.

93 *Christ's Amazing Love.* C. M

PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheering beam of hope,
Or spark of glimm'ring day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of peace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and (O amazing love!)
He came to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled;
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 O for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

5 Angels, assist our mighty joys;
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

94 *Christ's Mediation.* S. M.

RAISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune;
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.

2 Sing how Eternal Love
Its chief Beloved chose,
And bid him raise our ruin'd race
From their abyss of woes.

3 His hand no thunder bears,
No terror clothes his brow,
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.

4 'T was mercy fill'd the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with pardons down
To rebels doom'd to die.

5 Now, sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrow cease;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offered peace.

95 *Salvation by Grace.* S. M.

GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear!
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

96 *The Love of Christ.* C. M.

How condescending and how kind
Was God's eternal Son!
Our mis'ry reached his heavenly mind,
And pity brought him down.

2 When justice, by our sins provoked,
Drew forth its dreadful sword,
He gave his soul up to the stroke,
Without a murm'ring word.

3 He sunk beneath our heavy woes,
To raise us to his throne;
There's ne'er a gift his hand bestows
But cost his heart a groan.

4 This was compassion like a God,
That though the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.

5 Now, though he reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great;
Well he remembers Calvary,
Nor lets his saints forget.

97 *Christ's Humiliation.* C. M.

And did the Holy and the Just,—
The Sov'reign of the skies,—
Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
That guilty man might rise?

2 Yes, the Redeemer left his throne,
His radiant throne on high—
Surprising mercy! love unknown!—
To suffer, bleed, and die.

3 To dwell with mis'ry here below,
The Saviour left the skies,
And sunk to wretchedness and wo,
That guilty man might rise.

4 He took the dying sinner's place,
And suffered in his stead;
For sinful man—O wondrous grace!—
For sinful man he bled.

5 O Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell
In thine atoning blood!
By this are sinners saved from hell,
And rebels brought to God.

98 *Redemption through Christ.* L. M.

GLORY to God! who reigns above,
Who dwells in light, whose name is love!
Ye saints and angels, if ye can,
Declare the love of God to man.

2 O, what can more this love commend,
Than his dear, only Son to send,
That man, condemn'd to die, might live,
And God be glorious to forgive!

3 Messiah's come—with joy behold
The days by prophets long foretold:
Judah, thy royal sceptre's broke;
And time still proves that Jacob spoke.

4 Daniel, thy weeks are all expired,—
The time prophetic seals required;
Cut off for sins, but not his own,
Thy Prince, Messiah, did atone.

5 We see the prophecies fulfill'd
In Jesus, that most wondrous child;
His birth, his life, his death, combine
To prove his character divine.

99 *Man's Recovery from Ruin.* C. M.

How sad our state by nature is!
Our sin how deep it stains!
And Satan binds our captive minds
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace
Sounds from the sacred word;
"Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust upon the Lord."

3 My soul obeys th' almighty call,
And runs to this relief:
I would believe thy promise, Lord,
O, help my unbelief.

4 To the dear fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly;
Here let me wash my spotted soul,
From crimes of deepest dye.

5 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus, and my all.

100 *Man's Depravity and Recovery.* C. M.

Alas! by nature how depraved,
How prone to every ill;
Our lives to Satan how enslaved,
How obstinate our will!

2 And can such sinners be restored,
Such rebels reconciled?
Can grace itself the means afford
To make a foe a child?

3 Yes, grace has found the wondrous means,
Which shall effectual prove,
To cleanse us from our countless sins,
And teach our hearts to love.

4 Jesus for sinners undertakes,
And dies that we may live;
His blood a full atonement makes,
And cries aloud, "Forgive."

5 The Holy Spirit must reveal
The Saviour's work and worth:
Then the hard heart begins to feel
A new and heavenly birth.

6 Thus bought with blood, and born again,
Redeemed and saved by grace,
Rebels in God's own house obtain
A son's and daughter's place.

101 *Rejoicing in Jesus.* M. 7s.

Now begin the heav'nly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name;
Ye who Jesus' kindness prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Ye who see the Father's grace,
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on you move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove—
Cancell'd by redeeming love.

4 Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves of death and sin,
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop and taste redeeming love.

5 Welcome, all by sin opprest—
Welcome to his sacred rest;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love!

6 Hither, then, your music bring,
Strike aloud each joyful string;
Mortals, join the hosts above—
Join to praise redeeming love.

102 *Christ's Redeeming Work.* L. M.

WHEN Christ, at Heav'n's command, alone
Arose and left his Father's throne,
Redeeming work to do he came,
And guardian angels knew the same:—
"Go die, my Son, my Son, go suffer pain,
And then return to me again."

2 See Jesus climb up Calvary's hill,
To do his Father's blessed will;
See! how with spears they pierce amain,
His precious side—he dies in pain.
"Go, die, my Son, my Son, go suffer pain,
And then return to me again."

3 "Arise my son, once more obey—
Go, angels roll the stone away.
My Son is coming back again,
And shall with me forever reign."
Now reign thou great Redeemer, reign on high,
In glory, pow'r and majesty.

103 *The Incarnate God.* C. M

COME, Holy Ghost, inspire our songs
With thine immortal flame;
Enlarge our hearts, and loose our tongues,
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 How great the riches of his grace!
He left his throne above,
And, swift to save our ruin'd race,
He flew on wings of love.

3 Now pardon, life, and joys divine,
In rich abundance flow,
For guilty rebels, dead in sin,
And doom'd to endless woe.

4 Th' almighty Former of the skies
Stoop'd to our low abode;
While angels viewed with wond'ring eyes,
And hailed th' incarnate God.

5 Renew our souls with heavenly strength,
That we may fully prove
The height, and depth, and breadth, and length
Of such transcendent love.

104 *Behold the Gift of God!* S. M.

BEHOLD the gift of God!
Sinners, adore his name,
Who shed for us his precious blood,
Who bore our curse and shame.

2 Behold the living bread,
Which Jesus came to give,
By dying in the sinner's stead,
That he might ever live.

3 Behold a Saviour's love,
Who gives his flesh to eat;
Never did angels taste above,
Provisions half so sweet.

4 The Lord delights to give;
He knows you've naught to buy;
To Jesus haste—this bread receive,
And you shall never die.

105 *Redemption.* P. M. 8,8,8,8,8,4.

HAIL! mighty and victorious Lord!
Worthy art thou to be ador'd,
Who long before time's round began,
Laid the vast, wise and wondrous plan,
To ransom every chosen man
To endless day.

2 This is the grace which cheers my heart,
Removes my pain and soothes my smart,
That Jesus bore my sins away,
While hanging on th' accursed tree,
That with him, I might happy be
In endless day.

3 To him, and none but him, I'll fly,
That ark of safety ever nigh,
O, that my soul may humbly sit,
Like Mary, at my Saviour's feet,
And hold with him communion sweet
To endless day.

4 Ye heav'nly soldiers, still press on,
In Jesus see the conquest won!
Bright palms of vict'ry you shall bare,
And crowns of glory ever wear,
And in his kingdom have a share
To endless day.

5 There shall we in full chorus join,
Where saints and angels all combine,
To sing of his redeeming love;
When rolling years shall cease to move,
Jesus shall be our theme above
To endless day.

CHRIST'S INCARNATION.

106

Nativity of the Saviour. M. 7s.

HARK!—the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!"

2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With th' angelic host proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem!"

3 See, he lays his glory by,
Born, that man no more may die,
Born, to raise the sons of ea th,
Born, to give them second birth.

4 Hail the heav'nly Prince of peace!
Hail the Sun of right'ousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Ris'n with healing in his wings.

5 Let us then with angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!"

107

Birth of Christ. C. M.

MORTALS, awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay;
Joy, love and gratitude combine,
To hail th' auspicious day.

2 In heaven the rapt'rous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tuned the lyre.

3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo roll'd;
The theme, the song, the joy was new,
'Twas more than heav'n could hold.

4 Down through the portals of the sky
Th' impetuous torrent ran;
And angels flew with eager joy,
To bear the news to man.

5 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song;
Good will and peace are heard throughout
Th' harmonious heav'nly throng.

6 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
"Glory to God on high!
Good will and peace are now complete—
Jesus was born to die!"

7 Hail! Prince of life! forever hail!
Redeemer—brother—friend!
Though earth, and time, and life shall fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

108 *Nativity of Christ.* C. M.

WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

2 "Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

3 To you, in David's town, this day,
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:

4 The heavenly babe you there shall find,
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapp'd in swaddling bands,
And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:

6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good will henceforth, from heav'n to men,
Begin and never cease."

109 *The Prince of Peace.* C. M.

To us a child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey—
Him all the hosts of heaven.

2 His name shall be the Prince of peace,
Forever more adored,—
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.

3 His power, increasing, still shall spread;
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

4 To us a child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given:
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The mighty Lord of heaven.

110 *Humiliation and Character of Christ.* M.7s.

BRIGHT and joyful was the morn,
When to us a child was born;
From the highest realms of heav'n
Unto us a Son was giv'n.

2 On his shoulder he shall bear
Pow'r and majesty—and wear
On his vesture and his thigh
Names most awful—names most high.

3 Wonderful in counsel he,
Christ, th' incarnate Deity,
Sire of ages ne'er to cease,
King of kings, and Prince of peace.

4 Come and worship at his feet,
Yield to him the homage meet;
From his manger to his throne,
Homage due to God alone.

111 *Design of Christ's Advent.* C. M.

HARK! the glad sound, the Saviour comes!
The Saviour promised long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 He comes—the prisoner to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes—from dark'ning scales of vice
To clear the inward sight;
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celestial light.

4 He comes—the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And with the treasures of his grace
T' enrich the humble poor.

5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

112

Star of the East. P. M. 11,10,11,10.

HAIL the blest morn! when the great Mediator
Down from the regions of glory descends!
Shepherds, go worship the babe in the manger—
Lo! for your guide the bright angel attends.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold on his cradle the dew drops are shining;
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall:
Angels adore him, in slumbers reclining,
Maker and monarch, and Saviour of all.
Brightest, &c.

3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Eden, and off'rings divine;
Gems from the mountain, and pearls from the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine.
Brightest, &c.

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold would his favor secure,
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the pray'rs of the poor.
Brightest, &c.

5 Low at his feet, we in humble prostration
Lose all our sorrow, and trouble and strife,
There we receive his divine consolation,
Flowing afresh from the fountain of life.
Brightest, &c.

6 He is our friend in the midst of temptation,
Faithful supporter whose love cannot fail,
Rock of our refuge and hope of salvation,
Guide to direct us thro' death's gloomy vale.
Brightest, &c.

113 *The Infant Saviour.* M. 11s & 10s.

HITHER, ye faithful, haste in songs of triumph,
To Bethlehem go, the Lord of life to meet;
To you this day is born a Prince and Saviour:
O come, and let us worship at his feet!

2 O Jesus, for such wondrous condescension
Our praise and rev'rence are an off'ring meet;
Now is the Word made flesh, and dwells among us;
O come, and let us worship at his feet!

3 Shout his almighty name, ye choirs of angels:
Let the celestial courts his praise repeat;
Unto our God be glory in the highest:
O come, and let us worship at his feet!

114 *Christ's Incarnation.* H. M. 6,6,6,6,8,8.

O WHAT a blessed morn,
That brought the news from heaven:
"To us a child is born,
To us a Son is given!"
The sweetest news that ever came,
We'll sing, tho' all the world should blame.

2 The long-expected morn
Has dawned upon the earth;
The Saviour, Christ, is born!
And angels sing his birth;—
We'll join the bright seraphic throng,
We'll share their joys, and swell their song.

3 O 'tis a lofty theme!
Supplied by angels' tongues;
All other subjects seem
Unworthy of our songs.
This sacred theme has boundless charms,
It fills—it captivates—it warms.

4 Now sing of peace divine,
Sing of good-will to man;
No wisdom, Lord, but thine,
Could form the gracious plan;
Could find a way to save the lost,
Thyself not ceasing to be just.

5 Give praise to God on high,
With angels round his throne;
Give praise to God with joy;
Give praise to God alone;
'Tis meet his saints their songs should raise,
And give the Saviour endless praise.

115 *Titles and Kingdom of Christ.* S. M.

REJOICE in Jesus' birth!
To us a Son is given;
To us a child is born on earth,
Who made both earth and heaven!

2 He reigns above the sky,
The universe sustains;
The God supreme, the Lord most high,
The King Messiah reigns!

3 Th' almighty God is he,
Author of heavenly bliss;
The Father of eternity,
The glorious Prince of peace!

4 His government shall grow—
From strength to strength proceed;
His right'ousness the church o'erflow,
And all the earth o'erspread.

5 Rejoice in God our King!
His name we will adore;
Let heav'n and earth unite to sing,
And triumph evermore.

HIS NAMES AND CHARACTERS.

116 *The Name of Jesus.* C. M.

JESUS, the name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky;
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.

2 Jesus, the name to sinners dear,—
The name to sinners giv'n;
It scatters all their guilty fears;
It turns their hell to heaven.

3 O, that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace!
The arms of love that compass me,
Would all mankind embrace.

4 His only right'ousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim;
'Tis all my business here below,
To cry, "Behold the Lamb!"

5 Happy, if with my latest breath,
I may but gasp his name!
Preach him to all, and cry, in death,
"Behold, behold the Lamb!"

117 *Christ the Sovereign Saviour.* L. M.

JEHOVAH speaks! let Israel hear;
Let all the earth rejoice and fear,
While God's eternal Son proclaims
His sovereign honors and his names.

2 "I am the last, and I the first,
The Saviour God, and God the just;
There's none besides pretends to show
Such justice, and salvation too.

3 "Ye, who in shades of darkness dwell,
Just on the verge of death and hell,
Look up to me from distant lands,—
Light, life and heaven are in my hands.

4 "I by my holy name have sworn,—
Nor shall the word in vain return;—
To me shall all things bend the knee,
And every soul submissive be.

5 "In me alone, shall men confess,
Lies all their strength and right'ousness;
But such as dare despise my name,
I'll clothe them with eternal shame.

6 "In me, the Lord, shall all the seed
Of Israel from their sins be freed:
And by their shining graces prove
Their int'rest in my pard'ning love."

118 *The Name of Jesus Precious.* C. M.

JESUS! I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heav'n might hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold but sordid dust.

3 All my capacious pow'rs can wish,
In thee doth richly meet;
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
And shed its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

5 I'll speak the honors of thy name
With my last lab'ring breath;
And, dying, triumph in thy cross,
The antidote of death.

119 *Preciousness of the Saviour.* C. M.

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 Jesus! my shepherd, husband, friend,
My prophet, priest and king;
My Lord, my life, my way, my end;
Accept the praise I bring.

4 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought:
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

5 Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

120 *God's Love in Christ.* C. M.

The Saviour! O what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound!
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads sweet peace around.

2 Here pardon, life and joys divine,
In rich effusions flow,
For guilty rebels, lost in sin,
And doomed to endless woe.

3 O! the rich depths of love divine!
Of bliss a boundless store!
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine;
I cannot wish for more.

4 On thee alone my hope relies;
Beneath thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my all.

121 *The Star of Bethlehem.* L. M.

WHEN marshall'd on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky;
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

2 Hark, hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

3 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud—the night was dark,
The ocean yawn'd—and rudely blow'd
The wind that toss'd my found'ring bark.

4 Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose—
It was the Star of Bethlehem!

5 It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

6 Now, safely moor'd—my perils o'er—
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever, and for evermore,
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem!

122 *Beauties of Christ.* H. M. 6,6,6,6,8,8.

LET earth and heaven agree,
Angels and men be join'd,
To celebrate with me,
The Saviour of mankind;
T' adore the all-atoning Lamb,
And bless the sound of Jesus' name.

2 Jesus! transporting sound!
The joy of earth and heaven;
No other help is found,
No other name is given,
By which we can salvation have,
But Jesus came the world to save.

3 Jesus! harmonious name!
It charms the hosts above;
They evermore proclaim,
And wonder at his love;
'Tis all their happiness to gaze,
'Tis heaven to see our Jesus' face.

4 His name the sinner hears,
And is from sin set free;
'Tis music in his ears;
'Tis life and victory!
New songs do now his lips employ,
And dances his glad heart for joy.

5 O! for a trumpet voice,
On all the world to call;
To bid their hearts rejoice,
In him who died for all;
For all my Lord was crucified,
For all, for all, my Saviour died.

6 To serve thy blessed will,
Thy dying love to praise,
Thy counsel to fulfil,
And minister thy grace;
Freely what I receive to give,
The life of heav'n on earth to live.

123 *Christ the Rock of Ages.* M. 6 lines 7s.

ROCK of ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side that flow'd,
Be of sin the perfect cure;
Save me, Lord, and make me pure.

2 Should my tears forever flow;
Should my zeal no languor know;
This for sin could not atone—
Thou must save and thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eye-lids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!

124 *The Hope, the Star and the Voice.* C. M.

THERE is a hope, a blessed hope,
More precious and more bright
Than all the joyless mockery
The world esteems delight.

2 There is a star, a lovely star,
That lights the darkest gloom,
And sheds a peaceful radiance o'er
The prospects of the tomb.

3 There is a voice, a cheering voice,
That lifts the soul above,
Dispels the painful, anxious doubt,
And whispers, "God is love."

4 That voice, aloud from Calv'ry's height,
Proclaims the soul forgiven;
That star is revelation's light;
That hope, the hope of heaven.

125 *The Matchless Friend.* P. M. 8,7,8,7,7,7.

ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend:
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end:
They who his affection prove,
Find his heart abounds with love.

2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in him to God:
This was boundless love indeed;
Jesus is a friend in need.

3 When he lived on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now, above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same;
Still he calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

4 O for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, thy name to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above:
But if there our souls are brought,
We will love thee as we ought.

126 *The Way, the Truth, and the Life.* C. M.

THOU art the Way; to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

2 Thou art the Truth; thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou, only, canst instruct the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life; the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
Grant us to know that Way,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Which leads to endless day.

127 *Christ our Shepherd.* Ps. 23: 1. S. M.

THE Lord my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied:
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?

2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 While he affords his aid,
I'm free from every fear;
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

4 Amid surrounding foes
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

5 The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my following days;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

128 *Behold the Lamb of God.* C. M.

BEHOLD, behold the Lamb of God!
Who takes away our guilt;
Behold th' atoning, precious blood,
That for our sins he spilt.

2 O sinners, now to Christ draw near
Invited by his word;
The chief of sinners need not fear;
Behold the Lamb of God.

3 Backsliders, too, the Saviour calls,
And washes in his blood:
Arise, return from grievous falls;
Behold the Lamb of God.

4 In every state, and time, and place,
Nought plead but Jesus' blood;
However wretched be your case,
Behold the Lamb of God.

5 Spirit of grace, to us apply
Immanuel's precious blood,
That we may, with thy saints on high,
Behold the Lamb of God.

129 *Christ the Pearl of Great Price.* C. M.

I'VE found the pearl of greatest price:
My heart exults with joy;
And sing I must—a Christ I have,
O! what a Christ have I!

2 Christ is the way, the truth, the life,
The way to God on high;
Life to the dead, the truth of types,
The truth of prophecy.

3 My Christ, he is the Lord of lords,
He is the King of kings;
He is the Sun of righteousness,
With healing in his wings.

4 Christ is my Father and my Friend,
My Brother and my love;
My Head, my hope, my Counsellor,
My Advocate above.

5 My Christ, he is the heav'n of heav'ns,
My Christ, what shall I call?
My Christ is first, my Christ is last,
My Christ is All in all.

130 *Christ is All in All.*—Col. 3: 11. C. M.

COMPARED with Christ, in all beside,
No comeliness I see;
The one thing needful, dearest Lord,
Is to be one with thee.

2 The sense of thy expiring love
Into my soul convey;
Thyself bestow! for thee alone,
My All in all, I pray.

3 Less than thyself will not suffice,
My comfort to restore;
More than thyself I cannot crave,
Nor canst thou give me more.

4 Whate'er consists not with thy will,
O teach me to resign;
I'm rich to all th' intents of bliss,
Since thou, O God, art mine.

131 *Titles of Christ.* L. M.

WHAT various lovely characters
The condescending Saviour bears!
All human virtues, all divine,
In him unite, with splendor shine.

2 The Corner-stone on which we build,
The Balm by which our souls are healed,
The Morning Star, whose cheering ray
Dispels the shades, and brings the day.

3 He is our Rock, and our Defence,
Nor earth, nor hell, can force us thence:
Our Advocate before the throne,
Who with our prayers presents his own.

4 He is the burdened sinner's Rest,
Our Prophet, and atoning Priest;
To him as our exalted King,
We homage pay, our offering bring.

5 He is our Captain and our Guide,
The Friend, the Husband of the bride;
The Counsellor, the Prince of peace,
The Lord our strength and righteousness:

6 The Fountain whence our blessings flow,
A Lamb, and yet a Lion too;
The Sun for light and guidance given,
The Door which opens into heaven.

7 He is the Shepherd of the sheep,
Who does his flock in safety keep;
The Conqu'ror he, the Judge of men,
The Faithful Witness, the Amen!

132 *Character of Christ.* L. C. M. 8,8,6,8,8,6.

O could I speak the matchless worth,
O! could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine;
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel, while he sings,
In notes almost divine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine:
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress,
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.

4 Soon the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will call me home,
And I shall see his face:
Then, with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

133 *Our Thoughts of Christ.* P. M. 8 lines 8s.

WHAT think you of Christ? is the test
To try both your state and your scheme;
You cannot be right in the rest,
Unless you think rightly of him.
As Jesus appears in your view,
As he is beloved or not:
So God is dispos'd toward you,
And mercy or wrath is your lot.

2 Some take him a creature to be,
A man, or an angel at most;
Sure, these have no feelings like me,
Nor know themselves wretched and lost;
So guilty, so helpless am I,
I durst not confide in his blood,
Nor on his protection rely,
Unless I were sure he is God.

3 Some call him a Saviour, in word,
But mix their own works with his plan;
And hope he his help will afford,
When they have done all that they can:
If doings prove rather too light,
(A little, they own, they may fail,)
They purpose to make up full weight,
By casting his name in the scale.

4 Some style him the Pearl of great price,
And say he's the Fountain of joys;
Yet feed upon folly and vice,
And cleave to the world and its toys;
Like Judas, the Saviour they kiss,
And while they salute him, betray;
Ah! what will profession like this
Avail in his terrible day?

5 If ask'd what of Jesus I think,—
Tho' still my best thoughts are but poor,—
I say, he's my meat and my drink,
My life, and my strength, and my store;
My Shepherd, my Husband, my Friend,
My Saviour from sin and from thrall;
My hope from beginning to end,
My portion, my Lord, and my all.

HIS OFFICES.

134 *Offices of Christ.* C. M.

We bless the Prophet of the Lord,
Who comes with truth and grace;
Jesus, thy Spirit and thy word,
Shall lead us in thy ways.

2 We rev'rence our High Priest above,
Who offered up his blood,
And lives to carry on his love,
By pleading with our God.

3 We honor our exalted King;
How sweet are his commands!
He guards our souls from hell and sin,
By his almighty hands.

4 Hosanna to his glorious name,
Who saves by different ways!
His mercies lay a sovereign claim
To our immortal praise.

135 *Characters of Christ.* H. M. 6,6,6,6,8,8.

JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love and pow'r,
That mortals ever knew,
That angels ever bore:
All are too mean to speak his worth—
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.

2 Jesus, my great High Priest,
Offer'd his blood and died;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside:
His pow'rful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

3 My Advocate appears
For my defence on high;
The Father bows his ears,
And lays his anger by:
Not all that hell or sin can say,
Shall turn his heart, his love away.

4 My dear Almighty Lord,
My Conqu'ror and my King,
Thy sceptre and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace I sing;
Thine is the pow'r; behold I sit,
In willing bonds, beneath thy feet.

5 Now let my soul arise,
And tread the tempter down:
My Saviour leads me forth
To conquest and a crown.
A feeble saint shall win the day,
Tho' death and hell obstruct the way.

136 *Jesus Teaching the People.* L. M.

How sweetly flowed the gospel's sound,
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and rev'rence filled the place.

2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way:
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

3 "Come, wand'rers, to my Father's home,
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest!"
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.

4 Decay, then, tenements of dust!
Pillars of earthly pride, decay!
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

137 *Compassionate High Priest.* C. M.

With joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bosom glows with love.

2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame:
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he hath felt the same.

3 He in the days of feeble flesh,
Poured out his cries and tears;
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.

4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

5 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power;
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
In every trying hour.

138 *Our Great High Priest.* C. M.

COME, let us join our songs of praise
To our ascended Priest;
He entered heaven, with all our names
Engraven on his breast.

2 Below, he washed our guilt away,
By his atoning blood;
Now he appears before the throne,
And pleads our cause with God.

3 Clothed with our nature still, he knows
The weakness of our frame,
And how to shield us from the foes
Whom he himself o'ercame.

4 Nor time, nor distance, e'er shall quench
The fervor of his love;
For us he died in kindness here,
And intercedes above.

5 O! may we ne'er forget his grace,
Nor blush to hear his name;
Still may our hearts hold fast his faith,
Our lips his praise proclaim!

139 *Christ's Kingdom and Priesthood.* C. M.

JESUS, our Lord, ascend thy throne,
And near thy Father sit;
In Zion shall thy pow'r be known,
And make thy foes submit.

2 What wonders shall thy gospel do!
Thy converts shall surpass
The num'rous drops of morning dew,
And own thy sovereign grace.

3 God hath pronounced a firm decree,
Nor changes what he swore,
"Eternal shall thy priesthood be,
When Aaron is no more.

4 Melchisedec, that wondrous priest,
That king of high degree,
That holy man, whom Abrah'm blest,
Was but a type of thee."

5 Jesus, our Priest, forever lives,
To plead for us above;
Jesus, our King, forever gives
The blessings of his love.

6 God shall exalt his glorious head,
His lofty throne maintain;
And strike the pow'rs and princes dead,
Who dare oppose his reign.

140 *Priesthood and Kingship of Christ.* L. M.

IN Christ I've all my soul's desire;
His Spirit does my heart inspire
With boundless wishes, large and high:
And Christ will all my wants supply.

2 Christ is my hope, my strength, and guide,
For me he bled, and groaned, and died;
He is my sun, to give me light,
He is my soul's supreme delight.

3 Christ is the source of all my bliss,
My wisdom and my righteousness;
My Saviour, brother, and my Friend:
On him alone I now depend.

4 Christ is my King, to rule and bless,
And all my troubles to redress;
He's my salvation, and my all,
Whate'er on earth shall me befall.

5 Christ is my strength and portion too;
My soul in him can all things do;
Through him I'll triumph o'er the grave,
My soul shall death and hell outbrave.

141 *Christ our High Priest.* H. M. 6,6,6,6,8,8.

OUR Great High Priest we sing,
His dying love adore;
We hail our rising King,
Who lives for evermore;
He, only, can our wants relieve,
And sinners to the utmost save.

2 Why then indulge despair?
Though sunk in deepest guilt,
We hear his voice declare,
For such his blood he spilt.
In his dear hands my soul I leave,
For he can to the utmost save.

3 Believing soul, rejoice,
On Jesus' grace depend;
The object of your choice,
He loves you to the end.
With holy boldness dare believe,
Your Lord will to the utmost save.

HIS LIFE AND EXAMPLE.

142 *Christ our Example.* L. M.

WHEN Jesus dwelt in mortal clay,
What were his works from day to day
But miracles of power and grace,
That spread salvation through our race?

2 That man may last, but never lives,
Who much receives, but nothing gives,
Whom none can love, whom none can thank;
Creation's blot, creation's blank.

3 But he, who marks from day to day,
In generous acts his radiant way,
Treads the same path his Saviour trod,
The path to glory and to God.

143 *Christ our Pattern.* L. M.

MY dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such def'rence to thy Father's will,
Such love and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witness'd the fervor of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy vict'ry, too.

4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God the Judge shall own my name,
Among the followers of the Lamb.

144 *Christ our Example.* L. M.

MAKE us, by thy transforming grace,
Dear Saviour, daily more like thee!
Thy fair example may we trace,
To teach us what we ought to be!

2 O, how benevolent and kind!
How mild!—how ready to forgive!
Be this the temper of our mind,
And these the rules by which we live.

3 To do his heav'nly Father's will
Was his employment and delight;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life divinely bright.

4 Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labors of his life were love;
Then, if we bear the Saviour's name,
By his example let us move.

5 But ah! how blind!—how weak we are!
How frail!—how apt to turn aside!
Lord, we depend upon thy care,
And ask thy Spirit for our guide.

145 *Our Example in Suffering.* M. 6 lines 7s.

GO to dark Gethsemane,
Ye who feel temptation's pow'r;
Your Redeemer's conflict see;
Watch with him one bitter hour:
Turn not from his griefs away;
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

2 Follow to the judgment hall;
View the Lord of life arraign'd:
O, the wormwood and the gall!
O, the pangs his soul sustain'd!
Shun not suff'ring, shame, or loss;
Learn of him to bear the cross.

3 Calv'ry's mournful mountain climb;
There, admiring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete:
"It is finished!"—hear him cry;—
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid his breathless clay;
All is solitude and gloom:
Who has taken him away?
Christ is ris'n; he meets our eyes:
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

146 *Christ's Mission Attested.* L. M.

BEHOLD! the blind their sight receive!
Behold! the dead awake and live!
The dumb speak wonders! and the lame
Leap like the hart, and bless his name!

2 Thus does th' eternal Spirit own
And seal the mission of the Son;
The Father vindicates his cause,
While he hangs bleeding on the cross.

3 He dies!—the heavens in mourning stood!
He rises!—and appears a God!
Behold the Lord ascending high,
No more to bleed, no more to die!

4 Hence and forever from my heart
I bid my doubts and fears depart;
And to those hands my soul resign,
Which bear credentials so divine.

147 *Chief among Ten Thousand.* C. M.

MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthron'd
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crown'd,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 No mortal can with him compare
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is he than all the fair
Who fill the heav'nly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
And flew to my relief:
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

4 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

148 *Christ Weeping.* S. M.

Did Christ o'er sinners weep?
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears!
Angels with wonder see!
Be thou astonish'd, O my soul!
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept, that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear;
In heav'n alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

HIS SUFFERINGS.

149 *Godly Sorrow at the Cross.* C. M.

Alas! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head,
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity!—grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,
For man, the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But floods of tears can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away;—
'Tis all that I can do.

150 *Relentings for Sin at the Cross.* C. M.

O H! the sharp pangs of smarting pain
My dear Redeemer bore;
When knotty whips and ragged thorns
His sacred body tore!

2 'Twere you, my sins, my cruel sins,
His chief tormentors were;
Each of my crimes became a nail,
And unbelief the spear.

3 'Twere you that pull'd the vengeance down
Upon his guiltless head,
Break, break, my heart, O! burst mine eyes,
And let my sorrows bleed!

4 Strike, mighty grace, my stubborn soul,
Till melting waters flow,
And deep repentance drown mine eyes
In undissembled woe.

151 *A Voice from the Cross.* C. M.

HARK! from the cross a gracious voice
Salutes my ravished ear—
"Rejoice, thou ransomed soul, rejoice,
And dry that falling tear."

2 Amaz'd, I turn, grown strangely bold,
This wondrous thing to see;
And there my dying Lord behold,
Stretched on the bloody tree!

3 "Sinner," he cries, "behold the head
This thorny wreath entwines;
Look on these wounded hands, and read
Thy name in crimson lines.

4 These wounds I bear, these pains I feel,
This anguish rends my breast,
That I may save thy soul from hell,
And give thee endless rest."

5 Thy power, the sweetness of that voice,
My stony heart can move,
Make me in Christ, my Lord, rejoice,
And melt my soul to love.

6 No more my heart neglected lies,
With silent, broken strings;
From earth my soul has learnt to rise,
And mount on eagles' wings.

7 My dying Saviour's wondrous love
On earth employs my tongue;
And when I walk in white above,
That love shall be my song.

152 *The Saviour on the Cross.* P. M. 5,5,7,7,7,9.

SAW ye my Saviour?—Saw ye my Saviour?
Saw ye my Saviour and God?
O! he died on Calvary,
To atone for you and me,
And to purchase our pardon with blood!

2 He was extended—He was extended,
Shamefully nail'd to the cross;
O! he bow'd his head and died!
Thus my Lord was crucified,
To atone for a world that was lost.

3 Jesus hung bleeding—Jesus hung bleeding,
Three dreadful hours in pain;
O! the sun refused to shine!
When his majesty divine,
Was derided, insulted, and slain.

4 Darkness prevailed—Darkness prevailed,
Darkness prevail'd o'er the land;
O! the solid rocks were rent,
Through creation's vast extent,
When the Jews crucified the God-man!

5 When it was finish'd—When it was finish'd,
And the atonement was made,
He was taken by the great,
And embalm'd in spices sweet,
And in a new sepulchre was laid.

6 Now interceding—Now interceding,
Pleads he that sinners might live;
Crying, Father, I have died;
O! behold my hands and side!
To redeem them, I pray thee, forgive.

7 I will forgive them—I will forgive them,
If they'll repent and believe;
Let them now return to thee,
And be reconcil'd to me,
And salvation they all shall receive.

153 *Christ Mocked upon the Cross.* L. M.

Now let our mournful songs record
The sorrows of our dying Lord,
When he complain'd in tears and blood,
As one forsaken by his God.

2 The Jews beheld him thus forlorn,
And shook their heads and laugh'd in scorn;
He rescu'd others from the grave,
Now let him try himself to save.

3 "This is the man who did pretend
God was his Father and his friend;
If God the blessed lov'd him so,
Why does he fail to help him now?"

4 O! savage people! cruel priests!
How they stood round like raging beasts!
Like lions gaping to devour,
When God had left him in their power!

5 They wound his head, his hands, his feet,
Till streams of blood each other meet;
By lot his garments they divide,
And mock the pangs in which he died.

154 *Sin lamented at the Cross.* M. 7s. 6 lines.

HEARTS of stone, relent, relent,
Break, by Jesus' cross subdu'd;
See his body mangled, rent,
Cover'd with a gore of blood;
Sinful soul, what hast thou done?
Murder'd God's eternal Son!

2 Yes, your sins have done the deed,
Drove the nails, and fix'd him there;
Crown'd with thorns his sacred head,
Pierc'd him with a soldier's spear,
Made his soul a sacrifice:
For lost sinners Jesus dies.

3 Can his off'ring be in vain?
No: a cov'nant keeping God
Says that "he shall see his seed"—
All the purchase of his blood.
Lord, with sin and self we part;
Saviour, take each broken heart.

155 *Salvation through Christ.* M. 8s.

SALVATION, how precious the sound,
To sinners who see themselves lost;
To Jesus their praises redound,
In Jesus they triumph and boast.

2 Salvation is finish'd and done,
Salvation is sov'reign and free,
Salvation by God's equal Son,
My joy and rejoicing shall be.

3 Salvation is only of God,
To him all the praises are due;
Ye saints spread his honors abroad,
Who finish'd salvation for you.

4 Soon we shall behold him above,
Forever to sound his dear name:
To sing the sweet song of his love,
Salvation to God and the Lamb!

156 *The Suffering Saviour.* C. P. M. 8,8,6,8,8,6.

THROUGHOUT the Saviour's life we trace
Nothing but love and boundless grace;
No period else is seen
Till he a spotless victim fell,
Tasting in soul a perfect hell,
Caus'd by the creature's sin.

2 On the cold ground, methinks I see
My Saviour kneel and pray for me;
For this I'll him adore;
Seiz'd with a chilly sweat throughout,
Blood drops did force their passage out
Through every opening pore.

3 The piercing thorns his temples bore,
His back with lashes all was tore,
Till one the bones might see;

Mocking, they push'd him here and there,
Marking his way with blood and tears,
Press'd by the heavy tree.

4 Thus up the hill he painful came,
Round him they mock'd and made their game,
At length his cross they rear.
And can you see the mighty God,
Cry out beneath sin's heavy load,
Without one thankful tear?

5 Thus veiled in humanity,
He dies in anguish on the tree;
What tongue his grief can tell?
The shudd'ring rocks their heads recline,
The morning sun refus'd to shine,
When the Redeemer fell.

6 Shout, brethren, shout in songs divine,
He drank the gall to give us wine,
To quench the parching thirst:
Seraphs advance your voices high'r
Bride of the Lamb, unite the choir,
And laud the precious Christ.

157 *Zion's Song.* H. M. 6,6,6,6,8,8.

Down from the willow bough
My slumb'ring harp I take,
And bid its silent strings
To heav'nly themes awake.
Soft, peaceful let its breathings be,
In gentle, soothing harmony.

2 Love, love divine, I sing—
O for a seraph's lyre!
Bathed in Siloam's stream,
And touch'd with living fire;
Lofty and pure the strain should be,
Whene'er I sing of Calvary.

3 Love, love on earth appears!
My soul, O, haste away!
Christ beareth all thy griefs,
And wipes thy tears away:
Soft, mild and sweet the strain should be,
Dear Saviour, when I sing of thee.

4 He saw me as he pass'd,
In hopeless sorrow lie,
Condemn'd and doom'd to death,
And no salvation nigh:
Sweet, loud and long the strain should be
Whene'er I sing his love for me.

5 "I die for thee," he said—
Behold the cross arise!
And lo! he bows his head—
He bows his head and dies!
Soft, O my harp, thy strains should be,
To chant the scenes of Calvary.

6 He lives again! he lives!
I hear the voice of love—
He comes to soothe my fears,
And draw my soul above.
O! joyful now the strain shall be,
When loud I sing of Calvary.

158 *The Tender-hearted.* P. M. 9,8,9,8,9,7,8,8.

Come, all ye tender-hearted christians,
O, come, and help us now to mourn!
Behold! the Son of God lies bleeding;
And view his precious body torn!
Behold him, praying in the garden,
While his soul in grief is bound;
And the bloody sweat is running
In crimson drops upon the ground.

2 He was a man of constant sorrow,
And went a mourner all his days;
With sore distress was well acquainted,
But never went in sinful ways.
The foxes have their holes provided,
And the birds they have their nest,
But the Son of man had no where
To lay his weary head to rest.

3 Behold him, when the soldiers took him,
And led him unto Pilate's bar!
O! come, ye tender-hearted christians,
And view your dear Redeemer there;
Behold him, when he was condemned,
Wearing of a thorny crown,
And his tender temples pierced,
Until the blood came running down.

4 And then behold the soldiers take him,
And nail him to a shameful tree:
O! see him on the cross a bleeding,
His soul in mortal agony;
Hark, how the legal thunders smite him,
Lo, his burden'd bosom heave!
Look how deep your sins have stung him,
O! dying sinners, look and live!

5 They laid him in a new sepulchre,
Where never man was laid before:
He burst the bars of death asunder,
And brought salvation to the poor.
And now, he is gone up to heaven,
Pleading there our cause on high;
Christians, soon we'll follow after,
Our Lord to see and glorify.

GETHSEMANE.

159 *Gethsemane.* P. M. 8,8,6,8,8.

BEYOND where Kedron's waters flow,—
Behold the suffering Saviour go,
To sad Gethsemane!
His countenance is all divine,
Yet grief appears in every line.

2 He bows beneath the sins of men,
He cries to God, and cries again,
In sad Gethsemane;
He lifts his mournful eyes above—
"My Father! can this cup remove?"

3 With gentle resignation still,
He yielded to his Father's will,
In sad Gethsemane;—
"Behold me here, thine only Son,
And, Father! let thy will be done."

4 The Father heard,—and angels there
Sustained the Son of God in prayer,
In sad Gethsemane;
He drank the dreadful cup of pain;—
Then rose to life and joy again.

5 When storms of sorrow round us sweep,
And scenes of anguish make us weep,
To sad Gethsemane
We'll look, and see the Saviour there;
Then humbly bow, like him, in prayer.

160 *Agony in the Garden.* C. M.

DARK was the night, and cold the ground
On which the Saviour lay;
His sweat like drops of blood is found;—
In sorrow hear him pray:—

2 "Father, remove this bitter cup,
If such thy sacred will;
If not, content to drink it up,
Thy pleasure I fulfil."

3 Go to the garden, sinner; see
Those precious drops that flow;
The heavy load he bore for thee;
For thee he lies so low.

4 Then learn of him the cross to bear;
Thy Father's will obey;
And, when temptations press thee near,
Awake to watch and pray.

161 *The Brook Kedron.* M. 11s.

THOU sweet gliding Kedron, by thy silver stream
Our Saviour, at midnight, when moon-light's pale beam
Shone bright on the water, would frequently stray,
And lose in thy murmurs, the toils of the day.

Come, saints, and adore him, come, bow at his feet;
O give him the glory, the praise that is meet,
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

2 How damp were the vapors that fell on his head!
How hard was his pillow, how humble his bed!
The angels astonish'd, grew sad at the sight,
And follow'd their Master with solemn delight.
Come, saints, &c.

3 O Garden of Olives, thou dear, honor'd spot,
The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot;
The theme most transporting to seraphs above:
The triumph of sorrow,—the triumph of love!
Come, saints, &c.

162 *Christ's Midnight Prayer.* L. M.

'Tis midnight; and on Olive's brow
The star is dimm'd that lately shone—
'Tis midnight; in the garden now,
The suff'ring Saviour prays alone.

2 'Tis midnight; and, from all remov'd,
The Saviour wrestles lone, with fears;
E'en that disciple whom he lov'd
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

3 'Tis midnight; and for others' guilt
The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet he that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by his God.

4 'Tis midnight; and from other plains
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

163 *The Voice from Kedron* S.H.M. 6,6,8,6,8,8.

Among the mountain trees
The winds were whisp'ring low,
And night's ten thousand harmonies
Were harmonies of woe;
A voice of grief was on the gale,
It came from Kedron's gloomy vale.

2 It was the Saviour's prayer
That on the silence broke,
Imploring strength from heav'n to bear
The sin-avenging stroke,
As in Gethsemane he knelt,
And pangs unknown his bosom felt.

3 The fitful star-light shone
In dim and misty gleams,
Deep was his agonizing groan,
And large the vital streams
That trickled to the dewy sod
While Jesus rais'd his voice to God.

4 The chosen three that stay'd
Their nightly watch to keep,
Left him through sorrows deep to wade,
And gave themselves to sleep:
Meekly and sad he pray'd alone;
Strangely forgotten by his own.

5 Along the streamlet's bank,
The reckless traitor came,
And heavy on his bosom sank
The load of guilt and shame;
Yet unto them that waited nigh
He gave the Lamb of God to die.

6 Among the mountain trees
The winds were whisp'ring low,
And night's ten thousand harmonies
Were harmonies of woe;
For cruel voices fill'd the gale,
That came from Kedron's gloomy vale.

HIS CRUCIFIXION AND DEATH.

164 *The Saviour on the Cross.* L. M.

STRETCHED on the cross, the Saviour dies!
Hark! his expiring groans arise!
See!—from his hands, his feet, his side,
Runs down the sacred crimson tide!

2 But life attends the dreadful sound,
And flows from every bleeding wound;
The vital stream—how free it flows,
To save and cleanse his rebel foes.

3 Can I survey this scene of woe,
Where mingling grief and mercy flow,
And yet my heart unmoved remain,
Insensible to love or pain?

4 Come, dearest Lord! thy grace impart,
To warm this cold, this stupid heart;
Till all its powers and passions move,
In melting grief and ardent love.

165 *The Amazing Sight.* C. M.

YONDER amazing sight!—I see
Th' incarnate Son of God
Expiring on th' accursed tree,
And writhing in his blood!

2 Behold the purple torrents run
Down from his hands and head!
The crimson tide puts out the sun;
His groans awake the dead!

3 The trembling earth, the darkened sky
Proclaim the truth aloud;
And with th' amazed centurion, cry,
"This is the Son of God!"

4 So great, so vast a sacrifice
May well my hope revive;
If God's own Son thus bleeds and dies,
The sinner sure may live.

5 O! that these cords of love divine
Might draw me, Lord, to thee!
Thou hast my heart—it shall be thine—
Thine shall it ever be!

166

The Expiring Saviour. M. 8s,7s, & 4.

HARK the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See, it rends the rocks asunder—
Shakes the earth and veils the sky!
"It is finished!"
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2 It is finished!—O what pleasure
Do these precious words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
It is finished!
Saints, the dying words record.

3 Finished—all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law;
Finished—all that God had promised;
Death and hell no more shall awe:
It is finished!
Saints, from hence your comforts draw.

4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name.
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

167

Christ Crucified. L. M.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

168 *Christ's Dying, Rising and Reigning.* L. M.

He dies!—the Friend of sinners dies;
Lo, Salem's daughters weep around;
A solemn darkness veils the skies;
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
For Him who groaned beneath your load;
He shed a thousand drops for you—
A thousand drops of richer blood.

3 Here's love and grief beyond degree;
The Lord of glory dies for men;
But lo, what sudden joys we see!
Jesus, the dead, revives again.

4 The rising God forsakes the tomb;
Up to his Father's court he flies;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliv'rer reigns;
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the tyrant death in chains.

6 Say, "Live forever, glorious King,
Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask, "O death! where is thy sting?
And where thy vict'ry, boasting grave?"

169 *Prodigies attending the Crucifixion.* C. M.

FROM whence those direful omens round,
Which heav'n and earth amaze?
And why do earthquakes cleave the ground?
Why hides the sun his rays?

2 Well may the earth, astonish'd, shake,
And nature sympathize,—
The sun, as darkest night, be black;—
Their Maker, Jesus, dies.

3 Behold, fast streaming from the tree,
His all-atoning blood:
Is this the Infinite? 'Tis he,—
My Saviour and my God.

4 For me these pangs his soul assail;
For me this death is borne;
My sins gave sharpness to the nail,
And pointed every thorn.

5 Let sin no more my soul enslave;
Break, Lord, its tyrant chain;
O, save me, whom thou cam'st to save,
Nor bleed nor die in vain.

170 *The Cross of Christ.* P. M. 8,6,8,6,8,8,8,6.

BEHOLD, behold the Lamb of God,
On the cross, on the cross!
He sheds for us his precious blood,
On the cross, on the cross.
O! hear his all-important cry,
"Eli, lama sabachthani?"—
Draw near and see your Saviour die,
On the cross, on the cross.

2 Behold his arms extended wide, On the, &c.
Behold his bleeding hands and side, On, &c.
The sun withholds his rays of light,
The heavens are clothed in shades of night,
While Jesus doth with devils fight, On, &c.

3 Come, sinners, see him lifted up, On the, &c.
For you he drinks the bitter cup, On, &c.
The rocks do rend, the mountains quake,
While Jesus doth atonement make,
While Jesus suffers for our sake, On, &c.

4 And now the mighty deed is done, On the, &c
The battle's fought, the victory's won, On, &c.
To heaven he turns his languid eyes,
"'Tis finished," now the Conqu'ror cries,
Then bows his sacred head and dies, On, &c.

5 Where'er I go I'll tell the story Of the, &c.
Of nothing else my soul shall glory, Save, &c.
Yea, this my constant theme shall be,
Through time and through eternity,
Thus Jesus tasted death for me, On, &c.

6 Let every mourner rise and cling To the, &c.
Let every christian come and sing, Round, &c.
There let the preacher take his stand,
And with the Bible in his hand,
Declare the triumphs through the land, Of &c.

171 *Death of Christ on the Cross.* C. M.

BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nailed to the shameful tree!
How vast the love that him inclined
To bleed and die for me!

2 "My God!" he cries—all nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend;
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

3 "'Tis finished!"—now the ransom's paid;
"Receive my soul," he cries;
Behold, he bows his sacred head,
He bows his head and dies!

4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine:
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine!

172 "*It is finished.*" L. M.

'Tis finish'd—so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bow'd his head, and died!
'Tis finish'd—yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.

2 'Tis finish'd—all that heaven decreed,
And all that ancient prophets said,
Is now fulfill'd, as was design'd,
In me, the Saviour of mankind.

3 'Tis finish'd—this my dying groan
Shall sins of every kind atone;
Millions shall be redeem'd from death
By this my last expiring breath.

4 'Tis finish'd—heaven is reconcil'd,
And all the powers of darkness spoil'd;
Peace, love and happiness again,
Return and dwell with sinful men.

5 'Tis finish'd—let the joyful sound,
Be heard through all the nations round;
'Tis finish'd—let the echo fly,
Thro' heaven and hell, thro' earth and sky.

173 "*Behold the Man.*" L. M.

Sinner, behold, behold the Man!
The Man of grief, condemned for you;
The Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
Weeping, to Calvary pursue.

2 His sacred limbs they stretch, they tear,
With nails they fasten to the wood!
His sacred limbs—exposed and bare,
Or only covered with his blood.

3 See there! his temples crowned with thorn,
His bleeding hands extended wide,
His streaming feet transfixed and torn,
The fountain gushing from his side.

4 O thou dear suffering Son of God!
How doth thy heart to sinners move!
Sprinkle on us thy precious blood,
And melt us with thy dying love.

5 At thy last gasp, the graves displayed
Their horrors to the upper skies;
O, that our souls might burst the shade,
And, quickened by thy death, arise!

6 The rocks could feel thy powerful death,
And tremble, and asunder part;
O rend, with thy expiring breath,
The harder marble of our heart!

174 *The Saviour's Wondrous Death.* C. M.

We sing the Saviour's wondrous death—
He conquer'd when he fell:
'Tis finish'd, said his dying breath,
And shook the gates of hell.

2 'Tis finish'd, our Immanuel cries,
The dreadful work is done;
Hence shall his sov'reign throne arise,
His kingdom is begun.

3 His cross a sure foundation laid
For glory and renown,
When through the regions of the dead
He pass'd to reach the crown.

4 Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
His praises to record;
Sweet be the accents of your songs
To your victorious Lord.

5 Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise;
Let heav'n and all created things
Sound our Immanuel's praise!

175 *Christ Crucified.* P. M. 8,8,8,6,8,8,8,8,6.

THE Son of man they did betray;
He was condemn'd, and led away,
Think, O my soul, on that dread day,
Look on Mount Calvary;
Behold him, lamb-like, led along,
Surrounded by a wicked throng,
Accus'd by every lying tongue,
And then the Lamb of God they hung
Upon the shameful tree.

2 Now, hung between the earth and skies,
Behold! in agony he dies;
O sinners, hear his mournful cries,
Think of his tort'ring pain!
The morning sun withdrew his light,
Blush'd, and refus'd to view the sight,
The azure cloth'd in robes of night,
All nature mourn'd, and stood affright,
When Christ the Lord was slain.

3 The Jews and Romans in a band,
With hearts like steel around him stand,
And mocking, say, "Come save the land,
Come try yourself to free."
A soldier pierc'd him when he died;
Then healing streams came from his side;
And thus my Lord was crucified,
Stern justice then was satisfied,
Sinners, for you and me.

4 'Tis done! the dreadful debt is paid,
The great atonement now is made;
Sinners, on him your guilt was laid,
For you he spilt his blood:

For you his tender soul did move,
For you he left the courts above,
That you the length and breadth might prove,
And height and depth of perfect love,
In Christ your smiling God.

HIS ATONEMENT.

176 *Efficacy of the Atoning Blood.* C. M.

THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Thou dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd Church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

177 *The Lamb of God.* C. M.

O LAMB of God! O Lamb of God!
O Lamb for sinners slain!
And didst thou shed thy precious blood,
To purge my guilty stain?

2 O Lamb of God! O Lamb of God!
O sin-atoning Lamb!
And didst thou bear my heavy load
Of sorrow, sin and shame?

3 Yes, Lamb of God, for me, for me
Thy precious blood was spilt!
The streams that crimson'd Calvary
Shall wash away my guilt.

4 O Lamb of God! such grief and love
Should melt my weeping eyes;
Yet tears could not one stain remove
Though they to floods should rise.

5 O Lamb of God! let me but lay
My head upon thy brow;
And give myself to thee away,
Just now, dear Lord, just now.

178 *Christ the Lamb Slain.* L. M.

BEHOLD the sin-atoning Lamb,
With wonder, gratitude and love;
To take away our guilt and shame,
See him descending from above.

2 Our sins and griefs on him were laid:
He meekly bore the mighty load;
Our ransom-price he fully paid,
In groans and tears, in sweat and blood.

3 To save a guilty world, he dies;
Sinners, behold the bleeding Lamb!
To him lift up your longing eyes,
And hope for mercy in his name.

4 Pardon and peace through him abound;
He can the richest blessings give;
Salvation in his name is found—
He bids the dying sinner live.

5 Jesus, my Lord, I look to thee;
Where else can helpless sinners go?
Thy boundless love shall set me free
From all my wretchedness and woe.

179 *Christ our Sacrifice.* S. M.

Not all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove:
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

180 *The Atonement Completed.* L. M.

'Tis finished!—the Messiah dies,—
Cut off for sins, but not his own;
Accomplished is the sacrifice,—
The great redeeming work is done.

2 'Tis finished!—all the debt is paid;
Justice divine is satisfied;
The grand and full atonement made;
Christ for a guilty world hath died.

3 The veil is rent; in him alone
The living way to heaven is seen;
The middle wall is broken down,
And all mankind may enter in.

4 The types and figures are fulfill'd;
Exacted is the legal pain;
The precious promises are seal'd;
The spotless Lamb of God is slain.

5 Death, hell and sin are now subdued;
All grace is now to sinners given;
And, lo! I plead th' atoning blood,
And in thy right I claim my heaven.

181 *Christ our Surety.* 10s & 11s.

ALL ye that pass by, to Jesus draw nigh;
To you is it nothing that Jesus should die?
Our ransom and peace, our surety he is;
Come, see if there ever was sorrow like his.

2 The Lord, in the day of his anger, did lay
Our sins on the Lamb, and he bore them away;
He dies to atone for sins not his own;
The Father afflicted for you his dear Son.

3 For sinners like me, he died on the tree;
His death is accepted, the sinner is free;
My pardon I claim, a sinner I am,
A sinner believing in Jesus's name.

4 He purchas'd the grace which now I embrace;
O Father! thou knowest he died in my place!
His death is my plea—my Advocate see—
And hear the blood speak that has answer'd for me.

5 With joy we approve the plan of his love;
A wonder to all, both below and above!
When time is no more, we still shall adore
That ocean of love, without bottom or shore.

182 *God Reconciled in Christ.* C. M.

DEAREST of all the names above,
My Jesus and my God,
Who can resist thy heavenly love,
Or trifle with thy blood?

2 'Tis by the merits of thy death
The Father smiles again;
'Tis by thine interceding breath,
The Spirit dwells with men.

3 Till God in human form I see,
My thoughts no comfort find;
The holy, just, and sacred Three,
Are terror to my mind.

4 But if Immanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy begins:
His name forbids my slavish fear,
His grace removes my sins.

5 While Jews on their own law rely,
And Greeks of wisdom boast,
I love th' incarnate Mystery,
And there I fix my trust.

HIS BURIAL.

183 *The Burial of Christ.* M. 10s.

SOLEMNLY, sadly, the mourners draw near,
Jesus, the Saviour, to lay on the bier;
Heart-broken, weeping, all shrouded in gloom,
Gently they bear him away to the tomb.

2 Mournfully, carefully, solemn and slow,
Down from the mountain so sadly they go;
Tears of deep anguish in torrents are shed,
While he is borne to the home of the dead.

3 Mournfully, tenderly, o'er him they bow,
Once more to gaze on that beautiful brow:
Sorrow more deeply now pierces each breast,
Gently, so gently they lay him to rest.

4 So have they buried him; now they depart;
Homeward they move with a sad, broken heart
Fear not, poor mourners; for angels will kee
Him ye have laid in the dark grave to sleep.

HIS RESURRECTION.

184 *The Resurrection of Christ.* M. 7s

"CHRIST, the Lord, is ris'n to-day,"
Sons of men and angels say;
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er,
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ has burst the gate of hell;
Death in vain forbids his rise,
Christ hath open'd Paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King!
"Where, O death, is now thy sting?"
Once he died our souls to save:
"Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?"

5 Hail, the Lord of earth and heav'n!
Praise to thee by both be giv'n!
Thee we greet triumphant now,
Hail! the Resurrection—Thou!

185 *Our Risen Lord.* C. M.

THE Saviour ris'n, to-day we praise,
In concert with the blest;
For now we see his work complete,
And enter into rest.

2 On this first day, a brighter scene
Of glory was display'd
By the creating Word, than when
The universe was made.

3 He rises, who mankind has bought
With grief and pain extreme;
'Twas great to speak the world from naught,
'Twas greater to redeem.

4 How vain the stone, the watch, the seal!
Naught can forbid his rise;
'Tis he who shuts the gates of hell,
And opens Paradise.

5 Let us his righteousness disclose;
His death and rising show;
Till he return to banish woes,
And bless his saints below.

186 *The Resurrection Morning.* C. M.

BLEST morning, whose young dawning rays
Beheld our rising God,
That saw him triumph o'er the dust,
And leave his dark abode.

2 A silent pris'ner in the tomb
The great Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, th' appointed day.

3 Hell and the grave unite their force
To hold our God in vain;
The sleeping Conqueror arose,
And burst their feeble chain!

4 To thy great name, almighty Lord,
These sacred hours we pay;
And loud hosannas shall proclaim
The triumph of the day.

5 Salvation and immortal praise
To our victorious King;
Let heaven and earth, and rocks and seas
With glad hosannas ring.

187 *Joy Arising from the Resurrection.* S. M.

"THE Lord is ris'n indeed!"
He lives to die no more;
He lives the sinners cause to plead,
Whose curse and shame he bore.

2 "The Lord is ris'n indeed;"
The grave has lost its prey;
With him is ris'n the ransom'd seed,
To reign in endless day.

3 "The Lord is ris'n indeed;"
Attending angels hear:
Up to the courts of heaven with speed,
The joyful tidings bear.

4 Then wake your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord;
Join, all ye bright celestial choirs,
To sing our risen Lord.

188 *Resurrection of Jesus.* H. M. 6,6,6,6,8,8.

OUR Great Redeemer rose,
Our Saviour left the dead;
And over all his foes,
High raised his conqu'ring head;
In wild dismay, the guards around,
Fell to the ground, and sunk away.

2 Lo! the angelic bands,
In full assembly meet;
They wait his high commands,
They worship at his feet;
Joyful they come, and wing their way,
From realms of day, to Jesus' tomb.

3 Then back to heaven they fly,
And the glad tidings bear;
Hark! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air!
Their anthems say, "Jesus, who bled,
Hath left the dead; he rose to-day."

4 Ye mortals, catch the sound,
Redeem'd by him from hell!
And send the echo round
The globe on which you dwell:
Transported, cry, "Jesus, who bled,
Has left the dead, no more to die."

5 All hail, triumphant Lord,
Who sav'st us with thy blood;
Wide be thy name adored,
Thou rising, reigning God!
Oh, may we rise, with thee to reign,
And kingdoms gain, beyond the skies.

189 *The Illustrious Morn.* C. M.

On this illustrious, joyful morn,
Our Saviour left the grave;
Was then declared the Son of God,
With mighty power to save.

2 Come, humble souls, and see the place
Where once the Saviour lay;
New string your harps, attune your songs,
And hail the solemn day.

3 In lofty accents praise his name,
Who thus in triumph rose;
Who broke the iron bands of death,
And trampled on his foes.

4 Sing loud hosannas to your King,
The Lamb that once was slain;
For you the royal victim died,
For you he rose again.

190 *Jesus has Risen.* P. M. 7,6,7,7,4,7.

Rise, rise, rise from thy mourning;
Light, light breaks from the sky;
See, see, bright the day dawning;
Jesus has risen on high!
Rise, rise, rise, rise,
Jesus has risen on high!

2 Come, come, sing to the Saviour;
Love, love beams from his eye.
Haste, haste, strive for his favor,
Worship the Saviour on high.
Come, come, come, come,
Worship the Saviour on high.

3 Praise, praise yield him with gladness;
Earth, earth, banish thy gloom;
Death, death, where is thy sadness?
Jesus returns from the tomb.
Praise, praise, praise, praise,—
Jesus returns from the tomb!

4 Hail! hail! christians, adore him!
Here, here, anthems we sing;
There, there we'll dwell in glory,
Eternally praising the King;
Hail! hail! all hail!
Eternally praising the King!

191 *The Happy Morn.* H. M. 6,6,6,6,8,8.

THE happy morn is come:
Triumphant o'er the grave,
The Saviour leaves the tomb,
Omnipotent to save;
Captivity is captive led;
For Jesus liveth, who was dead.

2 Who now accuseth them,
For whom their Ransom died?
Who now shall those condemn,
Whom God hath justified?
Captivity is captive led;
For Jesus liveth, who was dead.

3 Christ hath the ransom paid;
The glorious work is done;
On him our help is laid,
By him our vict'ry won:
Captivity is captive led;
For Jesus liveth, who was dead.

192 *Mary at the Tomb.* M. 7s double.

MARY to the Saviour's tomb,
Hasted at the early dawn;
Spice she brought and sweet perfume,
But the Lord she loved had gone.
For a while she ling'ring stood,
Fill'd with sorrow and surprise;
Trembling, while a crystal flood
Issued from her weeping eyes.

2 But her sorrows quickly fled,
When she heard his welcome voice;
Christ has risen from the dead;
Now he bids her heart rejoice;
What a change his word can make,
Turning darkness into day.
Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,
He will wipe your tears away.

HIS ASCENSION.

193 *Ascension and Reign of Christ.* C. M.

O for a shout of sacred joy
To God, the sov'reign King!
Let every land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.

2 Jesus, our God, ascends on high;
His heavenly guards around
Attend him rising through the sky,
With trumpets' joyful sound.

3 While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains;
Let all the earth his honor sing;—
O'er all the earth he reigns.

4 Rehearse his praise with awe profound;
Let knowledge lead the song;
Nor mock him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

5 In Israel stood his ancient throne:
He loved that ancient race;
But now he calls the world his own:
The heathen taste his grace.

194 *Ascension Day.* M. 7s.

Hail the day that sees him rise
Ravish'd from our wishful eyes!
Christ, a while to mortals given,
Re-ascends his native heaven.

2 There the splendid triumph waits—
"Lift your heads, ye heav'nly gates;
Wide unfold the radiant scene,
Let the King of glory in!"

3 Grant, though parted from our sight,
Far above yon azure height—
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Follow thee beyond the skies;

4 There forever to remain,
Partners of thy endless reign;
There thy face unclouded see,
Find our heav'n of heav'ns in thee.

195 *Triumphal Ascension of Christ.* L. M.

OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The pow'rs of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.

2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way!

3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene;
He claims those mansions as his right—
Receive the King of glory in!

4 Who is the King of glory?—Who?
The Lord, who all his foes o'ercame:
The world, sin, death and hell o'erthrew,
And Jesus is the conqu'ror's name.

5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way!

6 Who is the King of glory?—Who?
The Lord, of boundless might possest,
The King of saints and angels too,
Lord over all, for ever blest!

HIS CORONATION.

196 *Coronation of Christ.* C. M.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him—Lord of all.

2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him—Lord of all.

3 Hail him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David Lord did call:
The God incarnate! Man Divine!
And crown him—Lord of all.

4 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransom'd from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him—Lord of all.

5 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him—Lord of all.

6 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him—Lord of all.

197 *Crown Him Lord of All.* C. M.

INSPIRE our souls, thou heav'nly Dove,
On thee we humbly call;
Come, warm our hearts with Jesus' love,
To crown him Lord of all.

2 The saints who now in glory shine,
And triumph o'er the fall,
In concert join with notes divine,
To praise him Lord of all.

3 Sinners, who now in him believe,
Whose crimes are bitter gall,
Pardon and grace from him receive,
And bless him Lord of all.

2 The day will come when ev'ry voice,
On this terrestrial ball,
Aloud shall sing, exult, rejoice,
To hail him Lord of all.

5 All heav'n, in one admiring throng,
Before him prostrate fall,
And join in sweet seraphic song,
To crown him Lord of all!

198 *Coronation of the King.* M. 8s, 7s & 4.

Look, ye saints; the sight is glorious;
See the Man of sorrows now;
From the fight returned victorious,
Every knee to him shall bow:
Crown him, crown him;
Crowns become the Victor's brow.

2 Crown the Saviour; angels, crown him;
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of power enthrone him,
While the heavenly concave rings:
Crown him, crown him;
Crown the Saviour King of kings.

3 Sinners in derision crowned him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around him,
Own his title, praise his name:
Crown him, crown him;
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

4 Hark, those bursts of acclamation!
Hark, those loud, triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station;
O, what joy the sight affords!
Crown him, crown him,
King of kings, and Lord of lords.

HIS INTERCESSION.

199 *Christ's Intercession.* M. 8s & 7s.

JESUS, hail! enthron'd in glory,
There on high thou dost abide;
All the heav'nly host adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side.

2 There for sinners thou art pleading;
There thou dost our place prepare:
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

3 Worship, honor, pow'r and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive:
Loudest praises without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.

4 Help, ye bright, angelic spirits;
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

200 *The Believer's Surety.* H. M. 6,6,6,6,8,8.

ARISE, my soul, arise!
Shake off thy guilty fears;
A bleeding sacrifice
In thy behalf appears.
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on his hands.

2 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Receiv'd on Calvary:
They pour effectual pray'rs,
They strongly plead for me;
Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,
Nor let that ransom'd sinner die!

3 The Father hears him pray,
The dear anointed One:
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

4 My God is reconcil'd,
His pard'ning voice I hear:
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And "Father, Abba, Father," cry.

201 *Christ our Advocate.* C. M.

AWAKE, sweet gratitude, and sing
Th' ascended Saviour's love;
Sing how he lives to carry on
His people's cause above.

2 With cries and tears, he offer'd up
His humble suit below;
But with authority he asks,
Enthron'd in glory now.

3 For all that come to God by him,
Salvation he demands;
Points to their names upon his breast,
And spreads his wounded hands.

4 His sweet atoning sacrifice
Gives sanction to his claim;
"Father, I will that all my saints
Be with me where I am."

5 "By their salvation, recompense
The sorrows I endured;
Just to the merits of thy Son,
And faithful to thy word."

6 Eternal life, at his request,
To every saint is given:
Safety on earth, and after death,
The plenitude of heaven.

HIS REIGN.

202 *Christ's Kingdom and Reign.* L. M.

JESUS shall reign, where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 To him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love, with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The pris'ner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

203 *King of kings and Lord of lords.* C. M.

THE head that once was crown'd with thorns,
Is crown'd with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

2 The highest place that heaven affords,
Is to our Jesus given;
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
He reigns o'er earth and heaven.

3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom he manifests his love,
And grants his name to know.

4 To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given;
Their name—an everlasting name,
Their joy—the joy of heaven.

5 They suffer with their Lord below,—
They reign with him above;
Their everlasting joy to know
The myst'ry of his love.

204 *The King of Saints.* H. M. 6,6,6,6,8,8.

REJOICE, the Lord is King!
Your God and King adore;
Mortals give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore.
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice, aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

2 Rejoice, the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When he had purg'd our stains,
He took his seat above.
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

3 He sits at God's right hand,
Till all his foes submit,
And bow to his command,
And fall beneath his feet.
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

4 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heav'n,
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus giv'n.
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

5 Rejoice in glorious hope;
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home.
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice,
The trump of God shall sound, rejoice.

205 *The Universal Reign of Christ.* L. M.

HARK! what triumphant strains are these
Which echo thro' the vault of heav'n?
"To Jesus, once on Calv'ry slain,
The kingdoms of the earth are giv'n."

2 Hark! the new song before the throne,
Which only the redeem'd can raise;
Angels may tune their golden harps,
But cannot reach these notes of praise.

3 They worship our exalted Lord,
And hail him universal King;
But saints—the purchase of his blood,
Can strike a sweeter, nobler string.

4 The wonders of his dying love,
Their hallelujahs loud proclaim,
While with extatic joy they shout
New honors to his sacred name.

206 *Christ's Reign.* S. M.

THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
Let all the nations fear;
Let sinners tremble at his throne,
And saints be humble there.

2 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,
Let earth adore its Lord;
Bright cherubs his attendants wait,
Swift to fulfil his word.

3 In Zion stands his throne;
His honors are divine;
His church shall make his wonders known,
For there his glories shine.

4 How holy is his name!
How fearful is his praise!
Justice, and truth, and judgment join
In all the works of grace.

207 *The Universal Victory of the Cross.* S. M.

JESUS, the Conqu'ror, reigns,
In glorious strength array'd;
His kingdom over all maintains,
And bids the earth be glad:

2 Ye sons of men, rejoice
In Jesus' mighty love;
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
To Him who rules above.

3 Extol his kingly power;
Kiss the exalted Son,
Who died, and lives to die no more,
High on his Father's throne:

4 Our Advocate with God,
He undertakes our cause,
And spreads through all the earth abroad,
The vict'ry of his cross.

208 *Jubilee of the World.* M. 7s, double.

HARK! the song of jubilee!
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore:
Hallelujah! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign;
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah! hark! the sound,
From the depth unto the skies,
Wakes—above, beneath, around—
All creation's harmonies!
See Jehovah's banner furl'd,
Sheath'd his sword: he speaks: 'tis done;
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdom of his Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway:
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have pass'd away.
Then the end: beneath his rod
Man's last enemy shall fall;
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all.

209 *Rejoicing in Christ's Triumphs.* L. M.

REJOICE, for Christ, the Saviour reigns;
He spreads his triumphs all abroad;
And sinners, freed from endless pains,
Own him their Saviour and their God.

2 His sons and daughters from afar,
Daily at Zion's gate arrive;
Those who were dead in sin before,
By sovereign grace are made alive.

3 O, may his conquests still increase,
His foemen's pow'r may he subdue;
While angels celebrate his praise,
And saints his growing glories show.

4 Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb,
From all below, from all above;
In lofty songs exalt his name,
In songs as lofty as his love.

210 *Christ's Victory.* P. M. 8,7,8,7,7,7.

WHO is this that comes from Edom?
All his raiment stain'd with blood;
To the captive speaking freedom,
Bringing and bestowing good;
Glorious in the garb he wears,
Glorious in the spoil he bears.

2 'Tis the Saviour, now victorious,
Trav'ling onward in his might;
'Tis the Saviour, O, how glorious,
To his people is the sight!
Satan conquer'd, and the grave,
Jesus now is strong to save.

3 Why that blood his raiment staining?
'Tis the blood of many slain;
Of his foes, there's none remaining,
Now the contest to maintain:
Fall'n are they, no more to rise;
All their glory prostrate lies.

4 Mighty Victor, reign forever!
Wear the crown so dearly won!
Never shall thy people, never,
Cease to sing what thou hast done!
Thou hast fought thy people's foes;
Thou hast heal'd thy people's woes!

211 *Christ Enthroned.* P. M. 8,7,8,7,7,7.

HARK! ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above;
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices,
Jesus reigns the God of love:
See, he sits on yonder throne—
Jesus rules the world alone.

2 Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens
All above, and gives it worth;
Lord of life, thy smile enlightens,
Cheers, and charms thy saints on earth,
When we think of love like thine,
Lord, we own it love divine.

3 King of glory, reign forever;
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing from thy love shall sever
Those whom thou hast made thine own.
Happy objects of thy grace,
Destined to behold thy face.

4 Saviour, hasten thine appearing;
Bring, O, bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heav'n and earth shall pass away;
Then with golden harps we'll sing,
"Glory, glory to our King."

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

212 *Breathing after the Holy Spirit.* C. M.

COME, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys!

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate;
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;
Come shed abroad the Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

213 *Prayer for the Guidance of the Spirit.* L. M.

COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.

2 Conduct us safe, conduct us far
From every sin and hurtful snare;
Lead to thy word, that rules must give,
And teach us lessons how to live.

3 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

4 Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from his pastures stray.

5 Lead us to God, our final rest,
In his enjoyment to be bless'd;
Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

214 *Descent of the Holy Spirit.* L. M.

GREAT was the day, the joy was great,
When the belov'd disciples met;
And on their heads the Spirit came,
And sat like cloven tongues of flame.

2 What gifts, what miracles he gave!
The power to kill, the power to save;
Furnished their tongues with wondrous words,
Instead of shields, and spears, and swords.

3 Thus armed, he sent the champions forth,
From east to west, from south to north:
Go, and assert your Saviour's cause—
Go, spread the myst'ry of his cross.

4 These weapons of the holy war,
Of what almighty force they are,
To make our stubborn passions bow,
And lay the proudest rebel low!

5 The Greeks and Jews, the learn'd and rude,
Are by these heav'nly arms subdued;
While Satan rages at his loss,
And hates the doctrine of the cross.

215 *Prayer for the Spirit.* S. M.

COME, Holy Spirit, come,
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

2 Convince us of our sin;
Then lead to Jesus' blood;
And to our wond'ring view reveal
The secret love of God.

3 Revive our drooping faith;
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.

216 *Fear of Grieving the Spirit.* C. M.

And shall I still the Spirit grieve?
And still reject his call?
Oh, will he not the rebel leave,
In sin's dark way to fall?

2 Shall I the heavenly Friend refuse,
And drive him from my heart?
His warnings and his love abuse,
And bid him hence depart?

3 Will he not justly give me o'er,
Though ready now to save?
Will he not bar the heavenly door,
When I his pity crave?

4 "Depart!" will he at last reply!
O, may I now attend:
Now to the cross for mercy fly,
And make my God my friend.

217 *The Striving of the Spirit.* L. M.

Say, sinner, hath a voice within
Oft whispered to thy secret soul:
Urged thee to leave the ways of sin,
And yield thy heart to God's control?

2 Sinner, it was a heav'nly voice,
It was the Spirit's gracious call;
It bade thee make the better choice,
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.

3 Spurn not the call to life and light;
Regard in time the warning kind;
That call thou mayst not always slight,
And yet the gate of mercy find.

4 God's Spirit will not always strive
With hardened, self-destroying man;
Ye, who persist his love to grieve,
May never hear his voice again.

5 Sinner, perhaps this very day
Thy last accepted time may be;
Oh, shouldst thou grieve him now away,
Then hope may never beam on thee.

218

Life, Light and Love. C. M.

ENTHRONED on high, Almighty Lord,
The Holy Ghost send down;
Fulfill in us thy faithful word,
And all thy mercies crown.

2 Though on our heads no tongues of fire
Their wondrous powers impart,
Grant, Saviour, what we most desire,—
Thy Spirit in our heart.

3 Spirit of life and light and love,
Thy heavenly influence give;
Quicken our souls, our guilt remove,
That we in Christ may live.

4 To our benighted minds reveal
The glories of his grace,
And bring us where no clouds conceal
The brightness of his face.

5 His love within us shed abroad,—
Life's ever-springing well;
Till God in us, and we in God,
In love eternal dwell.

219 *The Spirit's Enlightening Influences.* C. M.

COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire;
Let us thine influence prove;—
Source of the old prophetic fire;
Fountain of life and love.

2 Come, Holy Ghost, for moved by thee
The prophets wrote and spoke:
Unlock the truth, thyself the key;
Unseal the sacred book.

3 Expand thy wings, celestial Dove;
Brood o'er our nature's night;
On our disordered spirits move,
And let there now be light.

4 God, through himself, we then shall know,
If thou within us shine:
And sound, with all thy saints below,
The depths of love divine.

220 *God's Spirit will not always Strive.* C. M.

QUENCH not the Spirit of the Lord,
The Holy One from heaven;
The Comforter, beloved, adored,
To man in mercy given.

2 Quench not the Spirit of the Lord;
"He will not always strive:"
Oh, tremble at that awful word;
Sinner! awake and live.

3 Quench not the Spirit of the Lord,
It is thy only hope;
Oh, let his aid be now implored,
Let prayer be lifted up.

4 Grieve not the Spirit of the Lord,
Heirs of redeeming grace;
With grateful hearts his love record
Whose presence fills the place.

221 *Prayer to the Spirit.* M. 7s.

GRACIOUS Spirit, Love divine,
Let thy light within me shine;
All my guilty fears remove,
Fill me full of heaven and love.

2 Speak thy pard'ning grace to me,
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God,
Wash me in his precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart,
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine,
Keep me, Lord, forever thine.

222 *The Work of the Holy Spirit.* L. M.

IN VAIN had God the Father sent
His only Son, to save our race,
Had not the Holy Spirit lent,
His priceless soul-converting grace.

2 In vain had Jesus shed his blood
For wretched, guilty, ruined man,
Had not the Spirit of our God
Revealed the wonders of his plan.

3 Blest Spirit! by thy gracious ray
Our darkened souls are made to see
That Jesus is the only "way"
To God, and blest eternity.

4 'Tis by thy soul-uniting aid,
We grow as branches on the "vine,"—
By thee, in righteousness arrayed,
Our souls, in heaven, shall ever shine.

5 Then honor, glory, praise and love,
To God the Father, and the Son,
And thee, blest Spirit, holy Dove,
We'll ever give, before the throne.

223 *Pleading for the Spirit.* H. M. 6,6,6,6,8,8.

O THOU that hearest prayer,
Attend our humble cry;
And let thy servants share
Thy blessing from on high:
We plead the promise of thy word;
Grant us thy Holy Spirit, Lord.

2 If earthly parents hear
Their children when they cry;
If they, with love sincere,
Their varied wants supply;
Much more wilt thou thy love display,
And answer when thy children pray.

3 Our heav'nly Father, thou;
We, children of thy grace:
Oh, let thy Spirit now
Descend and fill the place:
So shall we feel the heav'nly flame,
And all unite to praise thy name.

4 Oh, may that sacred fire,
Descending from above,
Our languid hearts inspire
With fervent zeal and love;
Enlighten our beclouded eyes,
And teach our longing souls to rise.

224 *Love, Repose, Assurance.* C. M.

ETERNAL Spirit! God of truth!
Our contrite hearts inspire;
Kindle the flame of heavenly love,
And feed the pure desire.

2 'Tis thine to soothe the sorrowing mind,
With guilt and fear opprest;
'Tis thine to bid the dying live,
And give the weary rest.

3 Subdue the power of every sin,
Whate'er that sin may be;
That we in singleness of heart,
May worship only thee.

4 Then with our spirits witness bear,
That we are sons of God:
Redeem'd from sin, and death, and hell,
Through Christ's atoning blood.

THE GOSPEL.

225 *The Gospel Trumpet.* C. M.

LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds,
With an inviting voice.

2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toils,
To fill th' immortal mind!—

3 Eternal wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die!
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

5 Rivers of love and mercy, here,
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

6 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day;
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

226 *Praise for the Gospel.* P. M. 6,6,4,6,6,6,4.

COME, let our voices raise
A song of grateful praise,
And thankful love;
Let each a tribute bring,
Let all awake and sing
Praise to our heav'nly King,
Who dwells above.

2 The gospel's sacred page
Reveals to every age
Salvation free.
O, send the joyful sound,
And let it echo round,
Till praises loud resound,
O God, to thee!

3 Accept our off'rings, God,
To spread thy truth abroad,—
Our labors own:
At length at thy right hand,
May we together stand,
And, with the angel-band,
Surround thy throne!

227 *The Blessings of the Gospel.* L. M.

GOD, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known,
Where love in all its glory shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

2 Here, sinners of an humble frame
May taste his grace, and learn his name;
May read, in characters of blood,
The wisdom, power and grace of God.

3 Here, faith reveals, to mortal eyes,
A brighter world beyond the skies;
Here, shines the light which guides our way,
From earth to realms of endless day.

4 Oh! grant us grace, almighty Lord!
To read and mark thy holy word,
Its truths with meekness to receive,
And by its holy precepts live.

5 May this blest volume ever lie
Close to my heart, and near mine eye,—
Till life's last hour, my soul engage,
And be my chosen heritage.

228 *The Joyful Sound.* C. M.

SALVATION! O the joyful sound!
What pleasure to our ears;
A sov'reign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
To thee the praise belongs:
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

229 *The Gospel the Power of God.* L. M.

WHAT shall the dying sinner do,
That seeks relief for all his woe?
Where shall the guilty conscience find
Ease for the torment of the mind?

2 How shall we get our crimes forgiv'n,
Or form our natures fit for heav'n?
Can souls all o'er defil'd with sin,
Make their own powers and passions clean?

3 In vain we search, in vain we try,
Till Jesus brings his gospel nigh!
'Tis there such power and glory dwell,
As saves rebellious souls from hell.

4 This is the pillar of our hope,
That bears our fainting spirits up;
We read the grace, we trust the word,
And find salvation in the Lord.

5 Let men or angels dig the mines,
Where nature's golden treasure shines;
Brought near the doctrine of the cross,
All nature's gold appears but dross.

230 *The Power of the Gospel.* L. M.

THIS is the word of truth and love,
Sent to the nations from above;
Jehovah here resolves to show
What his almighty grace can do.

2 This remedy did wisdom find,
To heal diseases of the mind;
This sovereign balm, whose virtues can
Restore the ruin'd creature, man.

3 The gospel bids the dead revive;
Sinners obey the voice, and live;
Dry bones are raised and cloth'd afresh;
And hearts of stone are turn'd to flesh.

4 May but this grace my soul renew—
Let sinners gaze, and hate me too;
The word that saves me does engage
A sure defence from all their rage.

231 *The Law and Gospel Contrasted.* S. M.

THE law by Moses came,
But peace and truth and love
Were brought by Christ, a nobler name,
Descending from above.

2 Amidst the house of God,
Their different works were done;
Moses a faithful servant stood,
But Christ a faithful Son.

3 Then to his new commands
Be strict obedience paid;
O'er all his Father's house he stands,
The sov'reign and the head.

4 The man that durst despise
The law that Moses brought,
Behold, how terribly he dies,
For his presumptuous thought.

5 But sorer vengeance falls
On that rebellious race,
Who hate to hear when Jesus calls,
And dare resist his grace.

232 *The Gospel Jubilee.* H. M. 6,6,6,6,8,8.

BLOW ye the trumpet! blow
The gladly-solemn sound!
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound:
The year of jubilee is come,—
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb:
Redemption in his blood
Through all the world proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come,—
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

3 Servants of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
The year of jubilee is come,—
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

4 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pard'ning grace;
Ye happy souls draw near,
Behold the Saviour's face:
The year of jubilee is come,—
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

5 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest,
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
The year of jubilee is come,—
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

233 *Whoever will, let him Come.* C. M.

O! WHAT amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found!
Suited to every sinner's case,
Who knows the joyful sound.

2 Poor sinful, thirsty, fainting souls
Are freely welcome here;
Salvation, like a river, rolls
Abundant, free and clear.

3 Come then, with all your wants and wounds,
Your every burden bring;
Here love, unchanging love abounds,
A deep, celestial spring.

4 Whoever will, (O gracious word!)
Shall of this stream partake;
Come, thirsty souls, and bless the Lord,
And drink for Jesus' sake.

5 Millions of sinners vile as you,
Have here found life and peace;
Come then, and prove its virtues too,
And drink, adore and bless.

234 *The Gospel Obeyed or Resisted.* L. M.

Thus saith the wisdom of the Lord,
"Blest is the man that hears my word
Keeps daily watch before my gates,
And at my feet for mercy waits.

2 "The soul that seeks me shall obtain
Immortal wealth and heavenly gain;
Immortal life is his reward,
Life, and the favor of the Lord.

3 "But the vile wretch that flies from me,
Does his own soul an injury;
Fools, that against my grace rebel,
Seek death, and love the road to hell."

235 *The Gospel's Potency.* C. M.

Hail, mighty Jesus! how divine
Is thy victorious sword!
The stoutest rebel must resign
At thy commanding word.

2 How deep the wounds thine arrows give!
They pierce the hardest heart;
Thy smiles of grace the slain revive,
And joy succeeds to smart.

3 Still gird thy sword upon thy thigh;
Ride with majestic sway;
Go forth, great Prince, triumphantly,
And make thy foes obey.

5 And when thy victories are complete,
And all the chosen race
Shall round the throne of glory meet,
To sing thy conqu'ring grace—

5 Oh! may my humble soul be found
Among that favor'd band;
And I with them thy praise will sound
Throughout Immanuel's land.

236 *The Gospel's Call.* M. 8,7,8,7,4,7.

SINNERS, hear, for God hath spoken;
'Tis the God that reigns on high;
He, whose law the world has broken,
Sends you tidings of great joy:
Hear his message,
Hear it, sinners, lest ye die.

2 Hear the gospel, sinners, hear it,
Joyful news from heaven it brings;
Here's a fountain, O, draw near it!
Open'd by the King of kings:
Living water,
Thence in streams eternal springs.

3 Sinner, hear—why will you perish?
Death to life, O! why prefer?
Why your vain delusions cherish?
Why from truth persist to err?
Wisdom calls you:
Happy they who learn of her.

EXHORTATION.

237 *Sinners Entreated.* C. M.

SINNERS, the voice of God regard!
His mercy speaks to-day;
He calls you, by his sovereign word,
From sin's destructive way.

2 Like the rough sea, that cannot rest,
You live devoid of peace;
A thousand stings within your breast
Deprive your souls of ease.

3 Your way is dark, and leads to hell;
Why will you persevere?
Can you in endless torments dwell,
Shut up in black despair?

4 Why will you in the crooked ways
Of sin and folly go?
In pain you travail all your days,
To reap immortal woe!

5 But he who turns to God shall live,
Through his abounding grace:
His mercy will the guilt forgive
Of those who seek his face.

238 *Exhortation to Old and Young.* C. M.

DEAR people, all attention give,
And hear what I do say:—
I long your precious souls should live
In everlasting day.

2 Remember you are hast'ning on
To death's dark, gloomy shade;
Your joys on earth will soon be gone,
Your flesh in dust be laid.

3 Death's iron gate you must pass through,
Ere long, my precious friend;
Where do you then expect to go?
O! what will be your end?

4 Pray, meditate, before too late,
While in a gospel land;
Behold, King Jesus at the gate
Most lovingly doth stand.

5 Young men, how can you turn your face
From such a glorious friend?
Will you pursue the dangerous race,
Regardless of the end?

6 Will you pursue the awful road,
That leads to death and hell?
Will you rush on, bold foes to God,
With devils for to dwell?

7 Young women, too, what will you do,
If out of Christ you die?
From all God's people you must go,
To weep, lament and cry.

8 Come old, come young, who feel your guilt,
The fountain's open'd wide;
For you that precious blood was spilt,
That flow'd from Jesus' side.

9 Here you may drink in endless joy,
And sing redeeming love,
Till golden harps your souls employ,
In praising Christ above.

239 *Delay Not.* M. 11s.

DELAY not, delay not, O sinner, draw near!
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
No price is demanded, the Saviour is here,
Redemption is purchas'd, salvation is free.

2 Delay not, delay not; why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus thy God?
A fountain is opened, how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleans'd in his pardoning blood?

3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
For mercy still lingers, and calls thee to-day;
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.

4 Delay not, delay not—the Spirit of grace,
Long grieved and resisted, may take its sad flight,
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race—
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

5 Delay not, delay not—the hour is at hand—
The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall fade;
The dead, small and great, in the Judgment shall stand;
What pow'r then, O, sinner, shall lend thee its aid?

240 *He Justifieth the Ungodly.* C. M.

LOVERS of pleasure more than God,
For you Christ suffered pain;
For you the Saviour spilt his blood:
And shall he bleed in vain?

2 Sinners, his life for you he paid;
Your basest crimes he bore;
Your sins were all on Jesus laid,
That you might sin no more.

3 To earth the great Redeemer came,
That you might enter heav'n:
Believe, believe in Jesus' name,
And all your sin 's forgiv'n.

4 Believe in him who died for thee;
And, sure as he hath died,
Thy debt is paid, thy soul is free,
And thou art justified.

241 *Expostulation.* M. 7s, double.

SINNERS, turn: why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you, why;
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live.

He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of his own hands;—
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross his love and die?

2 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why;
He who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself, that you might live.
Will ye let him die in vain?—
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace, and die?

3 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God the Spirit asks you why;
He who all your lives hath strove,
Woo'd you to embrace his love.
Will ye not his grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
Why, ye long-sought sinners, why
Will ye grieve your God and die?

242 *Free Will.* L. M.

KNOW, sinners, every one is free
To choose his course, and what he'll be;
For this eternal truth is giv'n:
That God will force no man to heav'n.

2 He'll draw, persuade, direct aright,
Bless us with wisdom, love and light:
In nameless ways be good and kind;
But never force the human mind.

3 Freedom and reason make us men;
Take these away, what are we then?
Mere animals, and just as well,
E'en brutes might think of heav'n or hell.

4 O, then, no more your pow'rs abuse,
But ways of truth and goodness choose!
Our God is pleas'd when we improve
His grace, and seek the world above.

5 But if you take the downward road,
And make in hell your last abode;
Our God is clear, and you shall know
You plung'd yourselves in endless woe!

243 *Watch and Pray.* P. M. 8,6,8,6,8,8.

Go watch and pray: thou canst not tell
How near thine hour may be;
Thou canst not know how soon the bell
May toll its notes for thee:
Death's countless snares beset thy way;
Frail child of dust, go watch and pray.

2 Fond youth, while free from blighting care,
Does thy firm pulse beat high?
Do hope's glad visions, bright and fair,
Sparkle before thine eye?
Soon these must change, must pass away;
Frail child of dust, go watch and pray.

3 Ambition, stop thy panting breath;
Pride, sink thy lifted eye!
Behold, the caverns dark with death
Before you open lie!
The heav'nly warning now obey;
Ye sons of pride, go watch and pray.

4 Thou aged man! life's wintry storm
Hath sear'd thy vernal bloom;
With trembling limbs and wasting form
Thou'rt bending o'er the tomb:
And can vain hope lead thee astray?
Go! weary pilgrim, watch and pray

244 *If the Lord be God, Serve Him.* S. M.

LET Joshua's solemn charge,
To Israel's army giv'n,
Persuade the souls of all, this day
To choose the God of heav'n.

2 How blessed is the choice,
To love and serve the Lord!
May he each heart constrain to trust
Upon his sacred word.

3 This will afford us joy,
In every scene of grief;
From hence will flow our daily peace,
Our comfort and relief.

4 Amid our doubts and fears,
Our choice of God will prove,
That he first chose us by his grace,
As subjects of his love.

5 May sinners round us see,
How wise was Joshua's choice;
And feel constrain'd by sovereign love,
In Jesus to rejoice.

245 *All Things Earnest.* M. 7s.

TIME is earnest, passing by;
Death is earnest, drawing nigh.
Sinner, wilt thou trifling be?
Time and death appeal to thee.

2 Life is earnest; when 'tis o'er,
Thou returnest never more.
Soon to meet eternity,
Wilt thou never serious be?

3 Heav'n is earnest: solemnly
Float its voices down to thee.
O thou mortal! art thou gay,
Sporting through thine earthly day?

4 Hell is earnest: fiercely roll
Burning billows near thy soul.
Woe to thee, if thou abide
Unredeem'd, unsanctified.

5 God is earnest; kneel and pray,
Ere thy season pass away—
Ere he set his judgment throne—
Vengeance ready—mercy gone.

6 Christ is earnest—bids thee "come;"
Paid thy spirit's priceless sum.
Wilt thou spurn the Saviour's love,
Pleading with thee from above?

7 O, be earnest! Loitering
Thou wilt perish: lingering
Be no longer—rise and flee;
Lo! thy Saviour waits for thee.

246 *Behold, I stand at the door and knock.* L. M.

BEHOLD the Saviour at thy door;
He gently knocks, has knock'd before;
Has waited long, is waiting still,
You treat no other friend so ill.

2 O! lovely attitude! he stands,
With melting heart and outstretch'd hands!
O! matchless kindness! and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes.

3 Admit him—for the human breast
Ne'er entertain'd so kind a guest;
Admit him—or the hour's at hand,
When at his bar, denied you'll stand.

4 Open my heart, Lord, enter in—
Slay every foe, and conquer sin;
I now to thee my all resign—
My body, soul, shall all be thine.

AWAKENING.

247 *Sinner, Prepare to Meet God.* M. 7s.

SINNER, art thou still secure?
Wilt thou still refuse to pray?
Can thy heart or hand endure
In the Lord's avenging day?

2 See, his mighty arm is bared,
Awful terrors clothe his brow?
For his judgment stand prepar'd—
Thou must either break or bow.

3 At his presence nature shakes—
Earth, affrighted, hastes to flee;
Solid mountains melt like wax;
What will then become of thee?

4 Who his advent may abide?
You, who glory in your shame,
Will you find a place to hide
When the world is wrapp'd in flame?

5 Lord, prepare us by thy grace—
Soon we must resign our breath;
And our souls be call'd to pass
Through the iron gate of death.

6 Let us now our day improve,
Listen to the gospel voice;
Seek the things that are above;
Scorn the world's pretended joys.

248 *Awful Subjects.* C. M.

MY thoughts on awful subjects roll—
Damnation and the dead;
What horrors seize the guilty soul,
Upon a dying bed!

2 Ling'ring about these mortal shores,
She makes a long delay;
Till, like a flood, with rapid force,
Death sweeps the wretch away.

3 Then swift and dreadful she descends
Down to the fiery coast,
Amongst abominable fiends,
Herself a frighted ghost.

4 There endless crowds of sinners lie,
And darkness makes their chains;
Tortur'd with keen despair, they cry,
Yet wait for fiercer pains.

5 Not all their anguish and their blood,
For their own guilt atones,
Nor the compassion of a God
Shall hearken to their groans.

6 Amazing grace that kept my breath,
Nor bid my soul remove,
Till I had learn'd my Saviour's death,:—
May I secure his love.

249 *The Impenitent Warned.* S. M.

DESTRUCTION'S dang'rous road,
What multitudes pursue!
While that, which leads the soul to God,
Is known or sought by few.

2 Believers enter in
By Christ, the living door;
But they, who will not leave their sin,
Must perish evermore.

3 If self must be denied,
And sin forsaken quite;
They rather choose the way that's wide,
And strive to think it right.

4 Encompass'd by a throng,
On numbers they depend;
They think so many can't be wrong
And miss a happy end.

5 But numbers are no mark
That men will right be found;
A few were sav'd in Noah's ark,
For many millions drown'd.

6 Obey the gospel call,
And enter while you may;
The flock of Christ remains still small,
And none are safe, but they.

7 Lord, open sinners' eyes,
Their awful state to see;
And make them, ere the storm arise,
To thee for safety flee.

250 *The Incorrigible Warned.* S. M.

SINNER! awake, to think
On what may be thy doom;
Awake and tremble, ere thou sink
Below the silent tomb.

2 Sure there is nought on earth,
Has half the Saviour's charms;
And wilt thou then, with scornful mirth
Repel him from thy arms?

3 See how he interpos'd
Between the curse and thee;
What wondrous words of grace compos'd,
To set thy spirit free.

4 How bitter was his pain,
What heart can e'er conceive?
And wilt thou see him die in vain?
And not his mercy crave?

5 How stupid and deprav'd
Must be that wretched soul,
That still refuses to be sav'd,
And yield to his control.

6 Where can ye hope to dwell,
When from this world ye go?
Why choose the road that leads to hell
And everlasting woe?

251 *Sinners Counselled.* C. M.

YE unconverted, careless souls,
Wake up, and turn to God:
Or else you'll surely be condemn'd,
And fall beneath his rod.

2 For in the Bible it is said,
By him who cannot lie,
"Repent, believe, be born again—
The soul that sins shall die."

3 Now, sinners, lay this well to heart,
And turn without delay;
O, hasten to the Saviour's arms,
Whilst it is call'd to-day.

4 It is your wisdom so to do,
'T will be your int'rest too:
Then be entreated now to come
To Christ, who died for you.

252 *Destruction Awaits the Rebellious.* C. M.

SINNER, how oft hath God reprov'd,
And fill'd thee with distress!
Yet still thou perseverest in
The paths of wickedness.

2 Sudden destruction soon will come
On those who thus rebel;
Eternal vengeance will consign
Their guilty souls to hell.

3 O, tremble at the awful thought,
And yield to sov'reign grace,
Lest God should say, "I'll strive no more,"
And frown thee from his face.

253 *The Sinner Exhorted.* L. M.

SINNER, O, why so thoughtless grown?
Why in such dreadful haste to die?
Why speed thy flight to worlds unknown—
Regardless of thy destiny?

2 Wilt thou defy the wrath of God,
Led on by sin's delusive dreams?
Madly despise the Saviour's blood,
And force thy passage to the flames?

3 Sinner, O, lift thy thoughts above,
And hear the Lord of life unfold
The glories of his dying love—
Forever telling, yet untold!

254 *The Sinner Warned.* M. 7s.

HASTE, O sinner, to be wise;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Wisdom warns thee, from the skies,
All the paths of death to shun.

2 Haste, and mercy now implore;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Thy probation may be o'er,
Ere this evening's work is done.

3 Haste, O sinner, now return;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn,
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Haste, while yet thou canst be blest;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Death may thy poor soul arrest,
Ere the morrow is begun.

255 *The Accepted Hour.* C. M.

Now is the time, th' accepted hour:
O, sinners, come away;
The Saviour's knocking at your door;
Arise without delay.

2 O don't refuse to give him room,
Lest mercy should withdraw;
He'll then in robes of vengeance come,
To execute his law.

3 Then, where, poor mortals, will you be,
If destitute of grace;
When you your injured judge shall see,
And stand before his face?

4 O let not all these calls be vain,
But lend a list'ning ear;
Lest you should meet them all again,
When wrapt in black despair.

256 *The Hypocrite.*—Job 27 : 8. S. M.

Let hypocrites attend,
And view their awful state—
Consider well their latter end,
Before it be too late.

2 Religion's form is vain,
While we deny its pow'r:
What will the hypocrite obtain
In death's tremendous hour?

3 Now, he may credit gain,
And in his afflu'nce roll;
But all his profit will be pain,
When God shall take his soul.

4 Then, O, what dread surprise,
What horror and dismay!
When death shall open wide his eyes,
And tear his mask away.

5 Lord, search and know my heart,
And make my soul sincere,
And bid hypocrisy depart,
And keep my conscience clear.

257 *The Doomed Man.* C. M.

THERE is a time—we know not when—
A point—we know not where,—
That marks the destiny of men,
To glory or despair.

2 There is a time—by us unseen—
That crosses every path;
The hidden boundary between
God's patience and his wrath.

3 O! where is this mysterious bourn,
By which our path is crost;
Beyond which, God himself has sworn,
That he who goes is lost?

4 How far may we go on in sin?
How long will God forbear?
Where does hope end? and where begin
The confines of despair?

5 An answer from the skies is sent:
"Ye that from God depart,
While it is call'd to-day, repent,
And harden not your heart."

258 *No Probation in the Grave.* L. M.

WHILE life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found, and peace is given;
But soon, ah! soon approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2 Soon borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave,
Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

3 In that lone land of deep despair
No sabbath's heav'nly light shall rise,
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Saviour call you to the skies.

4 While God invites, how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O, haste away!
While yet a pard'ning God is found.

259 *The Alarm.* P. M. 7,6,7,6,7,7,7,6.

STOP, poor sinners! stop and think,
Before you further go!
Will you sport upon the brink
Of everlasting woe?
On the verge of ruin stop,
Now the friendly warning take;
Stay your footsteps, ere you drop
Into the burning lake.

2 Say, have you an arm like God,
That you his will oppose?
Fear ye not that iron rod,
With which he breaks his foes?
Can you stand in that dread day,
Which his justice shall proclaim,
When the earth shall melt away
Like wax before the flame?

3 Ghastly death will quickly come,
And drag you to his bar:
Then to hear your awful doom
Will fill you with despair!
All your sins will round you crowd;
You shall mark their crimson die;
Each for vengeance crying loud;
And what can you reply!

4 Though your heart were made of steel,
Your forehead lined with brass,
God at length will make you feel,—
He will not let you pass;
Sinners then in vain will call,—
Those who now despise his grace,—
"Rocks and mountains, on us fall,
And hide us from his face."

PENITENTIAL.

260 *Indwelling Sin Lamented.* C. M.

With tears of anguish, I lament,
Here at thy feet, my God,
My passion, pride and discontent,
And vile ingratitude.

2 Sure, there was ne'er a heart so base,
So false as mine has been;
So faithless to its promises,
So prone to every sin.

2 How long, dear Saviour, shall I feel
These struggles in my breast?
When wilt thou bow my stubborn will,
And give my conscience rest.

4 Break, sov'reign grace, O, break the charm,
And set the captive free;
Reveal, almighty God, thine arm,
And haste to rescue me.

261 *The Bemoaning Sinner.* C. M.

And now the scales have left mine eyes,
Now I begin to see;
O, the curs'd deeds my sins have done—
What murd'rous things they be!

2 Were these the traitors, dearest Lord,
That thy fair body tore?
Monsters, that stain'd those heav'nly limbs
With floods of purple gore?

3 Was it for crimes that I had done,
My dearest Lord was slain,
When justice seized God's only Son,
And put his soul to pain?

4 Forgive my guilt, O Prince of peace!
I'll wound my God no more;
Hence from my heart, ye sins, begone!
For Jesus I adore.

5 Furnish me, Lord, with heav'nly arms
From grace's magazine;
And I'll proclaim eternal war
With every darling sin.

262

Sin Lamented. S. M.

Ah! whither should I go,
Burden'd, and sick, and faint?
To whom should I my troubles show,
And pour out my complaint?

2 My Saviour bids me come;
Oh! why do I delay?
He calls the weary sinner home,
And yet from him I stay.

3 What is it keeps me back,
From which I cannot part,
Which will not let the Saviour take
Possession of my heart?

4 Jesus, the hind'rance show,
Which I have fear'd to see;
And let me now consent to know
What keeps me back from thee.

5 Some cursed thing unknown
Must surely lurk within,
Some idol which I'll not disown,
Some secret bosom sin.

6 My God, now search me through,
My inmost heart now try;
Oh, break my will, thy will to do,
And save me, lest I die.

263 *Godly Sorrow.* C. M.

PROSTRATE, dear Jesus, at thy feet,
A guilty rebel lies;
And upward to thy mercy-seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.

2 Oh, let not justice frown me hence;
Stay, stay the vengeful storm!
Forbid it that Omnipotence
Should crush a feeble worm.

3 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless torrents flow.

4 But no such sacrifice I plead,
To expiate my guilt;
No tears but those which thou hast shed;
No blood, but thou hast spilt.

5 Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord!
And all my sins forgive:
Justice will well approve the word
That bids the sinner live.

264 *Confession and Pardon.* S. M.

MY sorrows, like a flood,
Impatient of restraint,
Into thy bosom, O my God,
Pour out a long complaint.

2 How often have I stood
A rebel to the skies!
And yet, and yet—O matchless grace!—
Thy thunder silent lies.

3 O'ercome by dying love,
Here at thy cross I lie:
Submit my soul, my all, to thee,
And weep, and love, and die.

4 "Rise," says the Saviour, "rise;
Behold my wounded veins!
Here flows a sacred crimson flood
To wash away thy stains."

5 See, God is reconciled!
Behold his smiling face!
Let sinners in his love rejoice,
And sound aloud his grace.

265 *The Stubborn Heart.* L. M.

O FOR a glance of heavenly day,
To melt this stubborn stone away!
And thaw, with beams of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine!

2 The rocks can rend; the earth can quake;
The seas can roar; the mountains shake:
Of feeling all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
Dear Lord, an adamant would melt!
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing moves this heart of mine.

4 Eternal Spirit, mighty God,
Apply within the Saviour's blood:
'Tis his rich blood, and his alone,
Can move and melt this heart of stone.

266 *Conviction of Sin by the Law.* C. M.

LORD, how secure my conscience was,
And felt no inward dread:
I was alive without the law,
And thought my sins were dead.

2 My hopes of heav'n were firm and bright,
But since the precept came
With a convincing power and light,
I find how vile I am.

3 My guilt appeared but small before,
Till I with terror saw
How perfect, holy, just and pure
Was thine eternal law.

4 Then felt my soul the heavy load,
My sins revived again;
I had provoked a dreadful God,
And all my hopes were slain.

5 I'm like a helpless captive, sold
Under the power of sin;
I cannot do the good I would,
Nor keep my conscience clean.

6 My God, I cry with every breath,
Exert thy power to save;
Oh, break the yoke of sin and death,
And thus redeem the slave.

267 *Fullness of Christ.* M. 7s.

BLEEDING hearts, defiled by sin,
Jesus Christ can make you clean;
Contrite souls, with guilt opprest,
Jesus Christ can give you rest.

2 You who mourn your follies past,
Precious hours and years laid waste,
Turn to God, O, turn and live;
Jesus Christ can still forgive.

3 You who oft have wander'd far
From the light of Bethleh'm's star,
Trembling, now your steps retrace;
Jesus Christ is full of grace.

4 Souls benighted and forlorn,
Griev'd, afflicted, tempest-worn,
Now in Israel's Rock confide;
Jesus Christ for man has died.

5 Fainting souls, in peril's hour,
Yield not to the tempter's pow'r;
On the risen Lord rely:
Jesus Christ now reigns on high.

268 *Burden of Guilt.* C. M.

WITH guilt oppress'd, bow'd down with sin,
Beneath its load I groan;
Give me, O Lord, a heart of flesh;
Remove this heart of stone.

2 A burden'd sinner, lo! I come,
In dread of death and hell:
O, seal my pardon with thy blood,
And all my fears dispel.

3 Nor peace, nor rest, my soul can find,
Till thy dear cross I see;
Till there in humble faith I cry,
"The Saviour died for me."

4 O, give this true and living faith,
This soul-supporting view;
Till old things be forever past,
And all within be new.

269 *The Conquering Love of Jesus.* C. M.

O THAT I could my Lord receive,
Who did the world redeem;
Who gave his life that I might live
A life conceal'd in him.

2 O that I could the blessing prove,—
My heart's extreme desire;
Live happy in my Saviour's love,
And in his arms expire.

3 In answer to ten thousand pray'rs,
Thou pard'ning God, descend;
Number me with salvation's heirs,
My sins and troubles end.

4 Nothing I ask or want beside,
Of all in earth or heav'n;
But let me feel thy blood applied,
And live and die forgiv'n.

270 *The Contrite Sinner.* C. M.

O THOU! whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh;
Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye;—

2 See, low before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn;
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
Hast thou not said—"Return?"

3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from thy feet?
Thy word of promise cannot fail,
My tower of safe retreat.

4 Oh! shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine;
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.

271 *Prayer for Contrition.* L. M.

O GIVE me Lord, my sins to mourn,
My sins, which have thy body torn;
Give me with broken heart, to see
Thy last tremendous agony.

2 O! could I gain the mountain's height,
And gaze upon that wond'rous sight!
O! that with Salem's daughters, I
Could stand and see my Saviour die.

3 I'd hang around his feet and cry,
Lord, save a soul condemn'd to die,
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

4 Father of mercy! drop thy frown,
And give me shelter in thy Son;
And with my broken heart comply,—
O! give me Jesus, or I die.

5 O Lord! deny me what thou wilt,
If thou wouldst ease me of my guilt:
Good Lord, in mercy hear me cry,
And give me Jesus, or I die.

6 O! save my soul from gaping hell,
Or else with devils I must dwell;
O! might I enter, now I'm come—
Lord Jesus, save—and take me home.

272 *The Convicted Sinner.* L. M.

With aching heart and weeping eyes,
My guilty soul for mercy cries:
What shall I do, or whither flee,
T' escape that vengeance due to me?

2 Till now I saw no danger nigh,
I lived at ease, nor fear'd to die;
Wrapt up in self-deceit and pride,
"I shall have peace at last," I cried.

3 But when, great God! thy light divine
Had shone on this dark soul of mine,
Then I beheld with trembling awe,
The terrors of thy holy law.

4 How dreadful now my guilt appears,
In childhood, youth and growing years;
Before thy pure discerning eye,
Lord, what a filthy wretch am I!

5 Should vengeance still my soul pursue,
Death and destruction are my due:
Yet mercy can my guilt forgive,
And bid a dying sinner live.

6 Does not thy sacred word proclaim,
Salvation free in Jesus' name?
To him I look and anxious cry,
"O, save a wretch condemn'd to die!"

273 *Godly Sorrow.* M. 7s.

SOV'REIGN Ruler, Lord of all,
Prostrate at thy feet I fall:
Hear, O, hear my ardent cry;
Frown not, lest I faint and die.

2 Vilest of the sons of men,
Worst of rebels I have been!
Oft abus'd thee to thy face,
Trampled on thy richest grace!

3 Justly might thy vengeful dart
Pierce this bleeding, broken heart;
Justly might thy kindled ire
Blast me in eternal fire.

4 But with thee there's mercy found,
Balm to heal my every wound:
Soothe, O, soothe the troubled breast;
Give the weary wand'rer rest.

5 Then my happy soul shall sing
Glory to my heav'nly King,
Whose most precious blood can cleanse
All the earth-born sons of sense.

INVITATION.

274 *The Invitation Hymn.* M. 8s, 7s, & 4.

COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power:
He is able,
He is willing: doubt no more.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,—
Every grace that brings you nigh,—
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger;
Nor of fitness fondly dream:
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him;
This he gives you,—
'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruis'd and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous,
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Maker prostrate lies!
On the bloody tree behold him!
Hear him cry before he dies,
"It is finished!"
Sinners, will not this suffice?

6 Lo! th' incarnate God ascending,
Pleads the merit of his blood;
Venture on him, venture freely,
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb,
While the blissful seats of heaven,
Sweetly echo with his name;
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may do the same.

275 *Just as Thou Art.* P. M. 8,8,8,6.

Just as thou art—without one trace
Of love, or joy, or inward grace,
Or meetness for the heavenly place,
O guilty sinner, come.

2 Thy sins I bore on Calvary's tree;
The stripes, thy due, were laid on me,
That peace and pardon might be free—
O wretched sinner, come.

3 Burden'd with guilt, wouldst thou be blest,
Trust not the world; it gives no rest:
I bring relief to hearts oppress—
O weary sinner, come.

4 Come, leave thy burden at the cross;
Count all thy gains but empty dross:
My grace repays all earthly loss—
O needy sinner, come.

5 Come, hither bring thy boding fears,
Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears:
'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears;
O trembling sinner, come.

6 "The Spirit and the bride say, Come;"
Rejoicing saints re-echo, Come:
Who faints, who thirsts, who will may come:
Thy Saviour bids thee come.

276 *My Son, Give me thine Heart.* C. M.

WHAT language now salutes the ear?
It is our Father's voice!
Let all the world attentive hear,
And every soul rejoice.

2 Sinner, he kindly speaks to thee,
However vile thou art;
Here's grace and pardon, rich and free;
My son, give me thy heart.

3 For thee, a traitor, Jesus bled,
And suffer'd dreadful smart:
For thee the Lord was crucified—
My son, give me thy heart.

4 Tho' thou hast long my grace withstood,
And said to me depart,
I claim the purchase of my blood—
My son, give me thy heart.

5 I'll form thee for myself alone,
And every good impart:
I'll make my great salvation known—
My son, give me thy heart.

6 Come, Lord, and conquer now my heart,
Set up in me thy throne;
Bid sin and Satan hence depart,
And claim me as thy own.

277 *The Gospel Feast.* L. M.

COME, sinners, to the gospel feast,
Let every soul be Jesus' guest;
There needs not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind.

2 The Lord hath sent to you the call;—
The invitation is to all:
Come all the world, come sinner, thou,
All things in Christ are ready now.

3 Come all ye souls by sins opprest,
Ye restless wand'rers after rest:
Ye poor and maim'd, and halt and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

4 The message as from God receive;
You all may come to Christ and live,
O! let his love your souls constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain.

5 His love is mighty to compel;
His conqu'ring love consent to feel;
Yield to his love's resistless pow'r,
And fight against your God no more.

6 See him set forth before your eyes,
That precious, bleeding sacrifice;
His offer'd benefits embrace,
And freely now be sav'd by grace.

7 This is the time, no more delay,
The invitation is to-day;
Come in this moment at his call,
And live for him who died for all.

278 *Disconsolate Invited.* P. M. 11,10,11,10.

COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,
Come, at the mercy-seat fervently kneel:
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,—
Here speaks the Comforter, in mercy saying,
Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot cure.

3 Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, boundless in love:
Come to the feast prepar'd; come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow but heav'n can remove.

279 "*Come.*"—Rev. 22: 17. S. M.

THE Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whisp'ring, "Sinner, come;"
The bride, the church of Christ, proclaims
To all his children, "Come!"

2 Let him that heareth, say,
To all about him, "Come!"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the fountain, come.

3 Yes, whosoever will,
O let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;—
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, I quickly come:
Lord, even so, I wait thy hour;
Jesus, my Saviour, come!

280 *Happy Day.* M. 8,8,8,8,6,8,8,8,6,8.

COME all, who would to glory go,
And leave this world of sin below;
Forsake your sins without delay,
Believe, and you shall win the day.

Happy day! happy day!
When Jesus washed my sins away!
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day;—
Happy day! happy day!
When Jesus washed my sins away!

2 Oh! do not longer tarry here,
And live in sin and dark despair;
There is for you no better way,
In which you all may win the day.

Happy day, &c.

3 And if your conflicts are severe,
And you have many trials here,
You only need to watch and pray,
And onward press to win the day.
Happy day, &c.

4 In glory now the Saviour waits,
And opens wide the pearly gates;
He stands and beckons you away;
Go on, and you shall win the day.
Happy day, &c.

5 And when you reach the realms above,
Where all is harmony and love,
Then you shall join the heav'nly lay,
And sing and shout, "I've won the day!"
Happy day, &c.

281 *Rest for the Weary Penitent.* L. M.

COME, weary souls, with sin distress'd,
Come, and accept the promised rest;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.

2 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes;
Pardon and life, and endless peace,—
How rich the gift, how free the grace!

3 Lord! we accept, with thankful heart,
The hope thy gracious words impart;
We come with trembling,—yet rejoice,
And bless the kind inviting voice.

4 Dear Saviour! let thy pow'rful love
Confirm our faith,—our fears remove;
Oh! sweetly reign in every breast,
And guide us to eternal rest.

282 *Christ's Invitation to the Burdened.* L. M.

"Come hither, all ye weary souls,
Ye heavy-laden sinners, come:
I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to my heav'nly home.

2 They shall find rest who learn of me:
I'm of a meek and lowly mind:
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.

3 Bless'd is the man whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight;
My yoke is easy to his neck,
My grace shall make the burden light."

4 Jesus, we come at thy command,
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

283 *The Saviour's Invitation.* C. M.

The Saviour calls—let every ear
Attend the heav'nly sound:
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear—
Hope smiles reviving round.

2 For every thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow:
And life, and health, and bliss impart,
To banish mortal woe.

3 Ye sinners, come—'tis mercy's voice;
The gracious call obey:
Mercy invites to heav'nly joys,—
And can you yet delay?

4 Dear Saviour! draw reluctant hearts!
To thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss thy love imparts,
And drink, and never die.

284 *The Accepted Time.* S. M.

Now is th' accepted time,
Now is the day of grace;
Now, sinners, come without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.

2 Now is th' accepted time,
The Saviour calls to-day;
To-morrow it may be too late;—
Then why should you delay?

3 Now is th' accepted time,
The gospel bids you come;
And every promise in his word
Declares there yet is room.

4 Lord, draw reluctant souls,
And feast them with thy love;
Then shall the angels clap their wings,
And bear the news above.

285 *Invitation to Come to Christ.* S. M.

Come, sinners, come to God,
Cast all your sins away;
Seek ye the Saviour's cleansing blood;
Repent, believe, obey.

2 Say not, ye cannot come
For Jesus bled and died,
That none, who ask in humble faith,
Should ever be denied.

3 Say not, ye will not come;
When God vouchsafes to call;
For fearful will their end be found,
On whom his wrath shall fall.

4 Come, then, whoever will;
Come, while 'tis called to-day;
Seek ye the Saviour's cleansing blood:
Repent, believe, obey.

286

Come to Jesus. Sentences.

COME to Jesus, just now.
2 He is ready, just now.
3 He is able, just now.
4 He is willing, just now.
5 O believe it, just now.
6 He is calling, just now.
7 Come, poor sinner, just now.
8 Come and welcome, just now.
9 Come, my neighbors, just now.
10 God is waiting, just now.
11 Christ is pleading, just now.
12 Get religion, just now.
13 Do not linger, just now.
14 Christ may leave you, just now.
15 Time is flying, just now.
16 Pray on, brethren, just now.

287

And yet there is Room. C. M.

YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast;
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store,
For every humble guest.

2 See, Jesus stands with open arms;
He calls, he bids you come;
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms,
But see, there yet is room!

3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart:
There love and pity meet;
Nor will he bid the soul depart,
That trembles at his feet.

4 In him the Father reconcil'd,
Invites your souls to come:
The rebel shall be call'd a child,
And kindly welcom'd home.

5 O come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love:
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.

6 There, with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice
In extacies unknown.

7 And yet ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come;
Ye longing souls, the grace adore;
Approach—there yet is room!

288 *The Wanderer Recalled.* C. M.

RETURN, O wanderer, return,
And seek thy Father's face;
Those new desires which in thee burn,
Were kindled by his grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, return;
He hears thy humble sigh:
He sees thy contrite spirit mourn,
When no one else is nigh.

3 Return, O wanderer, return;
Thy Saviour bids thee live:
Come to his cross, and, grateful, learn
How freely he'll forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe the falling tear;
Thy Father calls,—no longer mourn;
'Tis love invites thee near.

5 Return, O wanderer, return;
Regain thy long sought rest;
The Saviour's melting mercies yearn
To clasp thee to his breast.

289 *God Cannot Lie.* L. M.

JEHOVAH is a God of might;
He fram'd the earth, he built the sky;
And what he speaks is surely right,—
"The Strength of Israel will not lie."

2 Ye weary souls, with sin opprest,
To him in every trouble fly:
His promise is, "I'll give you rest,"—
"The Strength of Israel will not lie."

3 Then why sink down beneath despair?
To Jesus' throne of grace apply;
His promise plead, he'll hear your pray'r;
"The Strength of Israel will not lie."

4 Ask what you will in Jesus' name:
He never will your suit deny;
To save you from distress he came;—
"The Strength of Israel will not lie."

5 Behold! I come, most gracious Lord,
And on thy promise now rely;
In my distress, how sweet this word,—
"The Strength of Israel will not lie."

290 *The Physician.*—Mark 5: 25–29. C. M.

YE sin-sick souls, dismiss your fears,
Ye halt, ye lame, ye blind;
Come touch the garment Jesus wears—
Your healing there you'll find.

2 Surrounded with ten thousand cares,
And sad beyond degree;
Yet in this garment Jesus wears,
There's healing still for thee.

3 Come, stretch the wither'd hand to-day,
For Christ is passing by;
Your case admits of no delay,
Unless ye touch, ye die.

4 Through every crowd to Jesus press,
When sin torments the mind;
Peace, pard'ning blood and right'ousness,
In his dear name you'll find.

291 *Drooping Souls Encouraged.* M. 7s & 6s.

DROOPING souls, no longer grieve,
Heaven is propitious:—
If you do in Christ believe,
You will find him precious.
Jesus now is passing by,
And he calls you to him:
He has died for you and me,—
O! then come and view him.

2 From his hands, his feet, his side,
Flows the healing lotion:
See the purple swelling tide,
Boundless as the ocean.
See the living waters move,
For the sick and dying;
Now resolve to gain his love,
Or to perish trying.

3 Gospel grace is always free,
Drooping souls to gladden!
Hence he says, "Come unto me,
Weary, heavy laden."
Though your sins like mountains rise,
Rise and reach to heaven,
Yet, if you on him believe,
All shall be forgiven.

4 Now, methinks, I hear one say,
I will go and prove him;
If he takes my sins away,
Surely I will love him.

Come, my Saviour, come and smile,
Smiling moves my burden;
I am guilty, poor and vile,
Yet thou canst me pardon.

5 Streams of mercy, how they flow!
Surely now I feel it:
Half has never yet been told;—
O! could I reveal it!
Jesus' blood has heal'd my wound,
O! the wondrous story!
I was lost, but now I'm found,—
Glory!—glory!—glory!

6 If no greater joys were known
In the starry region,
I would try to travel on
In this pure religion.
Heaven's here, and heaven's there,
Glory here and yonder!
Brightest angels join with me,
To adore and wonder.

292

Come and See.—John 1: 46. L. M.

JESUS, dear name, how sweet it sounds!
Replete with balm for all my wounds;
His word declares his grace is free;
Come, needy sinner, come and see.

2 He left the shining courts on high,
Came to this world to bleed and die;
Jesus the God, hung on a tree:
Come, thoughtless sinner, come and see.

3 Your sins did pierce his bleeding heart,
Till death had done its dreadful part;
Yet his dear love still burns to thee—
Come, trembling sinner, come and see.

4 His blood will cleanse the foulest stain,
And make the filthy leper clean;
His fountain open stands for thee —
Come, guilty sinner, come and see.

5 No tongue can tell what glories shine
In our Immanuel, all divine;
O! that in sweetest melody,
Each heart may sing, "He died for me."

293 *God is Love.* C. M.

COME, sinners, you, whose harden'd hearts
No fears of hell can move,
Come, hear the gospel's mildest voice,
That tells you, "God is love."

2 Thousands, once vile and base as you,
Surround the throne above;
The grace that chang'd has tun'd their hearts
To sing that "God is love."

3 O! may we all, while here below,
This best of blessings prove;
Till warmer hearts, in glory bright,
Proclaim that "God is love."

294 *The Wanderer Invited Home.* C. M.

RETURN, O wand'rer, to thy home!
The Father calls for thee;
No longer then an exile roam,
In guilt and misery.

2 Return, O wand'rer, to thy home!
'Tis Jesus calls for thee;
"The Spirit and the bride say, Come;"
O! now for refuge flee.

3 Return, O wand'rer, to thy home!
'Tis madness to delay;
There are no pardons in the tomb,
And brief is mercy's day.

4 Return, O wand'rer, now return!
Thy God forbids delay;
O! stay not for to-morrow's sun!—
Thy life may end to-day.

295 *The Living Waters.* C. M.

At Jacob's well a stranger sought
His drooping frame to cheer;
Samaria's daughter little thought
That Jacob's God was near.

2 This had she known, her fainting mind
For richer draughts had sigh'd;
Nor had Messiah, ever kind,
Those richer draughts denied.

3 The Man, who came on earth to die,
How few appear to know!
The Friend of sinners, passing by,
Is still esteem'd a foe.

4 The sinner must the Stranger know,
Or soon his loss deplore:
Behold! the living waters flow:
Come—drink, and thirst no more.

296 *The Thirsty Invited.* C. M.

Ho! ye that thirst, a living fount
For you is open'd wide—
The fount that gush'd on Calv'ry's mount
From our Redeemer's side.

2 Come, seek salvation through the blood,
So freely spilt for you;
O! leave the broad and downward road,
That leads to endless woe.

3 Come, ye who long in vain have sought
True happiness to find;
In all the joys of earth there's naught
Can fill th' immortal mind.

4 Come, and partake the blessed feast
That Christ for you has spread;
Not all the treasures of the east
Can buy this living bread.

5 Come, join the humble, happy band,
That sing redemption's lay;
With them, united heart and hand,
Pursue the heav'nly way.

297 *Encouraged to Come.* H. M. 6,6,6,6,8,8.

YE sin-sick souls, draw near,
And banquet with your King,
His royal bounty share,
And loud hosannas sing;
Here mercy reigns, here peace abounds,
Here's blood to heal your dreadful wounds.

2 But may a soul like mine,
All stained with guilt and blood,
Approach the throne of grace,
And converse hold with God?
Yes! Jesus calls:—"Come, sinners, come,
In mercy's arms there yet is room."

3 He's on a throne of grace,
And waits to answer pray'r;
What though thy sin and guilt,
Like crimson doth appear?
The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all thy woes.

4 O wondrous love and grace!
Did Jesus die for me?
Were all my numerous debts
Discharged on Calvary?
Yes, Jesus died; the work is done,
He did for all my sins atone.

5 On earth, I'll sing his love,
In heaven I too shall join
The ransomed of the Lord,
In accents all divine;
And see my Saviour face to face,
And ever dwell in his embrace.

298 *The Happy Choice.* L. M.

To-day—if ye will hear his voice,
Now is the time to make your choice;
Say—will you to Mount Zion go?
Say—will you have this Christ, or no?

2 Ye wandering souls, who find no rest!
Say—will you be forever blest?
Will you be saved from sin and hell?
Will you with Christ in glory dwell?

3 Come now, dear friends, for ruin bound,
Obey the gospel's joyful sound;
Come, go with us, and you shall prove
The joy of Christ's redeeming love.

4 Once more we ask you in his name,—
For yet his love remains the same,—
Say—will you to Mount Zion go?
Say—will you have this Christ or no?

5 Leave all your sports and glitt'ring toys,
Come share with us eternal joys;
Or must we leave you bound to hell?
Then O! dear friends, a long farewell.

REPENTANCE.

299 *Exhortation to Repentance.* C. M.

Repent, the voice celestial cries,
Nor longer dare delay;
The wretch that scorns the mandate dies,
And meets a fiery day.

2 No more the sov'reign eye of God
O'erlooks the crimes of men;
His heralds are despatch'd abroad,
To warn the world of sin.

3 Together in his presence bow,
And all your guilt confess;
Accept the offer'd Saviour now,
Nor trifle with his grace.

4 Soon will the awful trumpet sound,
And call you to his bar:
For mercy knows th' appointed bound,
And turns to vengeance there.

5 Amazing love, that yet will call
And yet prolong our days!
Our hearts subdued by goodness, fall,
And weep, and love, and praise.

300 *Prepare for Death.* C. M.

VAIN man, thy fond pursuits forbear;
Repent—thy end is nigh:
Death, at the farthest, can't be far;
O, think before thou die!

2 Reflect—thou hast a soul to save:
Thy sins, how high they mount!
What are thy hopes beyond the grave?
How stands that dread account?

3 Death enters, and there's no defence,
His time there's none can tell;
He'll in a moment call thee hence
To heav'n—or down to hell.

4 Thy flesh, perhaps thy chiefest care,
Shall into dust consume;
But ah, destruction stops not there—
Sin kills beyond the tomb.

5 To-day the gospel calls; to-day,
Sinner, it speaks to you;
Let every one forsake his way,
And mercy will ensue.

301 *Prayer for Repentance.* C. M.

O FOR that tenderness of heart,
Which bows before the Lord!
That owns how just and good thou art,
And trembles at thy word.

2 O for those humble, contrite tears,
Which from repentance flow!
That sense of guilt, which trembling, fears
The long-suspended blow.

3 O Lord! to me in pity give
For sin the deep distress,
The pledge thou wilt at last receive,
And bid me die in peace.

4 O fill my heart with faith and love,
And strength to do thy will!
Raise my desires and hopes above;
Thyself to me reveal.

302 *Prayer of a Repenting Sinner.* C. M.

PHYSICIAN of my sin-sick soul,
To thee I bring my case:
My raging malady control,
And heal me by thy grace.

2 Pity the anguish I endure,
See how I mourn and pine;
For never can I hope a cure,
From any hand but thine.

3 I would disclose my whole complaint,
But where shall I begin?
No words of mine can fully paint,
That worst distemper, sin.

4 It makes me deaf and dumb, and blind,
And impotent, and lame;
And overclouds and fills my mind,
With folly, fear, and shame.

5 A thousand evil thoughts intrude,
Tumultuous in my breast;
Which indispose me for my food,
And rob me of my rest.

6 Lord, I am sick, regard my cry,
And set my spirit free;
Say, canst thou let a sinner die,
Who longs to live with thee?

303 *True Repentance.* S. M.

If Jesus Christ was sent,
To save us from our sin,
And kindly teach us to repent,
We should at once begin.

2 He says he loves to see
A broken-hearted one;
He would that sinners, such as we,
Should mourn for what we've done.

3 'Tis not enough, to say,
We're sorry and repent;
Yet still go on from day to day,
Just as we always went.

4 Repentance is, to leave
The sins we loved before;
And show that we in earnest grieve,
By doing so no more.

5 Lord, make us thus sincere,
To watch as well as pray;
However small, however dear,
Take all our sins away.

6 And since the Saviour came,
To make us turn from sin,
With holy grief and humble shame,
We should at once begin.

304 *Repentance at the Cross.* C. M.

O! if my soul were form'd for woe,
How would I vent my sighs!
Repentance should like rivers flow
From both my streaming eyes.

2 'Twas for my sins, my dearest Lord
Hung on the cursed tree,
And groan'd away a dying life
For thee, my soul, for thee.

3 O! how I hate those lusts of mine,
That crucified my God!
Those sins that pierc'd and nail'd his flesh
Fast to the fatal wood!

4 Yes, my Redeemer, they shall die;
My heart has so decreed;
Nor will I spare the guilty things,
That made my Saviour bleed.

5 While, with a melting, broken heart,
My murder'd Lord I view,
I'll raise revenge against my sins,
And slay the murd'rers too.

305 *Repeated Calls Regretted.* C. M.

How long the time since Christ began
To call in vain on me!
Deaf to his warning voice, I ran
Through paths of vanity.

2 He call'd me, when my thoughtless prime
Was early ripe to ill;
I pass'd from folly on to crime,
And yet he call'd me still.

3 He call'd me in the time of dread,
When death was full in view:
I trembled on my feverish bed,
And rose to sin anew.

4 Yet could I hear him once again,
As I have heard of old,
Methinks he should not call in vain
His wand'rer to the fold.

5 O thou, that every thought dost know,
And answerest every pray'r!
Try me with sickness, want, or woe,
But save me from despair.

6 My struggling will by grace control,
Renew my broken vow:—
What blessed light breaks on my soul!
My God, I hear thee now.

306 *The Prodigal's Return.* C. M.

The long-lost son, with streaming eyes,
From folly just awake,
Reviews his wand'rings with surprise;
His heart begins to break.

2 "I starve," he cries, nor can I bear
The famine in this land,
While servants of my Father share
The bounty of his hand.

3 "With deep repentance I'll return
And seek my Father's face;
Unworthy to be called a son,
I'll ask a servant's place."

4 Far off the Father saw him move,
In pensive silence mourn,
And quickly ran, with arms of love,
To welcome his return.

5 Through all the courts the tidings flew,
And spread the joy around;
The angels tuned their harps anew;
The long-lost son is found!

PRAYER FOR MERCY.

307 *Prayer for Submission.* L. M.

O THAT my load of sin were gone!
O! that I could at last submit,
At Jesus' feet to lay it down,
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet.

2 Rest for my soul, I long to find;
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thy image on my heart,

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God,
Thy light and easy burden prove,
The cross all stain'd with hallow'd blood,
The labor of thy dying love.

5 I would, but thou must give the pow'r,
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

6 Come, Lord, the drooping spirit cheer,
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay;
Appear in my poor heart, appear;
My God, my Saviour, come away!

308 *Resolving to Go to Christ.* C. M.

COME, guilty sinner, in whose breast,
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with your guilty soul oppress'd,
And make this last resolve:

2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone
Without his sov'reign grace.

4 I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives;
Perhaps he may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.

5 Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my pray'r;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

6 I can but perish if I go,
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die."

309 *Pleading the Promise.* C. M.

LORD, I approach the mercy-seat,
Where thou dost answer prayer;
There humbly fall before thy feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh:
Thou callest burdened souls to thee,
And such, O Lord! am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely press'd,
By wars without and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.

4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, thou hast died.

5 O! wondrous love, to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name!

310 *Remember Me.* C. M

JESUS, my Advocate on high,
I yield myself to thee;
While thou art sitting on thy throne,
O Lord! remember me.
Remember me, remember me,
Dear Lord, remember me.

2 I own I'm guilty, own I'm vile,
Yet thy salvation's free;
Then in thy all-abounding grace,
O Lord! remember me.
Remember me, &c.

3 Howe'er forsaken or distress'd,
Howe'er oppress'd I be;
Howe'er afflicted here on earth,
Do thou remember me.
Remember me, &c.

4 And when I close my eyes in death,
And creature helps all flee;
Then, O my great Redeemer God,
I pray, remember me.
Remember me, &c.

311 *Imploring Mercy.* L. M.

SHOW pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive!
Let a repenting rebel live:
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 My crimes are great, but can't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pard'ning love be found.

3 O! wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.

4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.

5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just, in death:
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

312

Prayer. P. M. 6,6,6,3,6,6,6,6,6,3.

I'll go attempting pray'r,
For my soul, for my soul;
I'll go attempting pray'r,
For my soul;
I'll go attempting pray'r;
O, may the Lord draw near,
And make me pray sincere,
For my soul, for my soul;
And make me pray sincere,
For my soul.

2 Have mercy, Lord, on me,
On my soul, on my soul, &c.,
Have mercy, Lord, on me,
And bring me near to see
What need I have of thee,
For my soul, for my soul, &c.,

3 When I was sinking down,
With my soul, with my soul, &c.,
When I was sinking down
Beneath God's righteous frown,
Christ laid aside his crown,
For my soul, for my soul, &c.

4 What wond'rous love is this,
O my soul! O my soul! &c.
What wond'rous love is this,
That caus'd the Lord of bliss
To send his precious peace
To my soul, to my soul! &c.

5 Ye winged seraphs fly,
Bear the news, bear the news;
Ye winged seraphs fly,
Like comets through the sky—
Fill vast eternity
With the news, with the news, &c.

6 Ye friends of Zion's King,
Join his praise, join his praise, &c.
Ye friends of Zion's King,
With hearts and voices sing,
And strike each tuneful string
In his praise, in his praise, &c.

313

Supplication for Grace. C. M.

FOUNTAIN of life, to all below
Let thy salvation roll;
Water, replenish, and o'erflow
Every believing soul.

2 Into that happy number, Lord,
Us weary sinners take;
Jesus, fulfil thy gracious word,
For thine own mercy's sake.

3 Turn back our nature's rapid tide,
And we shall flow to thee,
While down the stream of time we glide
To our eternity.

4 The well of life to us thou art,
Of joy the swelling flood;
Wafted by thee, with willing heart,
We swift return to God.

5 We soon shall reach the boundless sea—
Into thy fullness fall;
Be lost and swallow'd up in thee,
Our God—our All in all.

314 *Unwearied Earnestness.* C. M.

FATHER, I stretch my hands to thee;
No other help I know:
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah! whither shall I go?

2 What did thine only Son endure,
Before I drew my breath!
What pain, what labor, to secure
My soul from endless death!

3 O Jesus! if I this believe,
I now shall feel thy pow'r;
Now my poor soul thou wilt retrieve,
Nor let me wait one hour.

4 Author of faith, to thee I lift
My weary longing eyes:
Salvation, O, the gracious gift!
My soul without it dies.

5 Surely thou canst not let me die;
O, speak! and I shall live,
And here I will unwearied lie,
Till thou thy Spirit give.

6 The worst of sinners would rejoice,
Could they but see thy face;
O! let me hear thy quick'ning voice,
And taste thy pard'ning grace!

315 *Blind Bartimeus.* M. 8s & 7s.

"MERCY! O thou Son of David!"
Thus blind Bartimeus cried.
"Others by thy grace are saved,
Let it be to me applied."
For his crying many chid him;
But he cried the louder still:
Till his gracious Saviour bade him,
"Come and ask me what you will."

2 Money was not what he wanted,
Though by begging he did live;
Yet he ask'd, and Jesus granted
Alms that none but he can give.
"Lord, remove this grievous blindness,
Let my eyes behold the day:"
Straight he saw, and won by kindness,
Follow'd Jesus in the way.

3 Now methinks I hear him praising,
Publishing to all around:
"Friends, is not my case amazing?
What a Saviour I have found!
O that all the blind but knew him!
Or would be advis'd by me;
Sure, if they would come unto him,
He would cause them all to see!"

316 *The Grieved Spirit Besought.* L. M.

STAY! thou insulted Spirit, stay!
Though I have done the such despite;
Cast not the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all who e'er thy grace received—
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved:

3 Yet O the chief of sinners spare!
In honor of my great High Priest;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear,
I shall not see thy people's rest.

4 Yet if thou canst my sins forgive,
E'en now, O Lord! relieve my woes;
Into thy rest of love receive,
And bless me with a calm repose.

5 E'en now my weary soul release,
And raise me by thy gracious hand;
Guide me into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promis'd land.

317 *Prayer and Supplication.* L. M.

O THOU, who hear'st when sinners cry!
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their mem'ry from thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin:
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3 Though I have griev'd thy spirit, Lord,
Thy help and comfort still afford;
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

4 A broken heart, my God, my king,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

318 *Seeking Pardon.* L. M.

LORD, at thy feet I prostrate fall;
Oppressed with fears to thee I call:
Reveal thy pard'ning love to me,
And set my captive spirit free.

2 Hast thou not said, "Seek ye my face?"
The invitation I embrace;
I'll seek thy face; thy Spirit give;
O let me see thy face, and live.

3 I'll seek his face with cries and tears,
With secret sighs and fervent prayers;
And if not heard, I'll waiting sit,
And perish at my Saviour's feet.

4 But canst thou, Lord, see all my pain,
And bid me seek thy face in vain?
Thou wilt not, canst not, me deceive,
The soul that seeks thy face shall live.

5 "Then venture, O my soul, in prayer,
For none can perish pleading there;
The blood of Christ, that crimson sea,
Shall wash my load of guilt away."

319 *Prayer for Restoring Grace.* C. M.

O Jesus, I have come to thee,
My wand'rings to deplore;
Wilt thou not set my spirit free?
My fallen soul restore?

2 My sins are more than I can bear;
O speak them all forgiv'n;
My soul away from earth I tear,
To seek a place in heav'n.

3 Pity, O Lord, my helpless grief;
My soul's deep anguish see;
And grant me now that sweet relief,
Which none can give but thee.

4 Didst thou not die that I might live,
Might live thy love to know?
O, let me now thy love receive,
And in thy favor grow.

320 *The Gospel Pool.* S. M.

BESIDE the gospel pool,
Appointed for the poor,
From year to year my longing soul
Has waited for a cure.

2 How often have I seen
The healing waters move,
And others round me stepping in,
Their efficacy prove.

3 But I do still remain,
I feel the very same;
As full of guilt, and fear, and shame,
As when at first I came.

4 How often have I thought,
Why should I longer lie?
Surely the mercy I have sought
Is not for such as I?

5 But whither shall I go?
There is no other pool,
Where streams of sov'reign virtue flow,
To make a sinner whole.

6 Here, then, from day to day,
I'll wait and hope and try;
Will Jesus hear a sinner pray,
And suffer him to die?

7 No, he is full of grace—
He never will permit
A soul that fain would see his face,
To perish at his feet.

321 *Lord, Remember Me.* C. M.

O THOU, from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my soul to thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Good Lord, remember me.

2 When on my aching, burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon grant, new peace impart;
Good Lord, remember me.

3 When trials sore obstruct my way;
And ills I cannot flee,
O, let my strength be as my day;
Good Lord, remember me.

4 If, for thy sake, upon my name,
Shame and reproach shall be,
All hail reproach, and welcome shame!
Good Lord, remember me.

5 When worn with pain, disease and grief,
This feeble body see;
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;
Good Lord, remember me.

6 When in the solemn hour of death,
I wait thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath,
Good Lord, remember me.

7 And when before thy throne I stand,
And lift my soul to thee,
Then with the saints, at thy right hand,
Good Lord, remember me.

322 *The Imploring Sinner.* C. M.

LORD, at thy feet we sinners lie,
And knock at mercy's door;
With heavy heart and downcast eye,
Thy favor we implore.

2 In deep distress we seek thy face,
Forgiveness to receive;
We trust our souls are taught thro' grace
Our debtors to forgive.

3 'Tis pardon, pardon we implore—
O, let thy bowels move!
Thy grace is an exhaustless store,
And thou thyself art love.

4 O, for thine own, for Jesus' sake,
Our many sins forgive;
Thy grace our rocky hearts can break,
And breaking, soon relieve.

5 Mercy, good Lord, mercy we plead;
This is the total sum;
Mercy through Christ, mercy we need;
Lord, let thy mercy come.

323 *Healing Mercy Implored.* C. M.

HEAL us, Immanuel! here we stand,
Waiting to feel thy touch;
To wounded souls stretch forth thy hand:
Bless'd Saviour, we are such.

2 Remember him who once applied,
With trembling, for relief:
"Lord, I believe," with tears he cried,
"O help my unbelief!"

3 She, too, who touched thee in the press,
And healing virtue stole,
Was answered, "Daughter, go in peace;
Thy faith hath made the whole."

4 Like her, with hopes and fears we come
To touch thee, if we may;
O! send us not despairing home,
Send none unhealed away.

324 *Longing for an Interest in Christ.* M. 7s.

GRACIOUS Lord, incline thine ear,
My requests vouchsafe to hear;
Sore distress'd with guilt am I;
Give me Christ, or else I die.

2 Wealth and honor I disdain,
Earthly comforts all are vain:
These can never satisfy:
Give me Christ, or else I die.

3 Lord, deny me what thou wilt,
Only take away my guilt;
Mourning, at thy feet I lie;
Give me Christ, or else I die.

4 All unholy and unclean,
I am nothing else but sin;
On thy mercy I rely:
Give me Christ, or else I die.

5 Thou dost freely save the lost:
In thy grace alone I trust:
With my earnest suit comply:
Give me Christ, or else I die.

6 O, my God, what shall I say?
Take, O take my sins away:
Jesus' blood to me apply;
Give me Christ, or else I die.

325 *Invocation.* C. M.

COME, Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
One God, in persons three,
Bring back the heav'nly blessing lost
By all mankind and me.

2 Thy favor, and thy nature too,
To me, to all restore;
Forgive and after God renew,
And keep me evermore.

3 Eternal Sun of righteousness,
Display thy beams divine,
And cause the glories of thy face
Upon my heart to shine.

4 Light in thy light, O may I see,
Thy grace and mercy prove;
Reviv'd, and cheer'd, and blest by thee,
The God of pard'ning love.

5 Lift up thy countenance serene,
And let thy sinful child
Behold, without a cloud between,
The Godhead reconcil'd.

6 That all-comprising peace bestow
On me through grace forgiv'n;
The joy of holiness below,
And then the peace of heav'n.

326 *Prepare to Meet thy God.* S. M.

PREPARE me, gracious God,
To stand before thy face;
Thy Spirit must the work perform,
For it is all of grace.

2 In Christ's obedience clothe,
And wash me in his blood:
So shall I lift my head with joy,
Among the sons of God.

3 Do thou my sins subdue,
Thy sov'reign love make known,
The spirit of my mind renew,
And save me in thy Son.

4 Let me attest thy pow'r,
Let me thy goodness prove,
Till my full soul can hold no more
Of everlasting love.

327 *The Sinner's Friend.* L. M.

MY LORD, my Life, at last to thee,
The sinner's Friend, for aid I flee;
No other help or hope have I;
O, wilt thou let the sinner die?

2 Thy name is love—to me make known
The grace for which I pant and groan;
Thou only canst that grace supply;
O, wilt thou let the sinner die?

3 My guilt I own—'tis wholly mine;
The pow'r to save is only thine;
Canst thou that saving pow'r deny?
O, wilt thou let the sinner die?

4 I weep, I mourn—but how can tears
Wash out the harden'd guilt of years?
I only on thy blood rely;
O, wilt thou let the sinner die?

5 To save my soul, didst thou not bleed?
Dost thou not live to intercede?
My Friend, my Advocate on high,
O, wilt thou let the sinner die?

6 O no! O no!—my soul shall live,
And Christ shall all the praise receive,
Shall live his grace to testify—
Thou wilt not let the sinner die!

328 *Wrestling with Christ.* P. M. 6 lines 8s.

COME, O thou Traveler unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see;
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee:
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

2 I need not tell thee who I am;
My sin and misery declare;
Thyself hast call'd me by my name;
Look on thy hands and read it there;
But who, I ask thee, who art thou?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

3 In vain thou strugglest to get free;
I never will unloose my hold;
Art thou the Man that died for me?
The secret of thy love unfold;
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

4 Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable name?
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell:
To know it now, resolv'd I am:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

5 What tho' my shrinking flesh complain?
And murmur to contend so long;
I rise superior to my pain;
When I am weak, then I am strong!
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-Man prevail.

329 *Pleading the Death of Christ.* C. M.

O God of mercy, hear my call!
My load of guilt remove;
Break down this separating wall,
That bars me from thy love.

2 Give me the presence of thy grace;
Then my rejoicing tongue
Shall speak aloud thy right'ousness,
And make thy praise my song.

3 No blood of goats, nor heifer slain,
For sin could e'er atone:
The death of Christ shall still remain
Sufficient and alone.

4 A soul oppress'd with sin's desert,
My God will ne'er despise;
A broken and a contrite heart
Is our best sacrifice.

5 With such a sacrifice as this,
Here at thy feet I fall;
Be thou my staff and right'ousness,
My Saviour and my all.

FAITH AND SUBMISSION.

330 *Efficacy of Faith.* C. M.

FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
And saves me from its snares,
Its aid in every duty brings,
And softens all my cares:

2 Extinguishes the thirst of sin,
And lights the sacred fire
Of love to God and heav'nly things,
And feeds the pure desire.

3 The wounded conscience knows its pow'r,
The healing balm to give;
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.

4 Wide it unveils celestial worlds,
Where deathless pleasures reign;
And bids me seek my portion there,
Nor bids me seek in vain:

5 Shows me the precious promise seal'd
With the Redeemer's blood;
And helps my feeble hope to rest
Upon a faithful God.

6 There, there unshaken would I rest,
Till this vile body dies;
And then on faith's triumphant wings,
At once to glory rise.

331 *Faith a Certain Confidence.* C. M.

FAITH is the brightest evidence
Of things beyond our sight;
It pierces through the veil of sense,
And dwells in heavenly light.

2 It sets time past in present view,
Brings distant prospects home,
Of things a thousand years ago,
Or thousand years to come.

3 By faith we know the world was made
By God's almighty word;
We know the heav'ns and earth shall fade,
And be again restor'd.

4 Abrah'm obeyed the Lord's command,
From his own country driv'n;
By faith he sought a promised land,
But found his rest in heav'n.

5 Thus through life's pilgrimage we stray,
The promise in our eye;
By faith we walk the narrow way,
That leads to joys on high.

332 *Desire for Victorious Faith.* C. M.

O FOR a faith that will not shrink,
Though press'd by every foe!
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe;—

2 That will not murmur or complain
Beneath the chast'ning rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;—

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear,
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;—

4 That bears, unmov'd, the world's dread frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile;
That seas of trouble cannot drown,
Or Satan's arts beguile;

5 A faith that keeps the narrow way,
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Illumes a dying bed.

6 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallow'd bliss
Of an eternal home.

333 *Faith that Cannot Fail.* C. M.

"Lord, I believe," the father cried,
His suffering child who brought,
And moved by agonizing love,
The gift of healing sought.

2 And then the urgency of prayer
Blent with his tide of grief,
While tears the trembling words bedew'd,
"Help thou my unbelief!"

3 And with that contrite cry for aid,
Which from the spirit burst,
The faith was born that casts away
All pharisaic trust;

4 That resteth not in cold assent
To reason's lifeless form,
But patient bears a Saviour's cross,
In sunshine or in storm;

5 And though the clouds of myst'ry press
Around this thorny vale,
Still waits, and walks, and works by love—
The faith that cannot fail.

334 *"Just as I Am."* L. M.

Just as I am—without one plea,
Save that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidst me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

2 Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

3 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Life, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I want in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

4 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt pardon, comfort, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

5 Just as I am—for love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, and thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

335 *The Way to Heaven.* L. M.

JESUS, my All, to heaven is gone,—
He, whom I fix my hopes upon;—
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.

2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's high-way of holiness,
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not;
My grief a burden long had been,
Because I was not saved from sin.

4 The more I strove against its pow'r,
I felt its weight, and guilt the more,
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul, I am the way."

5 Lo! glad I come, and thou blest Lamb
Shalt take me to thee, whose I am:
Nothing but self have I to give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.

6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God!"

336 *Christ our Confidence.* P. M. 6,6,4,6,6,6,4.

My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine;
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
O, let me from this day
Be wholly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
O may my love to thee
Pure, warm and changeless be—
A living fire.

3 While life's dread maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distress remove;
O bear me safe above,—
A ransomed soul.

337 *Salvation by Faith.* C. M.

'Tis faith that lays the sinner low,
And covers him with shame;
Renouncing all self-right'ousness,
It trusts in Jesus' name.

2 Faith works with pow'r, but will not plead
The best of works when done;
It knows no other grounds of trust
But in the Lord alone.

3 It gives no title, but receives;
No blessing it procures;
Yet where it truly lives and reigns,
All blessings it ensures.

4 Its sole dependence and its stay
Is Jesus' right'ousness;
'Tis thus salvation is by faith,
And all of sov'reign grace.

5 The more this principle prevails,
The more is grace ador'd;
No glory it assumes, but gives
All glory to the Lord.

338 *Victory over Sin Desired.* C. M.

I ask the gift of right eousness,
The sin-subduing pow'r;
Pow'r to believe and go in peace,
And never grieve thee more.

2 I ask the blood-bought pardon seal'd,
The liberty from sin;
The grace infused, the love reveal'd,
Thy kingdom fix'd within.

3 Art thou not able to convert,
Art thou not willing too,
To change this bold rebellious heart,
To conquer and renew?

4 Thou canst, thou wilt, I dare believe;
So arm me with thy pow'r,
That I to sin shall never cleave,
Shall never feel it more.

339 *Excellence of Faith.* S. H. M. 6,6,8,6,8,8.

FAITH is the christian's prop,
Whereon his sorrows lean;
It is the substance of his hope,
His proof of things unseen;
It is the anchor of his soul,
When tempests rage and billows roll.

2 Faith is the polar star,
That guides the christian's way,
Directs his wand'rings from afar,
To realms of endless day;
It points the course where'er he roam,
And safely leads the pilgrim home.

3 Faith is the rainbow's form
Hung on the brow of heaven,
A shelter from the passing storm,
A pledge of mercy given;
It is the bright triumphal arch,
Thro' which the saints to glory march.

4 The faith that works by love,
And purifies the heart,
A foretaste of the joys above,
To mortals can impart;
It bears us through this earthly strife,
And triumphs in immortal life.

340 *A Living Faith.* C. M.

MISTAKEN souls, that dream of heaven,
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys, and sins forgiven,
While they are slaves to lust.

2 How vain are fancy's airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead;
None but a living pow'r unites
To Christ, the living Head.

3 'Tis faith that purifies the heart;
'Tis faith that works by love;
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.

4 This faith shall every fear control
By its celestial pow'r,
With holy triumph fill the soul,
In death's approaching hour.

341 *What Faith Is.* C. M.

FAITH is the Spirit's sweet control,
From which assurance springs;
Faith is the pencil of the soul,
That pictures heav'nly things.

2 Faith is the throb of love, that makes
Man rest on God alone;
Faith is the wondrous pow'r, that shakes
The tempter on his throne.

3 Faith is the conqu'ring host, that storms
The battlements of sin;
Faith is the quick'ning fire, that warms
The trembling soul within.

4 Faith is the smile, that plays around
The dying christian's brow:
Faith was the light, by which he found
The hope that fills him now.

5 Faith is the lamp, that burns to guide
His bark, when tempest-driven;
Faith is the key, that opens wide
The distant gates of heav'n.

6 O Rock of ages, Fount of bliss!
Thy needful help afford;
And let my constant prayer be this—
"Increase my faith, O Lord."

342 *Power of Faith.* S. M.

FATHER, I dare believe
Thee merciful and true;
Thou wilt my guilty soul forgive,
My fallen soul renew.

2 Come, then, for Jesus' sake,
And bid my heart be clean;
An end to all my troubles make,
An end of all my sin.

3 I cannot wash my heart,
But by believing thee;
And waiting for thy blood t' impart
The spotless purity.

4 While at thy cross I lie,
Jesus, thy grace bestow;
Now thy all-cleansing blood apply,
And make me white as snow.

343 *Self-dedication to God.* L. M.

LORD, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchas'd and sav'd by blood divine;
With full consent thine would I be,
And own thy sov'reign right in me.

2 Grant one poor sinner more a place
Among the children of thy grace;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.

3 Thine would I live, thine would I die,
Be thine through all eternity;
The vow is past beyond repeal;
Now will I set the solemn seal.

4 Here at that cross, where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,
Thee, my new Master now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all.

5 Do thou assist a feeble worm,
The great engagement to perform;
Thy grace can full assistance lend,
And on that grace I dare depend.

344 *Faith and Works.* L. M.

In vain men talk of living faith,
When all their works exhibit death:
When they indulge some sinful view
In all they say, and all they do.

2 The true believer fears the Lord,
Obeys his precepts, keeps his word;
Commits his work to God alone,
And seeks his will before his own.

3 A barren tree that bears no fruit,
Brings no great glory to its root;
When on its boughs rich fruit we see,
'Tis then we cry, "a goodly tree."

4 Never did men, by faith divine,
To selfishness and sloth incline;
The christian works with all his pow'r,
And grieves that he can work no more.

345 *Self-dedication to the Lord.* C. M.

Return, my soul, unto thy rest,
From God no longer roam;
His hand hath bountifully blest,
His goodness calls thee home.

2 What shall I render unto thee,
My Saviour in distress,
For all thy benefits to me,
So great and numberless?

3 This will I do, for thy love's sake,
And thus thy power proclaim;
The cup of thy salvation take,
And call upon thy name.

4 Thou God of covenanted grace,
Hear and record my vow,
While in thy courts I seek thy face,
And at thy altar bow:—

5 Henceforth to thee myself I give;
With single heart and eye
To walk before thee while I live,
And bless thee when I die.

JUSTIFICATION.

346 *Victorious Faith.* M. 8s.

The moment a sinner believes,
And trusts in his crucified God,
His pardon at once he receives,
Redemption in full through his blood.

2 The faith that unites to the Lamb,
And brings such salvation as this,
Is more than mere fancy or name:
The work of God's Spirit it is.

3 It says to the mountains, "depart,"
That stand betwixt God and the soul;
It binds up the broken in heart,
The wounded in conscience makes whole;

4 Bids sins of a crimson-like dye,
Be spotless as snow, and as white;
And raises the sinner on high,
To dwell with the angels of light.

347 *Justification and Sanctification.* L. M.

BLEST is the man, for ever bless'd,
Whose guilt is pardon'd by his God,
Whose sins with sorrow are confess'd
And cover'd with his Saviour's blood.

2 Blest is the man to whom the Lord
Imputes not his iniquities;
He pleads no merit of reward,
And not on works, but grace relies.

3 From guile his heart and lips are free;
His humble joy, his holy fear,
With deep repentance well agree,
And join to prove his faith sincere.

4 How glorious is that righteousness
That hides and cancels all his sins!
While a bright evidence of grace
Thro' his whole life appears and shines.

348 *Knowledge of Forgiveness.* S. M.

HOW can a sinner know
His sins on earth forgiv'n?
How can my gracious Saviour show
My name inscribed in heaven?

2 What we have felt and seen,
With confidence we tell;
And publish to the sons of men,
The signs infallible.

3 We who in Christ believe,
That he for us hath died,
We all his unknown peace receive,
And feel his blood applied.

4 Exults our rising soul,
Disburden'd of her load,
And swells, unutterably full
Of glory and of God.

5 His love surpassing far
The love of all beneath,
We find within our hearts to dare
The pointed darts of death.

6 Stronger than death or hell,
The sacred pow'r we prove:
And, conqu'rors of the world, we dwell
In heav'n, who dwell in love.

349 *Imputed Righteousness.* L. M.

JESUS, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 When from the dust of death I rise,
To take my mansion in the skies;
E'en then shall this be all my plea,
"Jesus hath liv'd and died for me."

3 Thus Abraham, the friend of God,
Thus all the armies bought with blood,
Saviour of sinners, thee proclaim!
Sinners—of whom the chief I am.

4 This spotless robe the same appears
When ruin'd nature sinks in years;
No age can change its glorious hue:
The robe of Christ is ever new.

5 O let the dead now hear thy voice!
Bid, Lord, thy banish'd ones rejoice;
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, the Lord, our righteousness.

350 *Forgiveness of Sins.* S. M.

O BLESSED souls are they,
Whose sins are covered o'er;—
Divinely blest, to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more.

2 They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care;
Their lips and lives, without deceit,
Shall prove their faith sincere.

3 While I concealed my guilt,
I felt the festering wound;
Till I confessed my sins to thee,
And ready pardon found.

4 Let sinners learn to pray,
Let saints keep near the throne;
Our help, in times of deep distress,
Is found in God alone.

351 *Justification through Faith.* C. M.

VAIN are the hopes the sons of men
On their own works have built;
Their hearts by nature all unclean,
And all their actions guilt.

2 Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths,
Without a murm'ring word,
And the whole race of Adam stand
Guilty before the Lord.

3 In vain we ask God's righteous law
To justify us now;
Since to convince and to condemn
Is all the law can do.

4 Jesus, how glorious is thy grace!
When in thy name we trust,
Our faith receives a righteousness
That makes the sinner just.

352 *Self-righteousness Abandoned.* L. M.

NO more, my God, I boast no more,
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of thy Son.

2 Now, for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain, I count my loss;
My former pride, I call my shame,
And nail my glory to his cross.

3 Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake:
O! may my soul be found in him,
And of his righteousness partake.

4 The best obedience of my hands,
Dares not appear before thy throne;
But faith can answer thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

CONVERSION.

353 *Joy of a Remarkable Conversion.* C. M.

WHEN God reveal'd his gracious name,
And chang'd my mournful state,
My rapture seem'd a pleasing dream,
The grace appear'd so great.

2 The world beheld the glorious change,
And did thy hand confess;
My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
And sung surprising grace.

3 "Great is the work," my neighbors cried,
And own'd thy power divine;
"Great is the work," my heart replied,
"And be the glory thine."

4 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night;
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.

5 Let those that sow in sadness, wait
Till the fair harvest come;
They shall confess their sheaves are great,
And shout the blessings home.

354 *The Converted Thief.* C. M.

As on the cross the Saviour hung,
And wept, and bled, and died,
He poured salvation on a wretch
That languished at his side.

2 His crimes, with inward grief and shame,
The penitent confess'd,
Then turned his dying eyes to Christ,
And thus his prayer address'd:—

3 "Jesus, thou Son and Heir of heav'n,
Thou spotless Lamb of God!
I see thee bathed in sweat and tears,
And writhing in thy blood.

4 Yet quickly, from these scenes of woe,
In triumph thou shalt rise,
Burst through the gloomy shades of death,
And shine above the skies.

5 Amid the glories of that world,
Dear Saviour, think on me,
And in the vict'ries of thy death,
Let me a sharer be."

6 His prayer the dying Jesus hears,
And instantly replies:
"To-day thy 'parting soul shall be
With me in Paradise."

355 *Conversion.* C. M.

Christ's faithful word, his solemn pledge,
Forever shall endure;
He, both the Saviour and the Judge,
Hath seal'd the sentence sure:

2 "Except converted, born anew,
Like children you become,
My kingdom hath no place for you,
Nor heaven a final home."

3 In vain for outward sins you mourn,
Or change from sect to sect,
Unless from love of sin you turn,
You cannot heaven expect.

356 *Praise for Conversion.* M. 8s & 7s.

HAIL, my ever-blessed Jesus!
Only thee I wish to sing;
To my soul thy name is precious,
Thou my Prophet, Priest and King.
O, what mercy flows from heaven!
O, what joy and happiness!
Love I much?—I'm much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.

2 Once with Adam's race in ruin,
Unconcerned in sin I lay;
Swift destruction still pursuing,
Till my Saviour passed that way.
Witness, all ye hosts of heaven,
My Redeemer's tenderness;
Love I much?—I'm much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.

3 Shout, ye bright angelic choir,
Praise the Lamb enthroned above;
Whilst astonished I admire
God's free grace and boundless love.
That blest moment I received him,
Fill'd my soul with joy and peace;
Love I much?—I'm much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.

357 *Old Things are Passed Away.* C. M.

Let earthly minds the world pursue,
It has no charms for me;
Once I admired its trifles too,
But grace hath set me free.

2 Its joys can now no longer please,
Nor e'en content afford;
Far from my heart be joys like these,
For I have seen the Lord.

3 As, by the light of opening day,
The stars are all concealed,
So earthly pleasures fade away,
When Jesus is revealed.

4 Creatures no more divide my choice,
I bid them all depart;
His name, his love, his gracious voice,
Have fixed my roving heart.

5 But may I hope, that thou wilt own
A worthless worm like me?
Dear Lord, I would be thine alone,
And wholly live to thee.

358 *The Prodigal's Conversion.* C. M.

Afflictions, though they seem severe,
In mercy oft are sent;
They stopt the prodigal's career,
And caus'd him to repent.

2 Although he no relentings felt
'Till he had spent his store;
His stubborn heart began to melt,
When famine pinch'd him sore.

3 "What have I gain'd by sin," he said,
"But hunger, shame and fear?
My father's house abounds with bread
While I am starving here.

4 I'll go and tell him all I've done,
Fall down before his face:
Unworthy to be call'd his son,
I'll seek a servant's place."

5 His father saw him coming back,
He saw and ran and smil'd;
Then threw his arms around the neck
Of his rebellious child.

6 "Father, I've sinn'd, but, O forgive!"—
"Enough," the father said,
"Rejoice, my house, my son's alive,
For whom I mourn'd as dead.

7 Now let the fatted calf be slain,
Go spread the news around,
My son was dead but lives again,
Was lost, but now is found."

8 'Tis thus the Lord his love reveals,
To call poor sinners home:
More than a father's love he feels,
And welcomes all that come.

359 *A Song of Praise for Conversion.* C. M.

I WAITED patient for the Lord;
He bowed to hear my cry;
He saw me resting on his word,
And brought salvation nigh.

2 He raised me from a horrid pit,
Where mourning long I lay;
And from my bonds releas'd my feet—
Deep bonds of miry clay.

3 Firm on a rock he made me stand,
And taught my cheerful tongue
To praise the wonders of his hand,
In a new, thankful song.

4 I'll spread his works of grace abroad;
The saints with joy shall hear,
And sinners learn to make my God
Their only hope and fear.

REGENERATION.

360 *"Ye Must be Born Again."* C. M.

SINNERS, this solemn truth regard,—
Hear, all ye sons of men!
For Christ, the Saviour, hath declar'd,
"Ye must be born again."

2 Whate'er might be your birth or blood,
The sinner's boast is vain:
Thus saith the glorious Son of God,
"Ye must be born again."

3 Our nature's totally depraved,
The heart a sink of sin:
Without a change we can't be saved,
"Ye must be born again."

4 That which is born of flesh is flesh,
And flesh it will remain:
Then marvel not that Jesus saith,
"Ye must be born again."

5 Spirit of life, thy grace impart,
And breathe on sinners slain;
Bear witness, Lord, with every heart,
That we are born again.

6 Dear Saviour, we will now begin
To trust and love thy word;
And by forsaking every sin,
Prove we are born of God.

361 *Necessity of Renewing Grace.* C. M.

How helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of its load;
The heart unchang'd, can never rise
To happiness and God.

2 Can aught, beneath a power divine,
The stubborn will subdue?
'Tis thine, eternal Spirit, thine,
To form the heart anew.

3 'Tis thine, the passions to recall,
And upward bid them rise;
To make the scales of error fall
From reason's darken'd eyes;—

4 To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live;
A beam of heaven—a vital ray,
'Tis thine alone to give.

5 O change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine;
Then shall our passions and our pow'rs,
Almighty Lord, be thine!

362 *The New Birth.* C. M.

While Jesus dwelt on earth below,
Among the sons of men,
He spar'd no pains to let them know,
They must be born again.

2 We all have broke Jehovah's laws,
And guilty must remain:
Condemn'd to all the pains of hell,
Till we are born again.

3 Alas! whate'er good works we do,
His favor to obtain,
They can't our sinful hearts renew;
We must be born again.

4 Were we baptized a thousand times,
It would be all in vain;
This cannot wash away our crimes;
We must be born again.

5 The word of God is firm and sure,
And always will remain;
Eternal wrath we must endure,
Unless we're born again.

6 There's but one way for our escape
From everlasting pain;
And that is through the narrow gate
Of being born again.

363 *Washing of Regeneration.* C. M.

Not the malicious nor profane,
The wanton nor the proud,
Nor thieves, nor sland'rers shall obtain
The kingdom of our God.

2 Surprising grace! and such were we,
By nature and by sin:
Heirs of immortal misery,
Unholy and unclean.

3 But we are washed in Jesus' blood,
We're pardoned through his name,
And the good Spirit of our God
Hath sanctified our frame.

4 O for a persevering pow'r,
To keep thy just commands!
We would defile our hearts no more,
No more pollute our hands.

364 *Born not of Blood, but of God.* L. M.

Assist my soul, my heavenly King,
Thine everlasting love to sing:
And joyful spread thy praise abroad,
As one, through grace, that's born of God.

2 No, it was not the will of man,
My soul's new heav'nly birth began;
Nor will, nor pow'r, of flesh, and blood,
That turn'd my heart from sin to God.

3 Herein let self be all abas'd,
And heavenly love alone confess'd;
This be my song through all the road,
That born I am, and born of God.

4 O may this love my soul constrain,
To make returns of love again,
That I, while earth is my abode,
May live like one that's born of God.

5 And when th' appointed hour shall come,
And thou wilt call me to my home;
Joyful I'll pass the chilling flood,
And sing and say, I'm born of God.

365

Regeneration by the Spirit. C. M.

Nor all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites that God has given,
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raise a soul to heaven.

2 The sovereign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace,
Born in the image of his Son,
A new, peculiar race.

3 The Spirit, like some heavenly wind,
Breathes on the sons of flesh,
Creates anew the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.

4 Our quickened souls awake and rise
From their long sleep of death;
On heavenly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

366 *Need of Regeneration.* C.P.M. 8,8,6,8,8,6.

AWAKED by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in guilt and thrall I found,
Exposed to endless woe;
Eternal truth did loud proclaim,
The sinner must be born again,
Or else to ruin go.

2 Amazed I stood, but could not tell
Which way to shun the gates of hell;
For death and hell drew near.
I strove, indeed, but strove in vain—
The sinner must be born again,
Still sounded in my ear.

3 The saints I heard, with rapture tell,
How Jesus conquer'd death and hell,
And broke the fowler's snare;
Yet when I found this truth remain,—
The sinner must be born again,—
I sunk in deep despair.

4 But while I thus in anguish lay,
Jesus of Naz'reth pass'd that way,—
I felt his pity move:
The sinner, by his justice slain,
Now, by his grace, is born again,
And sings redeeming love.

367 *Behold, He Prayeth.* L. M.

SINCE, Lord, thy mighty grace did call
A bloody, persecuting Saul,
Let none despair—here God displays
His sov'reign pow'r—"Behold, he prays."

2 The soul that's truly born of God,
Delights to run the heav'nly road;
He mourns for sin, and hates the ways
Which lead to death—"Behold, he prays."

3 He flies from works to Jesus' blood,
Yet proves by works he's born of God;
He runs with joy in Zion's ways,
And to his God—"Behold, he prays."

4 In heav'n each praying soul shall see
Salvation was both rich and free;
And through eternal ages raise
Their song to great Jehovah's praise.

ADOPTION.

368 *Filial Obedience.* S. M.

BEHOLD, what wondrous grace
The Father has bestow'd,
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!

2 'Tis no surprising thing,
That we should be unknown;
The Jewish world knew not their King,
God's everlasting Son.

3 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.

4 A hope, so much divine,
May trials well endure;
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ, the Lord, is pure.

5 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit, like a dove,
To fill and warm my heart.

6 Children no longer lie,
Like slaves, beneath the throne;
Their faith shall Abba—Father—cry,
And thou the kindred own.

369 *We are the Sons of God.* P. M. 8,8,8,6.

THE wanderer no more will roam,
The lost one to the fold hath come,
The prodigal is welcomed home,
O Lamb of God, in thee.

2 Though clad in rags, by sin defil'd,
The Father hath embraced his child,
And I am pardoned, reconcil'd,
O Lamb of God, in thee.

3 Now shall my famished soul be fed;
A feast of love for me is spread:
I feed upon the children's bread,
O Lamb of God, in thee.

4 I cannot half his love express,
Yet, Lord, with joy my lips confess,
This blessed portion I possess,
O Lamb of God, in thee.

5 It is thy precious name I bear,
It is thy spotless robe I wear;
Therefore the Father's love I share,
O Lamb of God, in thee.

370 *The Heirs of the Kingdom.* L. M.

NOT all the nobles of the earth,
Who boast the honors of their birth,
Such real dignity can claim,
As those who bear the Christian name.

2 To them the privilege is giv'n
To be the sons and heirs of heav'n;
The sons of God who reigns on high,
The heirs of God beyond the sky.

3 If I've the honor, Lord, to be
One of this num'rous family,
On me the gracious gift bestow
To call the Abba—Father—too.

4 So may my conduct ever prove
My filial piety and love;
Whilst all my brethren clearly trace
Their Father's likeness in my face.

371 *The Heirs of God.* P. M. 8,6,8,6,8,8.

LET others boast their ancient line,
In long succession great;
In the proud list her heroes shine,
And monarchs swell the state;
Descended from the King of kings,
Each saint a nobler title sings.

2 Pronounce me, gracious God, thy son,
Own me an heir divine;
I'll pity princes on the throne,
When I can call thee mine:
Sceptres and crowns unenvied rise,
And lose their lustre in mine eyes.

3 Content, obscure, I pass my days,
To all I meet unknown,
And wait till thou thy child shalt raise,
And seat me near thy throne:
No name, no honors here I crave,
Well pleas'd with those beyond the grave.

372 *Privileges of Adoption.* M. 6 lines 7s.

BLESSED are the sons of God,
They are bought with Jesus' blood:
They are ransom'd from the grave—
Life eternal they shall have;
With them number'd may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

2 They are justified by grace;
They enjoy the Saviour's peace;
All their sins are wash'd away;
They shall stand in God's great day;
With them number'd may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

3 They produce the fruits of grace
In the works of right'ousness;
They are harmless, meek and mild,
Holy, blameless, undefil'd;
With them number'd may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

4 They are lights upon the earth,
Children of a heav'nly birth;
One with God, with Jesus one;
Glory is with them begun;
With them number'd may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

373 *The Gift of Love.* C. M.

BEHOLD th' amazing gift of love
The Father hath bestow'd
On us, the sons of sinful men,
To call us sons of God!

2 Conceal'd as yet his honor lies,
By this dark world unknown—
A world that knew not when he came,
E'en God's beloved Son.

3 High is the rank we now possess,
But higher we shall rise;
Though what we shall hereafter be
Is hid from mortal eyes.

4 We know, we all, when he appears,
Shall bear his image bright;
And all his glory full disclos'd
Shall open to our sight.

ASSURANCE.

374 *I Know that my Redeemer Liveth.* L. M.

I know that my Redeemer lives!
What comfort this sweet sentence gives!
He lives, he lives, who once was dead;
He lives—my ever-living Head.

2 He lives, to bless me with his love;
He lives, to plead for me above;
He lives, my hungry soul to feed;
He lives, to help in time of need.

3 He lives, and grants me daily breath;
He lives, and I shall conquer death;
He lives, my mansion to prepare—
He lives, to bring me safely there.

4 He lives—all glory to his name!
He lives—my Jesus, still the same;
O, the sweet joy this sentence gives,
"I know that my Redeemer lives!"

375 *Witness of the Spirit.* C. M.

Why should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.

3 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heav'n?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiv'n?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood,
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

376 *Pleasure of Assurance.* C.P.M.8,8,6,8,8,6.

WHAT sweet emotions in me move!
And how I know that God is love;
And feel a perfect peace!
The world displays her trifling toys,
But what are these to heav'nly joys—
To such extatic bliss?

2 I view a smiling Saviour's face,
I feel the joys of pard'ning grace—
A heaven in my soul.
O, clasp me, Saviour, to thy breast,
And let me there securely rest,
While endless ages roll.

3 A heav'n below, a heav'n above,
An ocean of redeeming love,
A fountain full and free;
Thy praise on earth let me prolong,
And then in heav'n 't will be my song,
To all eternity.

377 *Prayer for Assurance.* L. M.

THOU, who for sinners once was slain,
Once dead, but now alive again,
Give me to know, to taste and prove,
The pow'r and sweetness of thy love.

2 Give me to feel my sins forgiv'n,
And know myself an heir of heav'n;
My conscience sprinkle with thy blood,
And fill me with the love of God.

3 Then will I run the heav'nly race,
And hope to stand before thy face;
There with the ransom'd I will sing,
And praise my Saviour and my King.

378 *Full Assurance.* M. 8s & 7s.

KNOW, my soul, thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.

2 Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think what Jesus did to win thee:
Child of heav'n, canst thou repine?

3 God will give thee grace and glory;
Fight thy way, and get thy crown;
Canaan's land lies just before thee—
There you'll lay your armor down.

4 Soon you'll close your earthly mission,
Soon you'll pass your pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition—
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

CONVERTS.

379 *Joy of the Convert.* P. M. 6,6,9,6,6,9.

O HOW happy are they
Who their Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasures above!
Tongue can never express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.

2 That sweet comfort was mine,
When the favor divine
I first found in the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart it believ'd,
What a joy I receiv'd—
What a heaven in Jesus' name!

3 'T was a heaven below,
My Redeemer to know;
And the angels could do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus, all the day long,
Was my joy and my song—
O, that all his salvation might see!
He hath lov'd me! I cried,
He hath suffer'd and died,
To redeem such a rebel as me!

5 On the wings of his love,
I was carried above
All my sin and temptation and pain;
And I could not believe
That I ever should grieve,
That I ever should suffer again.

6 I then rode on the sky,
Freely justified I,
Nor did envy Elijah his seat;
My glad soul mounted high'r,
In a chariot of fire,
And the moon it was under my feet.

7 O, the rapturous height
Of that holy delight,
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour possess'd,
I was perfectly bless'd,
As if fill'd with the fulness of God!

380 *The Lord hath Helped Us.* M. 8s & 7s.

COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace:
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fix'd upon it,—
Mount of thy redeeming love.

2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer:
Hither by thy help I've come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me, when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 O, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee:—
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it,
Seal it for thy courts above!

381 *Convert's Triumph and Prospect.* L. M.

I'M glad that I was born to die;
From grief and woe my soul shall fly;
Bright angels shall convey me home,
Away to New Jerusalem.

2 I have some friends before me gone,
And I'm resolv'd to follow on;
They're happy 'round my Father's throne,
They're looking out for me to come.

3 I hope to meet my brethren there,
Who used to join with me in pray'r;
If you get there before I do,
Look out for me, I'm coming too.

4 I'll praise my Maker while I've breath;
I hope to praise him after death:
I hope to praise him when I die,
And shout salvation as I fly.

5 And when to that bright world I come,
And join my everlasting home,
My soul shall there forever bloom,
Until my body leaves the tomb.

6 Then all shall hear the solemn sound:
Awake, ye nations under ground!
Arise, and drop your dying shrouds,
And meet King Jesus in the clouds!

7 There shall I see my glorious God,
And triumph in his blest abode:
My theme through all eternity,
Shall glory!—glory!—glory! be.

382 *Weaned from the World.* C.P.M. 8,8,6,8,8,6.

TELL me no more of earthly toys,
Of sinful mirth and carnal joys,
The things I loved before:
Let me but view my Saviour's face,
And feel his animating grace,
And I desire no more.

2 Tell me no more of praise and wealth;
Tell me no more of ease and health;
For these all have their snares;
Let me but know my sins forgiv'n,
And see my name enroll'd in heav'n,
And I am free from cares.

3 Tell me no more of lofty tow'rs,
Delightful gardens, fragrant bow'rs,
For these are trifling things;
The little room for me design'd,
Will suit as well my easy mind,
As palaces of kings.

4 Tell me no more of crowding guests,
Of sumptuous feasts, and gaudy dress,
Extravagance and waste:
My little table, only spread
With simple herbs and wholesome bread,
Will better suit my taste.

5 Give me my Bible in my hand,
A heart to read and understand,
And faith to trust the Lord;
I'd sit alone from day to day,
And urge no company to stay,
Nor wish to rove abroad.

383 *Presence of Christ Desired.* P. M. 11s & 8s.

O THOU, in whose presence my soul takes delight,
On whom in affliction I call;
My comfort by day, and my song in the night,
My hope, my salvation, my all!

2 Where dost thou, at noon-tide, resort with thy sheep,
To feed on the pastures of love?
Say, why in the valley of death should I weep,
Or alone in the wilderness rove?

3 O, why should I wander, an alien from thee,
And cry in the desert for bread?
Thy foes will rejoice, when my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.

4 Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have you seen
The star that on Israel shone?
Say, if in your tents my Beloved has been,
And where with his flock he is gone?

5 This is my Beloved, his form is divine,
His vestments shed odors around;
The locks on his head are as grapes on the vine,
When autumn with plenty is crown'd.

6 His lips as a fountain of right'ousness flow,
That waters the garden of grace:
From which, their salvation the Gentiles shall know,
And bask in the smiles of his face.

7 Such is my Beloved, in excellence bright,
When pleas'd he looks down from above—
Like th' morn, when he breathes from the chambers of light—
And comforts his people with love.

384 *Lovest Thou Me?* M. 7s.

HARK, my soul, it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee;
"Say, young convert, lov'st thou me?

2 I deliver'd thee, when bound,
And, when wounded, heal'd thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turn'd thy darkness into light.

3 Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be,
Say, young convert, lov'st thou me?"

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love thee, and adore;
O, for grace to love thee more!

385 *The Convert's Happy Day.* L. M.

O HAPPY day, that stays my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell thy goodness all abroad.

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love;
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to his sacred throne I move.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
Deign, gracious Lord, to make me thine;
Help me, through grace, to follow on,
Glad to confess thy voice divine.

4 Here rest my oft-divided heart,
Fix'd on thy God, thy Saviour, rest;
Who with the world would grieve to part,
When call'd on angels' food to feast?

5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

386 *Parting with Earthly Joys.* L. M.

I SEND the joys of earth away;
Away, ye tempters of the mind,
False as the smooth deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind.

2 Your streams were floating me along
Down to the gulf of dark despair;
And while I listen'd to your song,
Your streams had near convey'd me there.

3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,
That warn'd me of that dark abyss;
That drew me from those treach'rous seas,
And bade me seek superior bliss.

4 Now to the shining realms above
I stretch my hands and glance my eyes;
O for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper skies!

5 There, from the bosom of my God,
Oceans of endless pleasure roll;
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

387 *Amazing Grace.* C. M.

AMAZING grace!—how sweet the sound—
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found;
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved:—
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed.

3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 The Lord has promised good to me;
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.

5 And when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

388 *Christ the Great Physician.* P. M. 7s & 6s.

How lost was my condition,
Till Jesus made me whole!
There is but one Physician
Can cure a sin-sick soul.
The worst of all diseases,
Is light, compared with sin;
On every part it seizes,
But rages most within.

2 From men, great skill professing,
I thought a cure to gain;
But this proved more distressing,
And added to my pain.
Some said that nothing ail'd me,
Some gave me up for lost;
Thus every refuge fail'd me,
And all my hopes were cross'd.

3 At length this great Physician—
How matchless is his grace!
Accepted my petition,
And undertook my case.
Next door to death he found me,
And snatch'd me from the grave,
To tell to all around me,
His wond'rous pow'r to save.

4 A dying, risen Jesus,
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from danger frees us,
And saves the soul from death.
Come, then, to this Physician,
His help he'll freely give;
He makes no hard condition,
'Tis only—look—and live.

389 *Convert not Ashamed of the Gospel.* C.M.

I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Nor to defend his cause;
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his cross.

2 Jesus, my God!—I know his name;
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne, his promise stands;
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name,
Before his Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

390 *Christ our Hiding-place.* L.M.

HAIL, sovereign love, that first began,
The scheme to rescue fallen man!
Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace,
That gave my soul a hiding-place!

2 Against the God that built the sky,
I fought with hands uplifted high;
Despised the offers of his grace,
Too proud to seek a hiding-place.

3 But lo! th' eternal council ran,
Almighty love, arrest the man!
I felt the arrows of distress,
And found I had no hiding-place.

4 Vindictive justice stood in view,
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew;
But justice cried with frowning face,
This mountain is no hiding-place.

5 When lo! a heavenly voice I heard,
And mercy's angel soon appear'd;
He led me on a pleasing pace,
To Jesus Christ, my hiding-place.

6 A few more rolling suns, at most,
Shall land me on fair Canaan's coast,
Where I shall sing the song of grace,
And see my glorious hiding-place.

391 *God the Convert's Portion.* C. M.

God, my supporter and my hope,
My help forever near,
Thine arm of mercy held me up,
When sinking in despair.

2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
Through this dark wilderness;
Thine hand conduct me near thy seat,
To dwell before thy face.

3 Were I in heaven without my God,
'Twould be no joy to me;
And whilst this earth is my abode,
I long for none but thee.

4 What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint;
God is my soul's eternal rock,
The strength of every saint.

5 Then prayer and praise to thee, my God,
Shall be my sweet employ;
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

392 *Subdued by the Cross.* C. M.

In evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear,
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopp'd my wild career.

2 I saw One hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood;
He fix'd his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.

3 O! never till my latest breath,
Shall I forget that look!
It seem'd to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

4 My conscience felt and own'd the guilt,
It plunged me in despair;
I saw, my sins his blood had spilt,
And help'd to nail him there.

5 A second look he gave, which said
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid:
I die that thou mayst live."

6 With pleasing grief and mournful joy,
My spirit now is fill'd;
That I should such a life destroy,
Yet live by him I kill'd.

393

Jesus Crucified. P. M. 7,6,7,6,7,8,7,6.

VAIN, delusive world, adieu,
With all of creature good:
Only Jesus I pursue,
Who bought me with his blood:
All thy pleasures I forego;
I trample on thy wealth and pride;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

2 Other knowledge I disdain;
'Tis all but vanity:
Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,—
He tasted death for me.

Me to save from endless woe
The sin-atoning Victim died:
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

3 Him to know is life and peace,
And pleasure without end;
This is all my happiness,
On Jesus to depend;
Daily in his grace to grow,
And ever in his faith abide;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

4 O that I could all invite,
This saving truth to prove;
Show the length, the breadth, the height,
And depth of Jesus' love!
Fain I would to sinners show
The blood by faith alone applied;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

394 *The Happy Child of Grace.* C. M.

How happy's every child of grace
Who feels his sins forgiven!
"This world," he cries, "is not my place;
I seek a place in heaven,—
A country far from mortal sight;
Yet, O, by faith I see
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
The heaven prepared for me."

2 O what a blessed hope is ours,
While here on earth we stay!
We more than taste the heav'nly pow'rs,
And antedate that day:
We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ conceal'd,
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels fill'd.

3 O would he more of heaven bestow,
And let this vessel break!
And let my ransomed spirit go
To grasp the God I seek!
In rapturous awe on him to gaze,
Who bled and died for me,
And shout and wonder at his grace,
Through all eternity.

395 *Forsaking all to follow Christ.* M. 8s & 7s.

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,—
Thou from hence my all shalt be!
Perish every fond ambition—
All I've sought, or hop'd, or known;
Yet how rich is my condition—
God and heav'n are all my own!

2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour too,
Human looks and hearts deceive me,
Thou art not like them, untrue,
And while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might,
Foes may hate and friends despise me,
Show thy face, and all is right.

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure;
Come disaster, scorn and pain;
In thy service pain is pleasure,
With thy favor, loss is again;
I have call'd thee, Abba, Father;
I have set my heart on thee;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather;
All must work for good to me!

4 O, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
O, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee.

Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Arm'd by faith and wing'd by prayer;
Heav'n's eternal day's before thee—
God's own hand shall guide thee there.

396 *Confessing Christ.* C. M.

DIDST thou, dear Jesus, suffer shame,
And bear the cross for me?
And shall I fear to own thy name,
Or thy disciple be?

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should dread
To suffer shame or loss;
O let me in thy footsteps tread,
And glory in thy cross!

3 Inspire my soul with life divine
And holy courage bold;
Let knowledge, faith and meekness shine,
Nor love, nor zeal grow cold.

4 Say to my soul, "Why dost thou fear
The face of feeble clay?
Behold thy Saviour ever near,
Will guard thee in the way."

5 O, how my soul would rise and run,
At this reviving word!
Nor any painful sufferings shun,
To follow thee, my Lord.

6 Let sinful men reproach, defame,
And call me what they will,
If I may glorify thy name,
And be thy servant still.

397 *The Loving Kindness of God.* L. M.

AWAKE my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me:—
His loving kindness, O how free!

2 He saw me ruined by the fall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate:—
His loving kindness, O how great!

3 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood:—
His loving kindness, O how good!

4 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale;
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
O, may my last, expiring breath,
His loving kindness sing in death!

5 Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day,
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving kindness, in the skies.

398

Sweet Home. M. 4 11s.

An alien from God, and a stranger to grace,
I wander'd through earth, its gay pleasures to trace;
In the pathway of sin I continued to roam,
Unmindful, alas! that it led me from home.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,—
O Saviour, direct me to heaven, my home!

2 The pleasures of earth I have seen fade away,
They bloom for a season, but soon they decay;
But pleasures more lasting in Jesus are given:
Salvation on earth, and a mansion in heaven.

Home, home, &c.

3 Allure me no longer, ye false glowing charms;
The Saviour invites me, I'll go to his arms;
At the banquet of mercy I hear there is room;
O then may I feast with his children at home!

Home, home, &c.

4 Farewell, vain amusements, my follies, adieu;
While Jesus, and heaven, and glory I view,
I feast on the pleasures that flow from the throne,
The foretaste of heaven, sweet heaven, my home.
Home, home, &c.

5 The days of my exile are passing away;
The time is approaching when Jesus will say,
"Well done, faithful servant, sit down on my throne,
And dwell in my presence, forever at home."
Home, home, &c.

399 *Pearl of Great Price.* P.M.7,6,7,6,8,8,6,6.

THE pearl that worldings covet,
Is not the pearl for me;
Its beauty fades as quickly,
As sunshine on the sea:
But there's a pearl, sought by the wise,
It's called the pearl of greatest price,
Though few its value see,
O that's the pearl for me!

2 The crown that decks the monarch,
Is not the crown for me;
It dazzles but a moment,
Its brightness soon will flee:
But there's a crown prepar'd above,
For all who walk in humble love;
Forever bright 't will be—
O that's the crown for me!

3 The road that many travel,
Is not the road for me;
It leads to death and sorrow,
And endless misery:
But there's a road that leads to God,
It's mark'd by Christ's most precious blood;
The passage here is free—
O that's the road for me!

4 The hope that sinners cherish,
Is not the hope for me:
Most surely will they perish,
Unless from sin set free,
But there's a hope fixed in the Lord,
It leads the soul to keep his word,
And sinful pleasures flee.
O that's the hope for me.

400 *He Hath Done All Things Well.* L. M.

Now in a song of grateful praise,
To my dear Lord my voice I'll raise;
With all his saints, I'll join to tell—
"My Jesus hath done all things well."

2 All worlds his glorious power confess,
His wisdom all his works express;
But O! his love, what tongue can tell?
"My Jesus hath done all things well!"

3 How sov'reign, wonderful and free,
Has been his love to sinful me!
He pluck'd me as a brand from hell—
"My Jesus hath done all things well."

4 I spurn'd his grace, I broke his laws,
And yet he undertook my cause;
To save me though I did rebel:
"My Jesus hath done all things well."

5 And since my soul hath known his love,
What mercies has he made me prove;
Mercies which do all praise excel—
"My Jesus hath done all things well."

6 And when to that bright world I rise,
And join the anthems in the skies:
Above the rest this note shall swell,
"My Jesus hath done all things well."

401 *In Life and Death I belong to Christ.* L. M.

LET thoughtless thousands choose the road
That leads the soul away from God:
This happiness, dear Lord, be mine,
To live and die entirely thine.

2 On Christ, by faith, my soul would live,
From him, my life, my all receive:
To him devote my fleeting hours;
Serve him alone with all my pow'rs.

3 Christ is my everlasting all,
To him I look, on him I call;
He every want will well supply,
In time, and through eternity.

4 Soon will the Lord, my life, appear;
Soon shall I end my trials here;
Leave sin and sorrow, death and pain:
To live is Christ,—to die is gain.

402 *Pilgrim's Story.* P. M. 8,5,8,5,6,7,6,4.

I HAVE sought round this verdant earth,
For unfading joy;
I have tried every source of mirth,
But, all, all will cloy.
Lord, Lord, bestow on me
Grace to set my spirit free—
Thine, thine the praise shall be,
Mine, mine the joy.

2 I have wandered through mazes dark,
Of doubt and distress:
I have not found a kindling spark,
My spirit to bless,
Cold, cheerless unbelief
Fill'd my lab'ring soul with grief;
What, what can give relief?
What can give peace?

3 I then turned to the gospel, Lord,
From folly away;
And I trusted thy holy word,
That taught me to pray.
Here, here I now find rest,
Here my weary soul is blest,
Hope, hope of endless rest,
Eternal day!

4 I will praise now my heav'nly King,
I'll praise and adore;
And the heart's richest tribute bring,
To thee, God of power;
And then in heaven above,
Saved by thy redeeming love,
Loudly the strains shall move,
For evermore.

403 *On my Way to Heaven.* P. M. 10s & 11s.

O TELL me no more of this world's vain store;
The time for such trifles with me now is o'er:
A country I've found, where true joys abound:
To dwell I'm determined on that happy ground.

2 The souls that believe, in paradise live;
And me in that number will Jesus receive.
My soul don't delay—he calls thee away:
Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad day.

3 No mortal doth know what he can bestow,
What light, aid and comfort—go after him, go.
Lo, onward I move, to a city above;
None guesses how wondrous my journey will prove.

4 Great spoils I shall win from death, hell and sin:
'Midst outward afflictions I feel Christ within;
And when I'm to die, receive me, I'll cry;
For Jesus has loved me—I cannot tell why.

5 But this I do find, we two are so join'd,
He'll not live in glory, and leave me behind.
So this is the race I'm running, through grace,
Henceforth, till admitted to see my Lord's face.

404 *The Young Convert.* M. 7s & 6s.

THE glorious light of Zion
Is spreading far and wide,
And sinners they are flocking
Into the gospel tide.
The standard of King Jesus
In glorious triumph rise!
While sinners crowd around him,
With joy and sweet surprise.

2 The suff'rings of our Saviour
Upon Mount Calvary,
Are sounding sweet to sinners—
Come, these will set you free.
And while this glorious message
Is circulating round,
Some souls exposed to ruin,
Redeeming grace have found.

3 And of that happy number
I trust that I am one;
And Jesus he will finish
The work he has begun;
He'll cut it short in right'ousness,
And I'll forever be
A monument of mercy,
To all eternity.

4 O, sinner, think what Jesus
Has done for you and me!
Behold, his mangled body
Hangs bleeding on the tree!
His painful head, his hands and side,
He doth for you display!
O, tell me, guilty sinner,
How can you stay away?

5 Come, all ye elder brethren,
Who're soldiers of the cross—
Who, for the sake of Jesus,
Have counted all things dross;
Come, pray for us young converts,
That we may travel on,
And meet you all in glory,
Where our Redeemer's gone.

405 *Mercy's Free.* P.M. 9,6,9,6,8,8,8,6.

By faith I view my Saviour dying,
On the tree, on the tree;
To every nation he is crying,
Look to me, look to me:
He bids the guilty now draw near,
Repent, believe, dismiss their fear—
Hark! hark! what precious words I hear,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

2 Did Christ, when I was sin pursuing,
Pity me, pity me?
And did he snatch my soul from ruin?
Can it be, can it be?
O, yes! he did salvation bring—
He is my Prophet, Priest, and King—
And now my happy soul can sing,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

3 This precious truth, ye sinners hear it,
Mercy's free, mercy's free—
Ye ministers of God declare it,
Mercy's free, mercy's free;—
Visit the sinner's dark abode,
Proclaim to all the love of God,
And spread the glorious news abroad,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

4 Long as I live, I'll still be crying,
Mercy's free, mercy's free—
And this shall be my theme when dying,
Mercy's free, mercy's free;

And when the vale of death I've pass'd,
When lodg'd above the stormy blast,
I'll sing while endless ages last,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

RELIGION.

406 *Power and Benefits of Religion.* C. M.

RELIGION is the balm of life,—
Its healing virtues feel:
It calms the soul, and quells all strife;
It melts the heart of steel.

2 Religion can the leper cure,
It gives the blind his sight;
The lame it makes to walk secure,
And darkness turns to light.

3 Religion makes the dumb to speak,
The deaf may hear its voice;
The man his withered hand may reach,
The broken heart rejoice.

4 Religion breaks the bonds of death,
It bids the sleeper rise;
It gives the palsied sinner health,
And all his wants supplies.

5 Religion will the passions chide,
The stubborn will control:
It calms our fears, expels our pride,
And sanctifies the soul.

6 Religion will through life sustain;
And after death has given
Its ling'ring gasp and latest pang,
Will take us home to heaven.

407 *Supreme Importance of Religion.* C. M.

RELIGION is the chief concern
Of mortals here below;
May I its great importance learn,
Its sovereign virtue know!

2 More needful this, than glitt'ring wealth,
Or aught the world bestows;
Nor reputation, food or health,
Can give us such repose.

3 Religion should our thoughts engage,
Amidst our youthful bloom;
'Twill fit us for declining age,
And for the awful tomb.

4 O may my heart, by grace renew'd,
Be my Redeemer's throne;
And be my stubborn will subdu'd,
His government to own.

5 Let deep repentance, faith and love,
Be join'd with godly fear;
And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.

408 *Preciousness of Religion.* C. M.

THEE will we praise, eternal King,
Thou God of gods supreme;
And while with holy awe we sing,
Religion be our theme.

2 Religion, soul reviving sound!
It makes the heart rejoice;
Where shall the happy man be found,
Who makes it all his choice?

3 Religion is the greatest good,
When pure and undefil'd;
By it poor sinners are to God
Subdued and reconcil'd.

4 Religion! O, the heav'nly pow'r,
When in the heart it reigns!
The living and the dying hour
It comforts and sustains.

5 Religion smoothes life's rugged way,
And makes the bitter sweet;
And will in heav'n's eternal day
Be glorious and complete.

409 *Religion's Paths are Peace.* C. M.

O HAPPY is the man who hears
Instruction's warning voice!
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice.

2 For she has treasure greater far
Than east or west unfold,
And her reward is more secure
Than all the gain of gold.

3 In her right hand she holds to view
A length of happy years;
And in her left the prize of fame
And honor bright appears.

4 She guides our youth with innocence
In pleasure's path to tread;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

5 According as her labors rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

410 *The Pearl of Great Price.* C. M.

YE glittering toys of earth, adieu;
A nobler choice be mine:
A real prize attracts my view—
A treasure all divine.

2 Begone, unworthy of my cares,
Ye flattering baits of sense;
Inestimable worth appears,
The pearl of price immense.

3 Should earth's vain treasures all depart,
Of this dear gift possess'd,
I'd clasp it to my joyful heart,
And be forever blest.

4 Dear Sovereign of my soul's desires,
Thy love is bliss divine;
Accept the praise thy grace inspires,
Since I can call thee mine.

411 *Buy the Truth and Sell it Not.* L. M.

The worth of truth no tongue can tell,
'Twill do to buy, but not to sell;
A large estate that soul has got,
Who buys the truth and sells it not.

2 Truth, like a diamond, shines most fair,
More rich than pearls and rubies are,
More worth than gold and silver coin:
O may it ever in us shine.

3 'Tis truth that binds, and truth makes free,
And sets the soul at liberty
From sin and Satan's heavy chain,
And then within the heart doth reign.

4 They have a freedom then indeed,
That doth all freedom else exceed;
Freedom from guilt, freedom from woe,
And never more shall bondage know.

5 O happy they, who in their youth
Are brought to know and love the truth!
For none but those whom truth makes free,
Can e'er enjoy their liberty.

6 Truth, like a girdle let us wear,
And always keep it clean and fair;
And never let it once be told,
That truth by us was ever sold.

412 *The One Thing Needful.* L. M.

ONE thing is needful, one alone;
If this be our's, all is our own:
'Tis needful now, 'twill needful be
In death and through eternity.

2 Without it we are all undone,
Though we may call the world our own;
Not all the joys of time and sense
Can countervail the loss immense.

3 Great God! that pow'rful grace of thine,
Which rous'd a soul so dead as mine,
Can rouse these thoughtless sinners too,
The one thing needful to pursue.

413 *The Value of Religion.* L. M.

HAPPY the man that finds the grace,
The blessing of God's chosen race;
The wisdom coming from above,
The faith that sweetly works by love.

2 Happy beyond description he,
Who knows the Saviour died for me;
The gift unspeakable obtains,
And heavenly understanding gains.

3 Wisdom divine! who tells the price
Of wisdom's costly merchandize?
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross compar'd to her.

4 Her hands are fill'd with length of days,
True riches and immortal praise:
Riches of Christ on all bestow'd,
And honor that descends from God.

5 To purest joys she all invites,
Chaste, holy, spiritual delights;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her flow'ry paths are peace.

6 Happy the man who wisdom gains;
Thrice happy who his guest retains:
He owns, and shall forever own,
Wisdom, and Christ, for they are one.

THE CHURCH OF GOD.

414 *Attachment to the Church.* S. M.

I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy Church, O God;
Her hosts before thee stand
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Jesus, thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand, from every snare and foe,
Shall great deliverance bring.

6 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

415 *Put on thy Beautiful Garments.* L. M.

AWAKE, Jerusalem, awake!
No longer in thy sins lie down;
The garment of salvation take;
Thy beauty and thy strength put on!

2 Shake off the dust that blinds thy sight,
And hides the promise from thine eyes:
Arise, and struggle into light;
The great Deliv'rer calls—arise!

3 Shake off the bands of sad despair;
Zion, assert thy liberty;
Look up, thy broken heart prepare,
And God shall set the captive free.

4 Vessels of mercy, sons of grace,
Be purged from every sinful stain;
Be like your Lord, his word embrace,
Nor bear his hallow'd name in vain.

416 *Family of Earth and Heaven.* C. M.

COME, let us join our friends above,
Who have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joy celestial rise.

2 Let saints below in concert sing
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King
In heaven and earth are one.

3 One family, we dwell in him;
One Church above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream—
The narrow stream of death.

4 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have cross'd the flood,
And part are passing now.

5 How many to their endless home,
This solemn moment fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon expect to die.

6 Dear Saviour, be our constant guide;
Then when the word is given,
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

417 *Safety of the Church.* S. M.

How honored is the place
Where we adoring stand!
Zion, the glory of the earth,
And beauty of the land.

2 Bulwarks of grace defend
The city where we dwell,
While walls, of strong salvation made,
Defy th' assaults of hell.

3 Lift up th' eternal gates;
The doors wide open fling:
Enter, ye nations that obey
The statutes of your King.

4 Here taste unmingled joys,
And live in perfect peace,
You that have known Jehovah's name,
And ventured on his grace.

5 Trust in the Lord, ye saints,
And banish all your fears;
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,
Eternal as his years.

418 *Church Founded on the Rock.* C. M.

With stately tow'rs and bulwarks strong,
Unrivall'd and alone,—
Loved theme oft for the sacred song,—
God's holy city shone.

2 Thus fair was Zion's chosen seat,
The glory of all lands;
Yet fairer, and in strength complete,
The Christian temple stands.

3 The faithful of each clime and age
This glorious Church compose;
Built on the Rock—with idle rage
The threat'ning tempest blows.

4 Fear not: though hostile bands alarm,
Thy God is thy defence;
And weak and pow'rless every arm
Against Omnipotence.

419 *Sinai and Zion.* C. M.

Not to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke;
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke;

2 But we are come to Zion's hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare his will,
And spread his love abroad.

3 Behold th' innumerable host
Of angels clothed in light!
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turned to sight!

4 Behold the bless'd assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heaven;
And God, the Judge of all, declares
Their vilest sins forgiven.

5 The saints on earth, and all the dead,
But one communion make;
All join in Christ, their living head,
And of his grace partake.

6 In such society as this
My weary soul would rest;
The man that dwells where Jesus is,
Must be forever blest.

420 *Future Glory of the Church.* M. 6 lines 7s.

ON thy Church, O Power divine,
Cause thy glorious face to shine;
Till the nations from afar
Hail her as their guiding star;
Till her sons, from zone to zone,
Make thy great salvation known.

2 Then shall God, with lavish hand,
Scatter blessings o'er the land;
Earth shall yield her rich increase,
Every breeze shall whisper peace,
And the world's remotest bound
With the voice of praise resound.

421 *The Ark a Type of the Church.* S. M.

LIKE Noah's weary dove,
That soar'd the earth around,
But not a resting-place above
The cheerless waters found,—

2 O cease, my wand'ring soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All the wide world to either pole
Has not for thee a home.

3 Behold the Ark of God,
Behold the open door;
Hasten to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

4 There safe thou shalt abide,
There sweet shall be thy rest,
Thy soul shall there be satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

5 And when the waves of ire,
Again the earth shall fill,
The ark shall ride the sea of fire,
Then rest on Zion's hill.

422 *Zion's Strength and Security.* M. 8s & 7s.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He whose word cannot be broken,
Form'd thee for his own abode:
On the Rock of ages founded,
Who can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

2 See—the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage?
Grace which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hov'ring,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a cov'ring,
Showing that the Lord is near.
Thus deriving from their banner,
Light by night and shade by day;
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which he gives them when they pray.

423 *Church of our God.* L. M.

ZION, awake! thy strength renew,
Put on thy robes of beaut'ous hue;
Church of our God, arise and shine,
Bright with the beams of truth divine!

2 Soon shall thy radiance stream afar,
Wide as the heathen nations are;
Gentiles and kings thy light shall view:
All shall admire, and love thee, too.

3 Then shall thy name *Hepzibah* be—
Jehovah shall delight in thee;
Beulah thy land we then shall call,
And Abrah'm's God be all in all.

424 *Zion's Refuge.* S. M.

GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great;
He makes his churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.

2 In Zion, God is known,
A refuge in distress:
How bright has his salvation shone,
Through all her palaces.

3 When kings against her join'd,
And saw the Lord was there,
In wild confusion of the mind,
They fled with hasty fear.

4 Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold
Where his own sheep have been.

5 In every new distress,
We'll to his house repair;
We'll call to mind his wondrous grace,
And seek deliv'rance there.

425 *The Latter Day Glory.* C. M.

BEHOLD, the mountain of the Lord,
In latter days, shall rise
Above the mountains and the hills,
And draw the wond'ring eyes.

2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues shall flow;
"Up to the hill of God," they say,
"And to his courts we'll go."

3 The beams that shine on Zion's Hill,
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Zion's tow'rs,
Shall all the world command.

4 No strife shall vex Messiah's reign,
Or mar the peaceful years;
To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning hooks their spears.

5 Come then—O come from every land,
To worship at his shrine:
And walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

426 *God the Defence of Zion.* M. 8s, 7s & 4.

ZION stands with hills surrounded—
Zion, kept by pow'r divine:
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine;
Happy Zion,
What a favor'd lot is thine!

2 Every human tie may perish,
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
Mothers cease their own to cherish,
Heav'n and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But can never cease to love thee;
Thou art precious in his sight:
God is with thee—
God, thine everlasting light.

JOINING THE CHURCH.

427 *"The Brethren Received us Gladly."* L. M.

WELCOME, ye well belov'd of God,
Ye heirs of grace, redeemed by blood;
Welcome, with us your hands to join,
As partners of our lot divine.

2 With us the pilgrim's state embrace—
We're traveling to a blissful place;
The Holy Ghost, who knows the way,
Conduct you on from day to day.

3 Take up your cross, and bear it on,
It shall be light, and soon be gone;
Soon shall ye sit with Jesus down,
And wear an everlasting crown.

428 *Receiving Members.* C. M.

COME in, ye blessed of the Lord,
O come in Jesus' name;
We welcome you with one accord,
In Christ we're all the same.

2 In weal or woe, in joy or care,
Thy portion shall be ours;
Christians their mutual burdens bear;
They lend their mutual pow'rs.

3 Come with us; we will do thee good,
As God to us hath done:
Stand but in him, as those have stood,
Whose faith the victory won.

4 And when, by turns, we pass away,
As star by star grows dim,
May each, translated into day,
Be lost, and found in him.

429 *Church Fellowship.* C. M.

PLANTED in Christ, the living Vine,
This day, with one accord,
Ourselves, with humble faith and joy,
We join thy Church, O Lord.

2 Join'd in one body may we be;
One inward life partake;
One be our heart; one heav'nly hope
In every bosom wake.

3 In prayer, in effort, tears, and toils,
One wisdom be our guide;
Taught by one Spirit from above,
In thee may we abide.

4 Around this feeble, trusting band
Thy sheltering pinions spread,
Nor let the storms of trial beat
Too fiercely on our head.

5 Then, when among the saints in light
Our joyful spirits shine,
Shall anthems of immortal praise,
O Lamb of God, be thine.

430 *On Admitting Church Members.* L. M.

DEAR friends in Christ, and well belov'd
To Jesus and his servants dear,
Enter—and show yourselves approv'd;
Enter—and find that God is here.

2 Welcome from earth!—lo, the right hand
Of fellowship to you we give!
With open arms and hearts we stand,
And you in Jesus' name receive.

3 And now may God, the Father, bless
Your souls and ours with christian love;
That we his grace may here possess,
And glory's crown in heav'n above.

431 *Welcome to Church-fellowship.* M. 8s & 7s.

COME, ye converts, come and welcome;
All the saints are saying, come;
Joyfully we now receive you
To the Church, your future home;
Come and welcome, come and welcome;
In our hearts there yet is room.

2 Stay no longer, stay no longer
From your blessed Saviour's fold;
Come, dear youth, ye lambs of Jesus,
He himself has bid you come;
With his people, with his people,
Join yourselves, and be at home.

432 *Children of Zion.* P. M. 11,11,12,11,11,11.

CHILDREN of Zion, what harp notes are stealing,
So soft o'er our senses, so soothingly sweet?
'Tis th' music of angels, their raptures revealing,
That you have been bro't to the Holy One's feet,
Children of Zion! We join in their welcome;
'Tis sweet to lie low at the blessed retreat.

2 Children of Zion! no longer in sadness,
Refrain from the feast that your Saviour hath giv'n;
Come, taste of the cup of salvation with gladness,
And think of the banquet still sweeter in heaven.
Children of Zion! our hearts bid you welcome,
To th' Church of the ransom'd—the kingdom of heav'n.

3 Children of Zion! we joyfully hail you,
Who've entered the sheepfold, through Jesus the door;
While pilgrims on earth, tho' the foe may assail you,
Press forward, and soon will the conflict be o'er.
Children of Zion! O welcome, thrice welcome!
We'll meet where the foe shall oppress you no more.

433 *Address to New Members.* S. M.

All you who have confess'd
That Jesus is the Lord,
And to his people join'd yourselves,
According to his word:—

2 In Zion you must dwell,
Her altar ne'er forsake;
Must come to all her solemn feasts,
Of all her joys partake.

3 She must employ your thoughts,
And your unceasing care;
Her welfare be your constant wish,
And her increase your pray'r.

4 With humbleness of mind,
Among her sons rejoice;
A meek and quiet spirit is
With God of highest price.

5 Never offend nor grieve
Your brethren by the way;
But shun the dark abodes of strife,
Like children of the day.

6 In all your Saviour's ways,
With willing footsteps move;
Be faithful unto death, and then
You'll reign with him above.

434 *Entering into Church Covenant.* C. M.

COME, let us use the grace divine,
And all with one accord,
In a perpetual cov'nant join
Ourselves to Christ, the Lord.

2 Give up ourselves, through Jesus' pow'r,
His name to glorify;
And promise in this sacred hour,
For God to live and die.

3 The cov'nant we this moment make
Be ever kept in mind!
We will no more our God forsake,
Or cast his words behind.

4 We never will throw off his fear,
Who hears our solemn vow;
And if thou art well pleas'd to hear,
Come down and meet us now.

5 To each the cov'nant blood apply,
Which takes our sins away,
And register our names on high,
And keep us to that day.

CHRISTIAN MINISTRY.

435 *Ministers Bearers of Good Tidings.* S. M.

HOW beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill!
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal.

2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet their tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King,
He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound;
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found.

4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm,
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

436 *The Sower and the Seed.* C. M.

A SOWER went to sow his seed,
When some fell by the way;
And birds came there to pick them up,
As thus they scattered lay.

2 Some fell upon a stony soil,
Where they did quickly shoot;
But died beneath the scorching sun,
Because they had no root.

3 And others fell among the thorns,
Which choked them as they grew;
No room was left them to expand,
So they were fruitless, too.

4 But those which fell upon good ground,
Soon flourish'd, and, behold!
Some yielded thirty, some three-score,
And some an hundred fold.

437 *The Gospel a savor of Life or Death.* C. M.

CHRIST and his cross are all our theme;
The mysteries that we speak
Are scandal in the Jews' esteem,
And folly to the Greek.

2 But souls enlighten'd from above,
With joy receive the word;
They see what wisdom, pow'r and love
Shine in their dying Lord.

3 The vital savor of his name
Restores their fainting breath;
But unbelief perverts the same
To guilt, despair, and death.

4 Till God diffuse his graces down,
Like show'rs of heavenly rain,
In vain Apollos sows the ground,
And Paul may plant in vain.

438 *Watching for Souls.* C. M.

LET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take th' alarm they give;
Now let them from the mouth of God
Their awful charge receive.

2 'Tis not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands,
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And fill'd a Saviour's hands.

3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord
Did heav'nly bliss forego,—
For souls which must forever live,
In rapture or in woe.

4 May they that Jesus, whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer, see;
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

439 *Minister's Appeal to Christ.* C. M.

Do I not love thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart, and see;
And turn each cursed idol out,
That dares to rival thee.

2 Do I not love thee from my soul?
Then let me nothing love;
Dead be my heart to every joy,
When Jesus cannot move.

3 Is not thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound,
My Saviour's voice to hear?

4 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock
I would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?

5 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord:
But, O, I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

440 *Faith in the Seed of Truth.* S. M.

Sow in the morn thy seed;
At eve hold not thy hand:
To doubt and fear give thou no heed;
Broad-cast it o'er the land.

2 The good, the fruitful ground,
Expect not here nor there;
O'er hill and dale by plots 'tis found—
Go forth, then, everywhere.

3 Thou know'st not which may thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
When and wherever strewn.

4 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stock, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

5 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry
Shall foster and mature the grain,
For garners in the sky.

441 *Out-door Worship.* Mark 16 : 15. L. M.

'Twas Jesus' last and great command,
"Go preach my word in every land;
To all be my salvation shown,
To every creature make it known.

2 While thus employ'd, accept my grace,
Attending you from place to place;
Where'er you meet, expect me there—
In church, in house, in open air."

3 Commission'd thus, we come abroad,
To preach the gospel of our God;
The love of God, in Christ, to tell,
The love that saves from sin and hell.

4 Jesus, our Lord, thy word fulfil,
Thy Spirit's power be with us still;
May all our souls thy blessing share,—
Accept our praise, and hear our pray'r.

442 *The Great Commission.* L. M.

"Go, preach my gospel," saith the Lord,
"Bid the whole world my grace receive;
He shall be saved who trusts my word;
He be condemn'd who don't believe.

2 "I'll make your great commission known,
And ye shall prove my gospel true,
By all the works that I have done,
By all the wonders ye shall do.

3 Teach all the nations my commands,—
I'm with you till the world shall end;
All power is trusted in my hands,
I can destroy, and I defend."

4 He spake—and light shone 'round his head;
On a bright cloud to heaven he rode:
They, to the farthest nations, spread
The grace of their ascended God.

443 *A Pastor Welcomed.* L. M.

We bid thee welcome in the name
Of Jesus, our exalted Head:
Come as a servant: so he came;
And we receive thee in his stead.

2 Come as a shepherd: guard and keep
This fold from Satan and from sin;
Nourish the lambs, and feed the sheep;
The wounded heal, the lost bring in.

3 Come as a watchman: take thy stand
Upon the tower on Zion's height;
And when the sword comes on the land,
Warn us to fly, or teach to fight.

4 Come as an angel: hence to guide
A band of pilgrims on their way;
That, safely walking at thy side,
We never fail, nor faint, nor stray.

5 Come as a teacher: sent from God,
Charged his whole counsel to declare;
Lift o'er our ranks the prophet's rod,
While we uphold thy hands with prayer.

6 Come as a messenger of peace:
Filled with the Spirit, fired with love;
Live to behold our large increase,
And die to meet us all above.

444 *Winning Souls to Christ.* M. 7s.

WOULD you win a soul to God?
Tell him of a Saviour's blood,
Once for dying sinners spilt,
To atone for all their guilt.

2 Tell him, how the streams did glide
From his hands, his feet, his side;
How his head with thorns was crowned,
And his heart in sorrow drowned;—

3 How he yielded up his breath;
How he agonized in death;
How he lives to intercede—
Christ, our Advocate and Head.

4 Tell him, it was sovereign grace
Led thee first to seek his face—
Made thee choose the better part,
Wrought salvation in thy heart.

5 Tell him of that liberty
Wherewith Jesus makes us free;
Sweetly speak of sins forgiven—
Earnest of the joys of heaven.

445 *The Preacher's Charge.* M. 8s & 7s.

BOLD in speech and bold in action,
Be forever!—Time will test,
Of the free-soul'd and the slavish,
Which fulfils life's mission best.

2 Be thou like the noble ancients—
Scorn the threat that bids thee fear;
Speak!—no matter what betide thee;
Let them strike, but make them hear!

3 Be thou like the great Apostle—
Be thou like heroic Paul;
If a true thought seek expression,
Speak it boldly!—speak it all!

4 Face thy foes and thy accusers;
Scorn the prison, rack or rod!
And if thou hast truth to utter,
Speak! and leave the rest to God!

446 *The Fearless Preacher.* L. M.

SHALL I, for fear of feeble man,
The Spirit's course in me restrain?
Or, undismay'd in deed and word,
Be a true witness of my Lord?

2 Aw'd by a mortal's frown, shall I
Conceal the word of God Most High?
How then before thee shall I dare
To stand, or how thine anger bear?

3 Shall I, to soothe th' unholy throng,
Soften thy truth, or smooth my tongue,
To gain earth's gilded toys, or flee
The cross endur'd, my Lord, by thee?

4 What then is he, whose scorn I dread?
Whose wrath or hate makes me afraid?
A man! an heir of death! a slave
To sin! a bubble on the wave!

5 Yea, let men rage; since thou wilt spread
Thy shadowing wings around my head:
Since in all pain, thy tender love
Will still my sure refreshment prove.

447 *Ministers Prayed for.* L. M.

FATHER of mercies, bow thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest prayer;
We plead for those who plead for thee;
Successful may they ever be!

2 Clothe them with energy divine,
And let their messages be thine:
To them thy sacred truth reveal;
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.

3 Teach them to sow the precious seed;
Teach them thy chosen flock to feed;
Teach them immortal souls to gain—
Souls that will well reward their pain.

4 Let thronging multitudes around,
Hear from their lips the joyful sound:
In humble strains thy grace implore,
And feel thy new-creating pow'r.

5 How great their work, how vast their charge!
Do thou their anxious souls enlarge;
Till light through distant realms be spread,
And Zion rear her drooping head.

448 *Minister's Prayer.* C. P. M. 8,8,6,8,8,6.

HELP, Lord, an humble instrument,
Thy sovereign grace has call'd, and sent
To publish and proclaim
The reigning power and peace of God;
General redemption in thy blood,
And pardon through thy name.

2 T' exalt myself, I would not speak,
Or, proud of my own talents, seek
The praise of flattering man;
But serve thee with a single eye,
And, while thy name I magnify,
Thy approbation gain.

3 Here may I covet no reward,
Nor trifles temporal regard,
Or reckon earth my home;
But things invisible desire,
And wait for my appointed hire,
Till Christ, my Lord, shall come.

4 A life of poverty and toil,
A thousand lives, one gracious smile
Of thine will over-pay;
If thou receive me with "well done,"
And for thy faithful servant own,
In that triumphant day.

449 *Ministerial Anxiety.* H. M. 6,6,6,6,8,8.

WHAT contradictions meet
In ministers' employ!
It is a bitter sweet,
A sorrow full of joy.
No other post affords a place
Of equal honor, or disgrace!

2 Who can describe the pain
Which faithful preachers feel;
Constrain'd to speak in vain
To hearts as hard as steel?
Or who can tell the pleasure felt,
When stubborn hearts begin to melt?

3 The Saviour's dying love,
The soul's amazing worth,
Their utmost efforts move,
And draw their bowels forth;
They pray and strive, their rest departs,
Till Christ be form'd in sinners' hearts.

SABBATH, OR LORD'S DAY.

450 *The Lord's Day.* S. M.

WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise!
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amidst the place
Where my dear God has been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

451 *Sabbath Morning.* L. M.

COME, dearest Lord, and bless this day,
Come, bear our thoughts from earth away;
Now let our noblest passions rise,
With ardor, to their native skies.

2 Come, Holy Spirit, all divine,
With rays of light upon us shine;
And let our waiting souls be blest,
On this sweet day of sacred rest.

3 O, may our pray'rs and praises rise,
As grateful incense, to the skies;
And draw from heav'n that sweet repose
Which none but he who feels it knows.

4 Then when our sabbaths here are o'er,
And we arrive on Canaan's shore,
With all the ransom'd we shall spend
A sabbath which shall never end.

452 *Blessings of the Sabbath.* C. M.

THIS is the day the Lord hath made;
He calls the hours his own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround his throne.

2 To-day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
And all his wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son!
Help us, O Lord—descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men,
With messages of grace;
Who comes, in God his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna! in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise;
The highest heav'ns, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

453 *The Sabbath.* L. M.

ANOTHER six days' work is done;
Another sabbath is begun;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God has blest.

2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to wearied minds;
Provides an antepast of heav'n,
And gives, this day, the food of sev'n.

3 This heav'nly calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of sacred rest,
Which for the Church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties let the day—
In holy pleasures pass away;
How sweet a sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

454 *The Worship on the Sabbath.* S. M.

SWEET is the work, O Lord,
Thy glorious name to sing;
To praise and pray, to hear thy word,
And grateful off'rings bring.

2 Sweet, on this day of rest,
To join in heart and voice,
With those who love and serve thee best,
And in thy name rejoice.

3 To songs of praise and joy,
Be every sabbath giv'n,
That such may be our blest employ
Eternally in heav'n.

455 *Sabbath in the Sanctuary.* M. 6 lines 7s.

SAFELY through another week
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day,—
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 While we seek supplies of grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciling face,
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in thee.

3 Here we come, thy name to praise;
Let us feel thy presence near;
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear;
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints,
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief from all complaints;
Thus let all our sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

456 *The Earthly and Heavenly Sabbath.* L. M.

THINE earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above:
To that our longing souls aspire,
With cheerful hope and strong desire.

2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor death shall reach the place:
No groans shall mingle with the songs,
That warble from immortal tongues.

3 No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose,
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

4 Soon shall that glorious day begin,
Beyond this world of death and sin;
Soon shall our voices join the song
Of the triumphant holy throng.

457 *Lord's Day Evening.* C. M.

FREQUENT the day of God returns,
To shed its quick'ning beams;
And yet how slow devotion burns,
How languid are its flames!

2 Accept our faint attempts to love;
Our frailties, Lord, forgive;
We would be like thy saints above,
And praise thee while we live.

3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend,
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
The sabbath ne'er shall end.

4 Where we shall breathe in heav'nly air,
In heav'nly lustre shine;
Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on love divine.

458 *A Hymn for the Sabbath.* L.M.

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp, of solemn sound.

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels! how divine!

4 Lord, I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

459 *Sabbath Morning.* H. M. 6,6,6,6,8,8.

WELCOME, delightful morn,
Thou day of sacred rest;
I hail thy kind return—
Lord, make these moments blest:
From the low train of mortal toys
I soar to reach immortal joys.

2 Now may the King descend,
And fill his throne of grace:
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face;
Let sinners feel thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quickening pow'rs;
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless the sacred hours;
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor sabbaths be indulg'd in vain.

460 *Resurrection of Christ on the Sabbath.* S. M.

To-day the Saviour rose,
Our Jesus left the dead;
He conquered our malignant foes,
And Satan captive led.

2 He left his glorious throne,
To make our peace with God;
Blessings forever on his name!
He bought us with his blood.

3 For us, his life he paid,
For us the law fulfill'd;
On Him our load of guilt was laid;
We by his stripes are heal'd.

4 Ye saints, adore his name,
Who hath such mercy shown:
Ye sinners, love the bleeding Lamb,
And make his praises known.

461 *Christ's Resurrection.* H. M. 6,6,6,6,8,8.

Awake, ye saints, awake,
And hail the sacred day;
In lofty songs of praise
Your joyful homage pay;
Come, bless the day that God hath blest,
The type of heaven's eternal rest.

2 On this auspicious morn
The Lord of life arose,
And burst the bars of death,
And vanquished all our foes;
And now he pleads our cause above,
And reaps the fruit of all his love.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Heaven with hosannas rings;
And earth, in humble strains,
Thy praise responsive sings;
Worthy the Lamb, that once was slain,
Through endless years to live and reign.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

462 *Going to Church.* C. M.

How did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
"In Zion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day."

2 I love her gates, I love the road;
The church, adorned with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God,
To show his milder face.

3 Up to her courts with joys unknown
The holy tribes repair;
The Son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there.

4 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest!
With holy gifts and heavenly grace
Be her attendants blest!

5 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains;
There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
There God my Saviour reigns.

463 *Delight in Worship.* L. M.

LORD, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship thee!
At once they sing, at once they pray;
They hear of heaven, and learn the way.

2 I have been there, and still would go;
'Tis like the dawn of heaven below;
Not all that careless sinners say,
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

3 O, write upon my memory, Lord,
The truths and precepts of thy word,
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.

4 With thoughts of Christ, and things divine,
Fill up this foolish heart of mine;
That, finding pardon through his blood,
I may lie down, and wake with God.

464 *Universal Adoration.* L. M.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he destroy.

2 His sovereign pow'r, without our aid,
Made us of clay and form'd us men;
And when, like wand'ring sheep, we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We are his people, we his care,—
Our souls and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name?

4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heav'ns our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

465 *Sincerity.* C. M.

God is a Spirit, just and wise;
He sees our inmost mind;
In vain to heaven we raise our cries,
And leave our souls behind.

2 Nothing but truth before his throne
With honor can appear;
The painted hypocrites are known,
Through the disguise they wear.

3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
Their bending knees the ground;
But God abhors a sacrifice
Where not the heart is found.

4 Lord, search my thoughts and try my ways,
And make my soul sincere;
Then shall I stand before thy face,
And find acceptance there.

466 *The Universal King.* S. M.

Come, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

2 He formed the deeps unknown,
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne;
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his works, and not our own;
He formed us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the children of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

467 *Heavenly Joy on Earth.* S. M.

COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from this place;
Religion never was design'd
To make our pleasures less.

3 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But servants of the heav'nly King
May speak their joys abroad.

4 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits, on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.

5 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

6 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,
To fairer world's on high.

468 *Spiritual Worship.* L. M.

JESUS, thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring;
Accept thy well-deserved renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.

2 Let every act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee,
Like the blest hour when from above
We first received the pledge of love.

3 The gladness of that happy day
O may it ever, ever stay!
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor hope decline, nor love grow cold.

4 Each following minute, as it flies,
Increase thy praise, improve our joys,
Till we are raised to sing thy name
At the great supper of the Lamb.

469 *How Amiable are thy Tabernacles.* L. M.

How pleasant—how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.

2 Blest are the souls who find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
Here they behold the gentler rays,
And seek thy face and learn thy praise.

3 Blest are the men, whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate;
God is their strength, and through the road
They lean upon their helper, God.

4 Cheerful they walk, with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length,
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

470 *Joy of Public Worship.* L. M.

Great God, attend, while Zion sings
Thy joy that from thy presence springs;
To spend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace!
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of pow'r,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our sun—he makes our day;
God is our shield—he guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin;
From foes without, and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too:
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

5 O God, our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious host of heaven obey,
Display thy grace, exert thy pow'r,
Till all on earth thy name adore.

471 *The House of God.* H. M. 6,6,6,6,8,8.

WHAT dreadful spot is this?
And yet a pleasing place;
Sure here Jehovah is,
In majesty and grace:
Here let our souls devoutly wait,
'Tis God's own house, 'tis heaven's gate.

2 'Tis here the saints abide,
On richest dainties fed;
And Christ doth here reside,
Their Master and their Head;
His life and love he here conveys,
And owns their pray'rs, and hears their praise.

3 The Lord is never bound
To any time or place:
But always may be found
Among his chosen race;
Then tread his courts with holy fear,
For God himself is present there.

472 *The Song of Simeon.* C. M.

LORD, in thy temple we appear,
As happy Simeon came,
And hope to meet our Saviour here;
O make our joys the same!

2 With what divine and vast delight
The good old man was fill'd,
When fondly in his wither'd arms
He clasp'd the holy child!

3 "Now I can leave this world," he cried,
"Behold, thy servant dies!
I've seen thy great salvation, Lord,
And close my peaceful eyes.

4 This is the light, prepar'd to shine
Upon the Gentile lands;
Thine Israel's glory, and their hope,
To break their slavish bands."

5 Jesus! the vision of thy face
Hath overpow'ring charms!
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,
If Christ be in my arms.

6 When flesh shall fail, and heart-strings break,
Sweet will the minutes roll;
A mortal paleness on my cheek,
But glory in my soul.

473 *The Courts of the Lord.* S. M.

HOW charming is the place
Where my Redeemer God
Unveils the beauties of his face,
And sheds his love abroad!

2 Not the fair palaces
To which the great resort,
Are once to be compared with this,
Where Jesus holds his court.

3 Here on the mercy seat,
With radiant glory crown'd,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit,
And smile on all around.

4 To him their pray'rs and cries
Each humble soul presents;
He listens to their broken sighs,
And grants them all their wants.

5 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within thy bless'd abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God.

474 *Public Worship.* C. M.

SING to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in his strength rejoice:
When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.

2 With thanks approach his awful sight,
And psalms of honor sing;
The Lord's a God of boundless might,
The whole creation's King.

3 Come, and with humble souls adore;
Come, kneel before his face;
O, may the creatures of his pow'r
Be children of his grace!

4 Now is the time, he bends his ear,
And waits for your request;
Come, lest he rouse his wrath, and swear,
"Ye shall not see my rest."

475 *Hosanna to the Lord.* L. M.

HOSANNA! Lord, thine angels cry;
Hosanna! Lord, we here reply:
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound.

2 O, Father, with protecting care,
Meet us in this thy house of pray'r;
Assembled in Messiah's name,
Thy promis'd blessing here we claim.

3 But, chiefest, in our inmost breast,
O Saviour! let thy Spirit rest;
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy thee.

4 So, in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heav'n shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again.

476 *God's Service Delightful.* C. M.

With joy we hail the sacred day,
Which God has call'd his own;
With joy the summons we obey,
To worship at his throne.

2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair!
As here thy servants throng,
To breathe the humble, fervent pray'r,
And pour the grateful song.

3 Spirit of grace! O deign to dwell
Within thy church below;
Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow.

4 Let peace within her walls be found,
Let all her sons unite,
To spread with holy zeal around,
Her clear and shining light.

5 Great God, we hail the sacred day,
Which thou hast call'd thine own;
With joy the summons we obey,
To worship at thy throne.

477 *Waiting on God.* C. M.

DEAR brethren, come, draw near to God,
With songs of sacred praise;
For he is good, immensely good,
And just are all his ways.

2 All nature owns his guardian care;
In him we live and move;
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love.

3 He gave his Son, his only Son,
To ransom rebel worms;
'Tis here he makes his goodness known
In its diviner forms.

478 *Desire for the Sanctuary.* H. M. 6,6,6,6,8,8.

LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant, and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples, are;
To thine abode my heart aspires,
With warm desires to see my God.

2 O happy souls, that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men, that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still; and happy they
That love the way to Zion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
O glorious seat! thou, God our King,
Shalt thither bring our willing feet.

PRAISE OF GOD.

479 *Universal Praise.* L. M.

From all who dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring;
In songs of praise divinely sing:
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Saviour's name.

4 In every land begin the song;
To every land the strains belong;
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

480 *Praise to the Eternal God.* S. M.

Let every creature join
To praise th' eternal God;
Ye heavenly hosts, the song begin,
And sound his praise abroad.

2 Thou sun, with golden beams,
And moon, with paler rays,
Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,
Shine to your Maker's praise.

3 He built those worlds above,
And fixed their wondrous frame;
By his command they stand or move
And ever speak his name.

4 Ye vapors, when ye rise,
Or fall in showers or snow,
Ye thunders, murm'ring 'round the skies,
His power and glory show.

5 Wind, hail, and flaming fire,
Agree to praise the Lord,
When ye in dreadful storms conspire
To execute his word.

6 By all his works above
His honors be express'd;
But saints who taste his saving love,
Should sing his praises best.

481 *Perpetual Praise.* C. M.

YES, I will bless thee, O my God!
Through all my mortal days;
And to eternity prolong
Thy vast, thy boundless praise.

2 Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
The honors of my God:
My life, with all its active powers,
Shall spread thy praise abroad.

3 Not death itself shall stop my song,
Though death will close my eyes;
My thoughts shall then to nobler heights,
And sweeter raptures rise.

4 There shall my lips, in endless praise,
Their grateful tribute pay;
The theme demands an angel's tongue,
And an eternal day.

482 *Praise the Lord.* M. 8s & 7s.

PRAISE the Lord; ye heavens, adore him;
Praise him, angels, in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before him;
Praise him, all ye stars of light.

2 Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken;
Worlds his mighty voice obey'd;
Laws, which never can be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.

3 Praise the Lord, for he is glorious;
Never shall his promise fail;
God hath made his saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.

4 Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high, his power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Praise and magnify his name.

483 *Praise for Divine Goodness.* L. P. M.

I'LL praise my Maker with my breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God: He made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train:
His truth forever stands secure;
He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

3 He loves his saints; he knows them well;
But turns the wicked down to hell;
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns;
Let every tongue, let every age,
In this exalted work engage:
Praise him in everlasting strains.

4 I'll praise him while he lends me breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

484 *Praise for Mercies.* S. M.

O BLESS the Lord, my soul!
His grace to thee proclaim;
And all that is within me, join
To bless his holy name.

2 O bless the Lord, my soul!
His mercies bear in mind;
Forget not all his benefits,—
The Lord to thee is kind.

3 He will not always chide;
He will with patience wait;
His wrath is ever slow to rise,
And ready to abate.

4 The Lord forgives thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath;
He healeth thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.

5 He clothes thee with his love,
Upholds thee with his truth,
And like the eagle he renews
The vigor of thy youth.

6 Then bless his holy name,
Whose grace hath made thee whole;
Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days;
O bless the Lord, my soul!

485 *Song of Praise.* M. 7s.

SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heav'n with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When he spake, and it was done.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of Peace was born,
Songs of praise arose, when he
Captive led captivity.

3 Heav'n and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heav'ns and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 And will man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No—the church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise, to sing above.

6 Borne upon the latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

486 *Friendship of God.* H. M. 6,6,6,6,8,8.

To God, the mighty Lord,
Your joyful thanks repeat;
To him due praise afford,
As good as he is great;
For God doth prove our constant friend:
His boundless love shall never end.

2 To him, whose wondrous pow'r
All other gods obey,
Whom earthly kings adore,
This grateful homage pay;
For God doth prove our constant friend:
His boundless love shall never end.

3 He does the food supply
On which all creatures live;
To God who reigns on high,
Eternal praises give;
For God doth prove our constant friend:
His boundless love shall never end.

487 *Praise to our Creator.* L. M.

Ye nations 'round the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your sovereign King;
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice;
With all your tongues his glory sing.

2 The Lord is God; 'tis he alone
Doth life, and breath, and being give;
We are his work, and not our own,
The sheep that on his pastures live.

3 Enter his gates with songs of joy;
With praises to his courts repair;
And make it your divine employ,
To pay your thanks and honors there.

4 The Lord is good; the Lord is kind;
Great is his grace, his mercy sure;
And all the race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

488 *Exhortation to Praise.* S. M.

Stand up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice!
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.

2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear his holy name,
And laud, and magnify?

3 O! for the living flame
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our souls inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!

4 God is our strength, and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaim'd,
With all our ransomed powers.

5 Stand up, and bless the Lord,—
The Lord, your God, adore;
Stand up, and bless his glorious name,
Henceforth, for evermore.

489 *Praise at all Times.* C. M.

My soul shall praise thee, O my God,
Through all my mortal days,
And in eternity prolong
Thy vast, thy boundless praise.

2 In every smiling, happy hour,
Be this my sweet employ;
Thy praise refines my earthly bliss,
And heightens all my joy.

3 When anxious grief and gloomy care
Afflict my throbbing breast,
My tongue shall learn to speak thy praise,
And lull each pain to rest.

4 Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
The honors of my God;
My life, with all its ransom'd powers,
Shall spread thy praise abroad.

5 And when these lips shall cease to move,
When death shall close my eyes,
My soul shall then to nobler heights
Of joy and transport rise.

6 My powers shall then, in lofty strains,
Their grateful tribute pay;
The theme demands an angel's tongue,
An everlasting day.

490 *Wonders of Grace.* L. M.

Give to our God immortal praise;
Mercy and truth are all his ways:
Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat his mercies in your song.

2 Give to the Lord of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown;
His mercies ever will endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.

3 He built the earth, he spread the sky,
He fixed the starry lights on high;
Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat his praise in every song.

4 He saw the Gentiles dead in sin,
And felt his pity work within;
His mercies ever will endure,
When death and sin shall reign no more.

5 He sent his Son with power to save
From guilt and darkness, and the grave;
Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat his mercies in your song.

491 *Praise to God.* M. 8s & 7s.

PRAISE to God the great Creator;
Praise to God from every tongue:
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song,
Father, source of all compassion,
Pure, unbounded grace is thine:
Hail the God of our salvation!
Praise him for his love divine.

2 Joyfully on earth adore him,
Till in heaven our song we raise;
Then, enraptured, fall before him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise:
Praise to God the great Creator,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
Praise him, every living creature,
Earth and heaven's united host.

492 *Reliance on God.* C. M.

THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name;
When in distress to him I call'd,
He to my succor came.

3 O make but trial of his love—
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

4 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you his service your delight,
He'll make your wants his care.

493 *Praise for Divine Mercies.* C. M.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Unnumber'd comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.

3 When in the slippery paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

3 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

5 Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

6 Through all eternity, to thee
A grateful song I'll raise;
But O, eternity's too short,
To utter all thy praise!

PRAISE OF CHRIST.

494 *The Lamb of God Worshiped.* C. M.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels 'round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus:"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thy endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of Him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

495 *Praise to the Redeemer.* C. M.

O FOR a thousand tongues! to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.

2 My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,—
To spread, through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.

3 Jesus!—the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of inbred sin,
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood avail'd for me.

5 Had I ten thousand thousand tongues,
Not one should silent be;
Had I ten thousand thousand hearts,
I'd give them all to thee.

496 *Wonder, Love and Praise.* P. M. 8,7,8,7,7,7.

LET us love, and sing, and wonder;
Let us praise, the Saviour's name,
He has hush'd the law's loud thunder,
He has quench'd mount Sinai's flame;
He has wash'd us with his blood,
He has brought us nigh to God.

2 Let us love the Lord, who bought us,
Pitied us, when enemies;
Call'd us by his grace, and taught us,
Gave us ears, and gave us eyes;
He has wash'd us with his blood,
He presents our souls to God.

3 Let us praise, and join the chorus
Of the saints enthron'd on high;
Here they trusted him before us,
Now their praises fill the sky:
"Thou hast wash'd us with thy blood,
Thou art worthy, Lamb of God."

497 *Hosanna to Christ.* C. M.

HOSANNA to the royal Son
Of David's ancient line!
His natures two, his person one,
Mysterious and divine.

2 The root of David, here we find,
And offspring is the same;
Eternity and time are join'd
In our Immanuel's name.

3 Blest he that comes to wretched men,
With peaceful news from heaven;
Hosannas in the highest strain
To Christ the Lord be given.

4 Let mortals ne'er refuse to take
Hosannas on their tongues,
Lest rocks and stones should rise and break
Their silence into songs.

498 *Worthy the Lamb.* P. M. 6,6,4,6,6,6,4.

GLORY to God on high!
Let heaven and earth reply—
"Praise ye his name!"
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore;
And sing for evermore—
"Worthy the Lamb!"

2 Ye, who surround the throne,
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising his name:
Ye, who have felt his blood
Sealing your peace with God,
Sound his dear name abroad,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

3 Join, all ye ransomed race,
Our Lord and God to bless;
Praise ye his name:
In him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice—
"Worthy the Lamb!"

4 Soon must we change our place,
Yet will we never cease
Praising his name:
To him our songs we'll bring,
Hail him our gracious King,
And through all ages sing—
"Worthy the Lamb!"

499 *Song of Moses and the Lamb.* S. M.

AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake, every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of his dying love;
Sing of his rising power;
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.

3 Ye pilgrims, on the road
To Zion's city, sing;
Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God,—
In Christ, th' eternal King.

4 Soon shall we hear him say,—
Ye blessed children, come;
Soon will he call us hence away,
To our eternal home.

5 There shall each raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

500 *Incarnate Saviour.* S. M.

YE saints, proclaim abroad
The honors of your King;
To Jesus, your incarnate God,
Your songs of praises sing.

2 Not angels round the throne
Of Majesty above,
Are half so much obliged as we,
To our Immanuel's love.

3 They never sunk so low,
They are not raised so high;
They never knew such depths of woe,
Such heights of majesty.

4 The Saviour did not join
Their nature to his own;
For them he shed no blood divine,
Nor breathed a single groan.

5 May we with angels vie,
The Saviour to adore;
Our debts are greater far than theirs,
O be our praises more.

501 *The New Song.* C. M.

BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb,
Amidst his Father's throne;
Prepare new honors for his name,
And songs, before unknown.

2 Let elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around;
With vials full of odors sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.

3 Those are the prayers of all the saints,
And these the hymns they raise;
Jesus is kind to our complaints,
He loves to hear our praise.

4 Now to the Lamb, that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain,
Forever, on thy head.

502 *Exhortation to Praise Christ.* C. M.

COME, ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known;
The Sovereign of your heart proclaim,
And bow before his throne.

2 Behold your King, your Saviour crown'd
With glories all divine;
And tell the wondering nations round,
How bright these glories shine.

3 Infinite power and boundless grace
In Him unite their rays:
Ye that have e'er beheld his face,
Can ye forbear his praise?

4 When in his earthly courts we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.

5 And shall we long and wish in vain?
Lord, teach our songs to rise:
Thy love can animate the strain,
And bid it reach the skies.

6 O happy period! glorious day!
When heaven and earth shall raise,
With all their powers, the raptur'd lay,
To celebrate thy praise.

503

Christ's Praise Delightful. C. M.

My Saviour, my almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,—
The numbers of thy grace?

2 Thou art my everlasting trust,
Thy goodness I adore;
Send down thy grace, O blessed Lord,
That I may love thee more.

3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road;
And march, with courage in thy strength
To see the Lord my God.

4 Awake! awake! my tuneful powers,
With this delightful song;
And entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.

5 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The victories of my King!
My soul, redeemed from sin and hell,
Shall thy salvation sing.

504

The Saviour. H. M. 6,6,6,6,8,8.

Come, every pious heart,
That loves the Saviour's name,
Your noblest powers exert
To celebrate his fame:
Tell all above, and all below,
The debt of love to him you owe.

2 He left his starry crown,
And laid his robes aside;
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died.
What he endured, O who can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell?

3 From the dark grave he rose,
The mansion of the dead;
And thence his mighty foes,
In glorious triumph led:
Up through the sky the Conqueror rode,
And reigns on high, the Saviour God.

4 From thence he'll quickly come,
His chariot will not stay,
And bear our spirits home,
To realms of endless day;
There shall we see his lovely face,
And ever be in his embrace.

505 *Praise to Jesus.* P. M. 7,6,7,6,7,7,7,7.

BURST, ye emerald gates, and bring
To my raptur'd vision,
All th' extatic joys that spring
Round the bright elysian:
Lo! we lift our longing eyes;
Break, ye intervening skies;
Sun of righteousness, arise,
Ope the gates of paradise!

2 Floods of everlasting light,
Freely flash before him;
Myriads with supreme delight,
Instantly adore him:
Angel trumps resound his fame;
Lutes of lucid gold proclaim
All the music of his name;
Heaven is heightened by the theme.

3 Four and twenty elders rise
From their princely station—
Shout his glorious victories,
Sing the great salvation;
Cast their crowns before his throne,
Cry in reverential tone,
Glory be to God alone,
Holy! holy! holy One.

4 Hark! the thrilling symphonies,
Seem, methinks, to seize us;
Join we, too, the holy lays,
Jesus, Jesus, Jesus!
Sweetest sound in seraph's song,
Sweetest note on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus, Jesus flow along.

506 *Hallelujah!* P. M. 8,6,8,7,4,7.

O THOU God of my salvation,
My Redeemer from all sin;
Moved by thy divine compassion,
Who hast died my heart to win,
I will praise thee:
Where shall I thy praise begin?

2 Though unseen, I love the Saviour;
He hath brought salvation near;
Manifests his pard'ning favor;
And when Jesus doth appear,
Soul and body
Shall his glorious image bear.

3 While the angel choirs are crying:
Glory to the Great I Am;
I with them will still be vying:
Glory! glory to the Lamb!—
O how precious
Is the sound of Jesus' name!

4 Angels now are hov'ring 'round us,
Unperceived amid the throng;
Wond'ring at the love that crown'd us,
Glad to join the holy song:
Hallelujah!
Love and praise to Christ belong!

507 *Praise for Preserving Grace.* S. M.

To God, the only wise,
Our Saviour, and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserve us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls,
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne:
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

5 To our Redeemer God
Wisdom with power belongs;
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

508 *Love of Christ Celebrated.* C. M.

To our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song;
O may his love—immortal flame—
Tune every heart and tongue!

2 His love, what mortal thought can reach?
What mortal tongue display?
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

3 Dear Lord, while we, adoring, pay
Our humble thanks to thee,
May every heart, with rapture, say,
The Saviour died for me.

4 O, may the sweet, the blissful theme
Fill every heart and tongue!
Till strangers love thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

509 *Glory to Jesus.* M. 8s & 7s.

HAIL, thou once despised Jesus!
Hail, thou everlasting King!
Thou didst suffer to release us;
Thou didst free salvation bring.
Hail, thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame!
By thy merits we find favor;
Life is given through thy name.

2 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide;
All the heavenly host adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side:
There for sinners thou art pleading,
There thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

3 Worship, honor, pow'r and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give:
Help, ye bright angelic spirits!
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise!

510 *Christ Adored.* C. M.

O THE delights, the heavenly joys,
The glories of the place,
Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams
Of his o'erflowing grace!

2 Princes to his imperial name
Bend their bright sceptres down;
Dominions, thrones, and powers rejoice
To see him wear the crown.

3 Archangels sound his lofty praise
Through every heavenly street;
And lay their highest honors down,
Submissive, at his feet.

4 While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains;
Let all the earth his honors sing,—
O'er all the earth he reigns.

5 Now to the Lamb that once was slain
Be endless blessings paid:
Salvation, glory, joy remain
Forever on thy head!

6 Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood,
Hast set the prisoners free;
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

BEFORE SERMON.

511 *Imploring God's Presence.* L. M.

THY presence, gracious God, afford;
Prepare us to receive thy word;
Now let thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mix'd with what we hear.

2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
And fix our hearts and hopes above;
With food divine may we be fed,
And satisfied with living bread.

3 To us thy sacred word apply,
With sov'reign pow'r and energy;
And may we, in thy faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear.

4 Father, in us thy Son reveal;
Teach us to know and do thy will;
Thy saving pow'r and love display,
And guide us to the realms of day.

512 *A Hymn before Sermon.* C. M.

In thy great name, O Lord, we come,
To worship at thy feet;
O, pour thy Holy Spirit down
On all that now shall meet.

2 We come to hear Jehovah speak,
To hear the Saviour's voice;
Thy face and favor, Lord, we seek;
Now make our hearts rejoice.

3 Teach us to pray and praise, and hear,
And understand thy word;
To feel thy blissful presence near,
And trust our living Lord.

4 Let sinners now thy goodness prove,
And saints rejoice in thee;
Let rebels be subdued by love,
And to the Saviour flee.

513 *Invoking God's Blessing.* C. M.

Within thy house, O Lord our God,
In majesty appear;
Make this a place of thine abode,
And shed thy blessings here.

2 As we thy mercy-seat surround,
Thy Spirit, Lord, impart;
And let thy gospel's joyful sound
With pow'r reach every heart.

3 Here let the blind their sight obtain;
Here give the mourner rest;
Let Jesus here triumphant reign,
Enthron'd in every breast.

4 Here let the voice of sacred joy
And fervent prayer arise,
Till higher strains our tongues employ,
In bliss beyond the skies.

514 *A Blessing Asked for.* C. M.

ONCE more we lift our hearts to God,
Once more his blessing ask;
O may not duty seem a load,
Nor worship prove a task!

2 Father, thy quickening Spirit send
From heaven, in Jesus' name;
To make our waiting minds attend,
And put our souls in frame.

3 May we receive the word we hear,
Each in an honest heart;
And keep the precious treasure there,
And never with it part.

4 To seek thee all our hearts dispose,
To each thy blessing suit;
And let the seed thy servant sows
Produce a plenteous fruit.

515 *Prayer for a Quickening.* C. M.

O LORD, our languid souls inspire
For here we trust thou art!
Send down a coal of heav'nly fire,
To warm each waiting heart.

2 May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith present our pray'rs;
And in the presence of our Lord,
Unbosom all our cares.

3 And may the gospel's joyful sound,
Enforced by mighty grace,
Awaken many sinners 'round
To come and fill the place.

516 *Spiritual Improvement.* M. 8s, 7s & 4.

In thy name, O Lord, assembling,
We, thy children, now draw near;
Teach us to rejoice with trembling;
Speak, and let thy servants hear,—
Hear with meekness,—
Hear thy word with godly fear.

2 While our days on earth are lengthen'd,
May we give them, Lord, to thee;
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthen'd,
We would run, nor weary be,
Till thy glory,
Without clouds, in heaven we see.

3 There, in worship purer, sweeter,
All thy people shall adore,
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Than they could conceive before,—
Full enjoyment,—
Holy bliss, for evermore.

517 *Sinners Entreated to Hear.* M. 8s, 7s & 4.

Sinners, will you scorn the message,
Sent in mercy from above?
Every sentence, O how tender!
Every line is full of love:
Listen to it—
Every line is full of love.

2 Hear the heralds of the gospel
News from Zion's King proclaim,
To each rebel sinner, "Pardon,
Free forgiveness in his name:"
How important!
Free forgiveness in his name!

3 Who hath our report believed?
Who received the joyful word?
Who embrac'd the news of pardon,
Offered to you by the Lord?
Can you slight it—
Offered to you by the Lord?

4 O, ye angels, hovering 'round us,
Waiting spirits, speed your way;
Hasten to the court of heaven,
Tidings bear without delay:
Rebel sinners
Glad the message will obey.

518 *Prayer for the Success of the Word.* C. M.

COME, O thou all victorious Lord,
Thy pow'r to us make known,
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break these hearts of stone.

2 Speak with the voice which wakes the dead,
And bids the sleeper rise,
And let each guilty conscience dread
The death that never dies.

3 To them a sense of guilt impart,
And then remove the load,
Quicken, and wash the troubled heart
In thine atoning blood.

4 Their desp'rate state through sin declare
And speak their sins forgiv'n;
By daily growth in grace prepare,
Then take them up to heav'n.

AFTER SERMON.

519 *The Seed of the Word.* C. M.

ALMIGHTY God, thy word is cast
Like seed, into the ground:
Now let the dew of heaven descend,
And righteous fruits abound.

2 Let not the foe of Christ and man
This holy seed remove;
But give it root in every heart,
To bring forth fruits of love.

3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy;
But let it yield a hundred-fold,
The fruits of peace and joy.

4 Oft as the precious seed is sown,
Thy quickening grace bestow;
That all, whose souls the truth receive,
Its saving power may know.

520 *God's Increase Prayed for.* C. M.

NOW, Lord, the heavenly seed is sown;
Be it thy servant's care,
Thy heavenly blessings to bring down,
By humble, fervent pray'r.

2 In vain we plant without thine aid,
And water too in vain;
Lord of the harvest, God of grace,
Send down thy heavenly rain.

3 Then shall our cheerful hearts and tongues
Begin this song divine—
"Thou, Lord, hast giv'n the rich increase,
And be the glory thine."

521 *Prayer for a Blessing.* M. 8s, 7s & 4.

COME, thou soul-transforming Spirit,
Bless the sower and the seed;
Let each heart thy grace inherit;
Raise the weak, the hungry feed;
From the gospel
Now supply thy people's need.

2 O, may all enjoy the blessing
Which thy word's designed to give;
Let us all, thy love possessing,
Joyfully the truth receive,
And forever
To thy praise in glory live.

522 *God's Favor Invoked.* L. M.

COME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell,
By faith and love, in every breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
The joys that cannot be express'd.

2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength;
Make our enlarging souls possess:
And learn the height, and breadth, and length
Of thine immeasurable grace.

3 Now to the Lord, whose power can do
More than our thoughts and wishes know,
Be everlasting honors done,
By all the Church, through Christ, his Son.

523 *Prayer after Sermon.* C. M.

LORD of the harvest, God of grace,
Send down thy heavenly rain;
In vain we plant without thine aid,
And water too in vain.

2 May no vain thoughts, those birds of prey,
Defraud us of our gain;
Nor anxious cares, those baleful thorns,
Choke up the precious grain.

3 Ne'er may our hearts be like the rock,
Where but the blade can spring,
Which, scorch'd with heat, becomes by noon
A dead,—a useless thing.

4 Let not the joys thy gospel gives,
A transient rapture prove;
Nor may the world, by smiles and frowns,
Our faith and hope remove.

5 But may our hearts, like fertile soil,
Receive the heavenly word;
So shall our fair and ripened fruits
Their hundred-fold afford.

524 *Praying for a Blessing on the Word.* L. M.

ALMIGHTY Father, bless the word,
Which, thro' thy grace, we now have heard;
O may the precious seed take root,
Spring up, and bear abundant fruit.

2 We praise thee for the means of grace,
Thus in thy court to seek thy face;
Grant, Lord, that we, who worship here,
May all, at length, in heaven appear.

ALMS-DEEDS AND COLLECTIONS.

525 *Alms for the Poor.* C. M.

FATHER of mercies! send thy grace,
All-powerful from above;
To form in our obedient souls,
The image of thy love.

2 O, may our sympathizing breasts
That generous pleasure know,
Freely to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe.

3 Whene'er the helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pain to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.

4 So Jesus look'd on dying man,
When throned above the skies;
And, 'midst the glories of his state,
Felt his compassion rise.

5 On wings of love the Saviour flew
To raise us from the ground;
And shed the richest of his blood,
A balm for every wound.

526 *Collection for the Gospel.* M. 8s, 7s & 4.

With my substance I will honor
My Redeemer and my Lord;
Were ten thousand worlds my manor,
All were nothing to his word:
Hallelujah!—
Now we offer to the Lord.

2 While the heralds of salvation
His abounding grace proclaim,
Let his saints of every station
Gladly join to spread his fame:
Hallelujah!—
Gifts we offer to his name.

3 May his kingdom be promoted;
May the world the Saviour know;
Be to him these gifts devoted,
For to him my all I owe;
Hallelujah!—
Run, ye heralds, to and fro.

4 Praise the Saviour, all ye nations;
Praise him, all ye hosts above;
Shout with joyful acclamations
His divine, victorious love:
Hallelujah!—
By this gift our love we'll prove.

527 *Relieving Christ in his Members.* C. M.

HIGH on a throne of light, O Lord,
Dost thou exalted shine;
What can our poverty bestow,
Since all the world is thine?

2 But thou hast brethren here below,
Partakers of thy grace,
Whose humble names thou wilt confess
Before thy Father's face.

3 In them mayst thou be cloth'd and fed,
And visited and cheer'd;
And, in their accents of distress,
The Saviour's voice be heard.

4 Whate'er our willing hands can give,
Lord, at thy feet we lay;
Grace will the humble gift receive,
And grace at length repay.

528 *Christian Liberality.* C. M.

RICH are the joys that cannot die,
With God laid up in store;
Treasures beyond the changing sky,
Brighter than golden ore.

2 The seeds which piety and love,
Have scattered here below,
In the fair, fertile fields above,
To ample harvest grow.

3 The mite my willing hands can give,
At Jesus' feet I lay;
Grace shall the humble gift receive,
Abounding grace repay.

529 *Reliance on God.* C. M.

How can I sink with such a prop
As my eternal God,
Who bears the earth's huge pillars up,
And spreads the heavens abroad?

2 How can I die while Jesus lives,
Who rose and left the dead?
Pardon and grace my soul receives
From my exalted Head.

3 All that I am, and all I have,
Shall be forever thine;
Whate'er my duty bids me give,
My cheerful hands resign.

4 Yet, if I might make some reserve,
And duty did not call,
I love my God with zeal so great,
That I should give him all.

530 *More Blessed to Give than Receive.* L. M.

Help us, O Lord, thy yoke to wear,
Delighting in thy perfect will;
Each others burdens learn to bear,
And thus the law of love fulfil.

2 He that hath pity on the poor,
Lendeth his substance to the Lord;
And, lo! his recompense is sure,
For more than all shall be restor'd.

3 Teach us, with glad, ungrudging heart,
As thou hast blest our various store,
From our abundance to impart
A lib'ral portion to the poor.

4 To thee our all devoted be,
In whom we breathe, and move, and live;
Freely we have receiv'd from thee;
Freely may we rejoice to give.

5 And while we thus obey thy word,
And every call of want relieve,
O, may we find it, gracious Lord,
More blest to give than to receive!

531 *Kindness to the Poor.* H. M. 6,6,6,6,8,8.

GRACE shall our souls inspire
With holy love to all:
Nor let us ever tire
Where want and duty call;
O, let it ne'er be said again,
"What do ye more than other men?"

2 The wretched we would seek,
The naked we would clothe;
The mists of folly break,
With sacred light and love;
The mourner cheer, the hungry feed,
And for the poor and needy plead.

5 The promise we receive
Will amply then repay
The mite we freely give
Lord, to the poor, to-day:
Accept the off'ring we impart—
The tribute of a grateful heart.

BAPTISM.

532 *Christ our Exemplar.* C. M.

JESUS the cross for me endur'd,
And all its shame despised;—
And shall I be ashamed, O Lord,
With thee to be baptized?

2 Didst thou the great example lead,
In Jordan's swelling flood?
And shall my pride disdain the deed,
That's worthy of my God?

3 O Lord, the ardor of thy love
Reproves my cold delays;
And now my willing footsteps move
In thy delightful ways.

533 *Buried by Baptism.* M. 8s, 7s & 4.

Thou hast said, exalted Jesus,
"Take thy cross and follow me;"
Shall the word with terror seize us?
Shall we from the burden flee?
Lord, I'll take it,
And, rejoicing, follow thee.

2 While this liquid tomb surveying,
Emblem of my Saviour's grave,
Shall I shun its brink, betraying
Feelings worthy of a slave?
No! I'll enter:
Jesus entered Jordan's wave.

3 Blessed sign which thus reminds me,
Saviour, of thy love for me!
But more blest the love that binds me,
In its deathless bonds to thee:
O what pleasure,
Buried with my Lord to be!

4 Should it rend some fond connection,
Should I suffer shame or loss,
Still the fragrant, blest reflection,
I have been where Jesus was,
Will revive me,
When I faint beneath the cross.

5 Fellowship with him possessing,
Let me die to earth and sin;
Let me rise t' enjoy the blessing
Which the faithful soul shall win;
May I ever
Follow where my Lord has been.

534 *Teach and Baptize.* L. M.

'Twas the commission of our Lord,
"Go, teach the nations, and baptize;"
The nations have received the word,
Since he ascended to the skies.

2 He sits upon th' eternal hills,
With grace and pardon in his hands,
And sends his covenant with the seals,
To bless the distant heathen lands.

3 "Repent and be baptized," he saith,
In token of forgiven sins;"
And thus our sense assists our faith,
And shows us what the gospel means.

4 Hence, we engage ourselves to thee,
And seal our cov'nant with the Lord;
O may the great eternal Three
In heaven our solemn vows record.

535 *Buried with Him by Baptism.* L. M.

Jesus, we come at thy command,
Now on the water's brink we stand,
Ready to walk into the wave,
A lively emblem of the grave.

2 Let neither shame, nor fear, nor pride
Divert our steady feet aside;
'Tis by appointment, in thy name,
We venture down into the stream.

3 Lord of the universe! look down,
And make thy great salvation known:
Teach every christian to obey,
And follow Jesus in "thy way."

536 *Following Christ.* C. M.

BURIED beneath the yielding wave
The great Redeemer lies;
Faith views him in the watery grave,
And thence beholds him rise.

2 Thus do his willing saints, to-day,
Their ardent zeal express,
And, in the Lord's appointed way,
Fulfil all righteousness.

3 With joy we in his footsteps tread,
And would his cause maintain,—
Like him be numbered with the dead,
And with him rise and reign.

4 His presence oft revives our hearts,
And drives our fears away;
When he commands, and strength imparts,
We cheerfully obey.

5 Now we, blest Saviour, would to thee
Our grateful voices raise;
Washed in the fountain of thy blood,
Our lives shall all be praise.

537 *Baptism into Christ.* S. M.

WITH willing hearts we tread
The path the Saviour trod;
We love th' example of our Head,
The glorious Lamb of God.

2 On thee, on thee alone,
Our hope and faith rely,
O thou who didst for sin atone,
Who didst for sinners die.

3 We trust thy sacrifice;
To thy dear cross we flee;
O, may we die to sin, and rise
To life and bliss in thee.

538 *Baptism of a Young Convert.* M. 7s & 6s.

I AM but a young convert,
Who lately did profess;
I've just receiv'd my bounty,
Likewise my martial dress;
I'll wear the badge of honor,
And fight for Christ, my Lord.
I'll follow his example,
And keep his holy word.

2 'Tis down into the water
That we young converts go,
To serve our Lord and Master
In righteous acts below;
We lay our mortal bodies
Beneath the yielding wave,
An emblem of our Saviour,
When he lay in the grave.

539 *Christian Baptism.* M. 7s.

CHRISTIANS, if your hearts be warm,
Ice and snow can do no harm;
If by Jesus you're appriz'd,
Rise, believe and be baptiz'd.

2 Jesus drank the gall for you,
Bore the curse to mortals due;
Christians, prove your love to him;
Never fear the frozen stream.

3 Never shun the Saviour's cross;
All on earth is worthless dross;
If the Saviour's love you feel,
Let the world behold your zeal.

4 Read his sacred word by day,
Ever watching, always pray;
Meditate his law by night;
This will give you great delight.

540 *Confession of Christ in Baptism.* C. M.

"Proclaim," said Christ, "my Father's grace,
To all the sons of men;
He who believes and is baptiz'd,
Salvation shall obtain."

2 Let plenteous grace descend on these,
Who, trusting in his word,
Are here and openly declare
That Jesus is their Lord.

3 With cheerful feet may they go on,
And run the christian race;
In every trouble of the way,
Find all-sufficient grace.

4 And when the awful message comes,
To call their souls away;
May they be found prepar'd to live
In realms of endless day.

541 *Philip and the Eunuch.* L. M.

The sacred page proclaims abroad
The glories of the sovereign God,
Whose providence and grace unite
To bring his great decrees to light.

2 From Ethiopia's sun-burnt plains,
Where sultry summer ceaseless reigns,
An eunuch chief, of wealth and fame,
To worship in the temple came.

3 Returning home the thoughtful sage
Perused the deep prophetic page;
Of Jesus read, as on he went,
But doubted whom the prophet meant.

4 By heaven's command, that moment came
Philip, a follower of the Lamb:
Him the enquiring prince receiv'd,
And all the words he spake, believ'd.

5 Then, of his duty well appris'd,
The eunuch wished to be baptiz'd:—
A silver stream ran full in sight—
He asks, and soon receives the rite.

6 He journeys on without delay,
In Christ rejoicing all the way,
And tells the Ethiopian race
The wonders of redeeming grace.

542 *The Ancient Mode of Baptism.* M. 7s.

PEOPLE of the living God,
Walk the way that Jesus trod:—
Down into the water go;
Be baptiz'd your faith to show.

2 Faith without good works is dead,
As the Lord himself hath said;
Therefore rise and be immers'd,
As believers were at first.

3 All obeyed in days of old,
As you have been often told:
And as you can plainly read
In the word—the christian's creed.

4 Then come, christians—don't delay;
Follow Christ—his word obey;
Don't be ruled by man's decree,
When you thus your duty see.

5 O how good it is to tread
In the way the Saviour led!
When baptized by John of old,
In the stream of Jordan bold.

543 *Salem's Bright King.* C.P. M. 8,8,6,8,8,6.

SALEM's bright King, Jesus by name,
In former time to Jordan came,
All righteousness to fill;
'Twas there the ancient Baptist stood,
Whose name was John, a man of God,
To do his Master's will.

2 Down in old Jordan's rolling stream,
The Baptist led the holy Lamb,
And there did him baptize;
Jehovah saw his darling Son,
And was well pleas'd with what he'd done,
And owned him from the skies.

3 The opening heav'n anon complies,
The Holy Ghost then quickly flies
Down from the courts above;
And on the holy, heavenly Lamb,
The Spirit lights and does remain,
In shape like a fair dove.

4 "This is my Son," the Father said,
"Him all shall hear—both quick and dead,
And own him Lord of all."—
Hark! 'tis his voice! Behold he cries:
"Repent, believe, and be baptiz'd,
And thus obey my call."

5 Come, converts, come, his voice obey,—
Salem's great King has mark'd the way,
And has a crown prepar'd;
O then arise, and give consent,
Walk in the way that Jesus went,
And have a great reward.

6 Believers, come, now gather 'round,
And let your joyful songs abound,
With cheerful hearts arise;

See—here is water, here is room,
A loving Saviour calling, Come,
Ye converts, be baptized.

7 Behold his servant waiting stands,
With willing heart and ready hands,
To wait upon the bride;
Ye candidates, your hearts prepare,
And let us join in solemn pray'r,
Down by the water side.

544

Repentance—Baptism. H. M. 6,6,6,6,8,8.

REPENT, and be baptiz'd,
Saith your redeeming Lord;
Ye all are now appris'd,
That 'tis your Saviour's word;
Arise, arise, without delay,
And his divine command obey.

2 Come, ye believing train,
No more his truth withstand;
No longer think it vain,
To honor God's command;
But haste, arise without delay,
And be baptized in Jesus' way.

3 Jesus, thou Prince of peace,
To thy great name we pray:
Make the converted race
Thine ordinance obey;
O may thy love their souls o'ercome,
And draw them to the liquid tomb.

545

On Baptism. M. 8s, 7s & 4.

TO the flowing stream of Jordan
Lo! the King of Zion came;
There the ancient Baptist waited,
To immerse the spotless Lamb:
They descended
To the Saviour's watery tomb.

2 Thus baptiz'd, the great Redeemer
Show'd the way his saints should tread,
And when rising from the water,
God approv'd and blest the deed,
And the Spirit
Rested on his sacred head!

3 Come, then, ye who love the Saviour,
Fear not now to own your Lord,
Joyful though the world should scorn you,
Follow Christ, obey his word.
He'll defend you,
Fear ye not to follow him!

4 Hear the Saviour saying to you,
From his glorious throne above,
Ye who trust in me for pardon,
By obedience show your love:
Be baptized,
My example shows the way.

5 Lord, our hearts incline to follow
In the way which thou didst tread,
We will turn from every other,
While thy sacred word we read:
O, Redeemer!
Gladly now we'll follow thee!

FEET-WASHING.

546 *Feet-Washing a Church Ordinance.* C. M.

In Jesus' name once more we meet,
To honor him who said:
Ye ought to wash each other's feet,
As I the way have led.

2 Then come, like loving brethren bound,
To tread the paths he trod;
Come, do his will, and walk the ground,
Which leads to heav'n and God.

3 Shall we forget the sacred rite,
Our dying Lord ordain'd,
Upon that dark and solemn night,
When he, our woe-cup drain'd?

4 With words of love, sublime and sweet,
He cheer'd each fainting heart,
And wash'd, and wip'd those loved ones' feet,
From whom he soon must part.

5 Girded to serve; the Lord of all,
Thus taught humility;
And still his voice doth on us call,
"Fear not, but follow me.

6 If I, your Lord and Master, thought,
A servant's office meet,
Be not ashamed, but know ye ought
To wash each other's feet."

7 Yea, Lord, we will remember Thee,
And keep this plain command;
O, may our hearts obedient be,
In one united band.

547 *Ordinance of Washing Feet.* L. M.

WHEN Jesus Christ was here below
He taught his people what to do:
And would we yield obedience meet,
We must descend to washing feet.

2 For on the night he was betray'd,
He for us all a pattern laid:
When, after supper, from his seat
He rose, and washed his brethren's feet.

3 The Lord, who made the earth and sky,
Arose, and laid his garments by,
And washed their feet—to show that we
Should always kind and humble be.

4 He washed their feet, tho' they were clean;
Nor did he mean, to cleanse from sin;—
But Peter said, "It shall not be;
Thou shalt not stoop to washing me."

5 Then Jesus said, "If you refuse,
And will not my instructions choose,
Thou hast no part or lot with me;"
Then Peter yielded willingly.

6 Like Peter—some still disobey:
"'Tis not essential," they will say;
But such a pretext will not stand
Before our Saviour's plain command:—

7 "You call me Lord, and Master too;
Then do, as I have done to you:
Keep all my words and laws, complete,
And prove your love, by washing feet.

8 Ye shall be happy, if ye know
And do these things, by faith, below;
And I will guide you, till you die,
And then receive your souls on high."

548 *Feet-washing Enjoined.* S. M.

BEHOLD!—Our blessed Lord
Met with his chosen band,
And said to them, in act and word,
"Keep this, my plain command."

2 He laid his garments by,
Upon that doleful night,
When earth and hell combined, to try
Man's only hope to blight.

3 Then did our humble Lord
With towel girded stand,
A basin, full of water pour'd,
Held in his sacred hand;

4 And meekly bow him down,
As servant of them all—
Although the heir to glory's crown—
On whom the angels call;—

5 And lo!—he washed their feet!
And then he wiped them dry!
And taught them, thus, a lesson meet,
Of deep humility.

6 "Know ye what I have done?"
Said he to one and all;
"I have to you a pattern shown,—
Whom ye your Master call;

7 "As I have washed your feet,
To show my love for you:
Ye ought to wash each other's feet,
And prove your friendship, too.

8 "The servant must not claim
To be above his Lord;"—
Then, Lord, be this my constant aim,
To keep thy sacred word.

549 *Christ our Example.* L. M.

THE Church of God believes it right,
To think and do as Jesus bade,
When on that dark and doleful night
He gave his law, and plainly said:—

2 Mark the example which I give;
Keep it, and show your mutual love:
My precepts do, and you shall live,
In bliss below, and heaven above.

3 Then, do we love our brethren now?
And are we bound in union sweet?
If so, like Jesus, let us bow,
And let us wash each other's feet.

4 Let no one be ashamed of this,—
Or, Peter-like, turn, and say, no;
But as we aim for heavenly bliss,
We'll in our Master's footsteps go.

5 Now, Lord, we'll wash thy people's feet,
And here enjoy their fond embrace;
Each with a kiss of friendship greet;
And hope in love to see thy face.

6 And then we'll feast on heavenly love,
And find our joys to be complete:
Yes, then we'll sing thy praise above,
And bow, with angels, at thy feet.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

550 *The Lord's Supper Instituted.* L. M.

'Twas on that dark, that doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betrayed him to his foes;—

2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and bless'd, and brake:
What love through all his actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace he spake!

3 "This is my body, broke for sin;
Receive and eat the living food;"
Then took the cup and bless'd the wine;
"'Tis the new covenant in my blood."

4 "Do this," he cried, "till time shall end,
In memory of your dying Friend;
Meet at my table, and record
The love of your departed Lord."

5 Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,
We show thy death, we sing thy name,
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage supper of the Lamb.

551 *Communion.*—1 Cor. 10: 16, 17. S. M.

JESUS invites his saints
To meet around his board;
Here the redeem'd, can sit and hold
Communion with their Lord.

2 This holy bread and wine
Maintain our fainting breath,
By union with our living Lord,
And interest in his death.

3 Our heavenly Father calls
Christ and his members one;
His people children of his love,
And Christ his first-born Son.

4 We are but several parts
Of the same broken bread;
One body hath its several limbs,
But Jesus is the head.

5 Let all our powers be joined,
His glorious name to raise;
Pleasure and love fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

552 "*This do in Remembrance of Me.*" C. M.

ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember thee.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thy agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember thee?

4 When to the cross I turn my eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
I must remember thee—

5 Remember thee and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.

553 *Can we Forget?* C. M.

JESUS! thy love shall we forget:
And never bring to mind
The grace that paid our hopeless debt,
And bade us pardon find?

Our sorrows and our sins were laid
On thee—alone on thee;
Thy precious blood our ransom paid;
Thine all the glory be.

2 Shall we thy life of grief forget,
Thy fasting and thy pray'r;
Thy locks with mountain vapors wet,
To save us from despair?

Our sorrows, &c.

3 Gethsemane, can we forget—
Thy struggling agony—
When night lay dark on Olivet,
And none to watch with thee?
Our sorrows, &c.

4 Can we the crown of thorns forget—
The buffeting and shame;
When hell thy sinking soul beset,
And earth reviled thy name?
Our sorrows, &c.

5 The nails, the spear can we forget,
The agonizing cry:—
"My God! my Father! wilt thou let
Thy Son forsaken die?"
Our sorrows, &c.

6 Life's highest joys we may forget—
Our kindred cease to love;
But he who paid our hopeless debt,
Our constancy shall prove.
Our sorrows, &c.

554 *Humble Communion.* C. M.

LORD, at thy table we behold
The wonders of thy grace,
But most of all admire, that we
Should find a welcome place;—

2 We, who were all defiled with sin,
And rebels to our God;
We, who have crucified thy Son,
And trampled on his blood.

3 What strange, surprising grace is this,
That we, so lost, have room!
Jesus our weary souls invites,
And freely bids us come.

4 Eat, O my friends, the Saviour cries;
The feast was made for you:
For you I groan'd, and bled, and died,
And rose, and triumph'd too.

5 Ye saints below, and hosts of heav'n,
Join all your sacred pow'rs:
No theme is like redeeming love;
No Saviour is like ours.

6 Had I ten thousand hearts, dear Lord,
I'd give them all to thee;
Had I ten thousand tongues, they all
Should join the harmony.

555 *The Body and Blood of Christ.* C. M.

HERE at thy table, Lord, we meet,
To feed on food divine:
Thy body is the bread we eat,
Thy precious blood the wine.

2 Here peace and pardon sweetly flow:
O, what delightful food!
We eat the bread, and drink the wine,
But think on nobler good.

3 Deep was the suffering he endur'd
Upon th' accursed tree;
"For me," each welcome guest may say,
"'Twas all endured for me."

4 Sure there was never love so free—
Dear Saviour, so divine:
Well thou mayst claim that heart of me,
Which owes so much to thine.

556 *The Lord's Table.* C. M.

THE King of heaven his table spreads,
And blessings crown the board;
Not paradise, with all its joys,
Could such delight afford.

2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life, are given,
Through the rich blood that Jesus shed
To raise our souls to heaven.

3 Millions of souls, in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here;
And millions more, still on the way,
Around the board appear.

4 All things are ready; come away,
Nor weak excuses frame;
Crowd to your places at the feast,
And bless the Master's name.

557 *Enjoyment in the Service.* L. M.

FAR from my thoughts, vain world, begone;
Let my religious hours alone;
Fain would my eyes my Saviour see;
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

2 O, warm my heart with holy fire,
And kindle there a pure desire;
Come, sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill my soul with heav'nly love.

3 Blest Saviour, what delicious fare!
How sweet thy entertainments are!
Ne'er did the angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.

4 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine!
In thee thy Father's glories shine;
Thy glorious name shall be ador'd,
And every tongue confess thee Lord.

558 *The Last Scenes.* L. M.

'TWAS on that night, when doom'd to know
The eager rage of every foe,
That night, in which he was betray'd,
The Saviour of the world took bread;

2 And, after thanks and glory giv'n
To him that rules in earth and heav'n,
That symbol of his flesh he broke,
And thus to all his followers spoke:

3 My broken body thus I give
To you, my friends; take, eat, and live;
And oft the sacred feast renew,
That brings my wondrous love to view.

4 Then in his hands the cup he rais'd,
And God anew he thank'd and prais'd;
While kindness in his bosom glow'd,
And from his lips salvation flow'd.

5 My blood I thus pour forth, he cries,
To cleanse the soul in sin that lies;
In this the covenant is seal'd,
And heaven's eternal grace reveal'd.

6 This cup is fraught with love to men;
Let all partake who love my name;
Through latest ages let it pour
In memory of my dying hour.

559 *Coming to the Table of the Lord.* C. M.

LET vain pursuits and vain desires
Be banished from the heart,
The Saviour's love fill every breast,
And light and life impart.

2 He knew how frail our nature is,
Our souls how apt to stray;
How much we need his gracious help
To keep us in the way.

3 These faithful pledges of his love
His mercy did ordain,
To bring refreshment to our souls,
And faith and hope sustain.

4 Since such his condescending grace,
Let us with hearts sincere,
Obedient to his holy will,
To this dear feast draw near.

5 And while we join to celebrate
The sufferings of our Lord,
May we receive new grace and power,
To keep his holy word.

560 *A Communion Hymn.* S. M.

O for a prophet's fire!
O for an angel's tongue!
To speak the mighty love of Him
Who on the cross was hung.

2 In vain our hearts attempt,
In language meet, to tell
How through a thousand sorrows burned
That flame unquenchable.

3 Yet would we praise that love,
Beyond expression dear:
Come, gather round this table, then,
And celebrate it here.

4 These symbols of his death,
O, with what power they speak!
Prophetic lips and angels' lyres,
Compared with these, are weak.

5 And shall they plead in vain
With our forgetful souls?
Forbid it, Lord, while through our veins
The vital current rolls.

561 *The Gospel Feast.* C. M.

How sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting Love displays
The choicest of her stores.

2 While all our hearts, and every song,
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cries, with thankful tongue,
"Lord, why was I a guest?

3 Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there's room,
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?"

4 'Twas the same love that spread the feast
That sweetly forc'd us in,
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perish'd in our sin.

5 Pity the nations, O our God;
Constrain the earth to come;
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

6 We long to see thy churches full,
That all the chosen race
May, with one voice, and heart, and soul,
Sing thy redeeming grace.

562 *Hymn after the Lord's Supper.* S. M.

Now let each happy guest
The sacred concert raise,
To close the honors of the feast,
And sing the Master's praise.

2 His precepts, how divine!
How suited to our state!
How bright his acts of mercy shine!
His promises how great!

3 This holy bread and wine
Maintain our fainting breath,
By union with our living Lord,
And int'rest in his death.

4 Let all our pow'rs be join'd
His glorious name to raise;
Let holy love fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

563 *New Commandment.* C. M.

YE followers of the Prince of peace,
Who 'round his table draw,
Remember what his spirit was,
What his peculiar law.

2 The love which all his bosom fill'd
Did all his actions guide;
Inspired by love, he lived and taught;
Inspired by love, he died.

3 Let each the sacred law fulfil;
Like his be every mind;
Be every temper formed by love,
And every action kind.

4 Let none who call themselves his friends
Disgrace the honored name,
But by a near resemblance prove
The title which they claim.

564 *Communicant's Faith, Hope and Love.* C. M.

THE rich memorials of thy grief,
The suff'rings of thy death,
We come, blest Saviour, to receive—
But would receive with faith.

2 The tokens sent us, to relieve
Our spirits when they droop,
We come, blest Saviour, to receive,
But would receive with hope.

3 The pledges thou wast pleas'd to leave,
Our mournful minds to move,
We come, blest Saviour, to receive—
But would receive with love.

4 Here, in obedience to thy word,
We take the bread and wine;
The utmost we can do, blest Lord,
For all beyond is thine.

5 Increase our faith, and hope, and love;
Lord, give us all that's good:
We would thy full salvation prove,
And share thy flesh and blood.

THE CHRISTIAN.

565 *The Christian Character.* L. M.

THE christian knows his God aright,
And worships him with strong delight;
He's taught of God, and truly wise—
Still sets the Lord before his eyes.

2 The christian hates his every sin—
Evils external or within;
And with an humble, contrite heart,
From all that's sinful doth depart.

3 The christian has a faith divine,
And doth to faith obedience join;
Believes the truth, the truth obeys,
And always walks in holy ways.

4 The christian is a man of God—
He takes the pure, the heavenly road;
All his affections rise above,
And all his heart is full of love.

5 The christian shines with lustre bright:
His understanding's full of light;
To Jesus Christ he's wholly given,
And is indeed a form of heaven.

6 To thee, O Lord, my soul aspires,
And kindles with seraphic fires;
The real christian I would be,
And live conformed to heav'n and thee.

566 *The Christian's Happy State.* C. M.

How happy is the christian's state!
His sins are all forgiv'n;
A cheering ray confirms the grace,
And lifts his hopes to heav'n.

2 Though in the rugged path of life
He heaves the pensive sigh;
Yet, trusting in his God, he finds
Deliv'ring grace is nigh.

3 If, to prevent his wand'ring steps,
He feels the chast'ning rod,
The gentle stroke shall bring him back
To his forgiving God.

4 And when the welcome message comes
To call his soul away,
His soul in raptures shall ascend
To everlasting day.

567 *Living to Christ.* L. M.

My gracious Lord, I own thy right
To every service I can pay,
And call it my supreme delight
To hear thy dictates and obey.

2 I would not breathe for worldly joy,
Or to increase my worldly good,
Nor future days nor powers employ
To spread a sounding name abroad.

3 'Tis to my Saviour I would live;
To him who for my ransom died;
Nor could all worldly honor give
Such bliss as crowns me at his side.

4 His work my hoary age shall bless
When youthful vigor is no more,
And my last hour of life confess
His saving love, his glorious power.

568 *Communion with God.* L. M.

O THAT I could forever dwell
With Mary at my Saviour's feet,
And view the form I love so well,
And all his tender words repeat!

2 The world shut out from all my soul,
And heav'n brought in with all it bliss;
O, is there aught from pole to pole,
One moment to compare with this?

3 This is the hidden life I prize,
A life of pure and filial love,—
When most my follies I despise,
And raise the highest thoughts above.

4 Thus would I live, till nature fail,
And all my former sins forsake;
Then rise to God within the veil,
And of eternal joys partake.

569 *Christian's Blessedness and Glory.* M. 7s.

WHO is as the christian great?
Bought, and wash'd with sacred blood,
Crowns he sees beneath his feet—
Soars aloft and walks with God.

2 Who is as the christian wise?
He his nought for all hath giv'n,
Bought the pearl of greatest price,
Nobly barter'd earth for heav'n.

3 Who is as the christian blest?
He hath found the long-sought stone,
He is join'd to Christ, his rest,
He and happiness are one.

4 Earth and heav'n together meet,
Gifts in him and graces join,
Make the character complete,
All immortal, all divine.

5 Lo! his clothing is the sun,
The bright Sun of right'ousness,
He hath put salvation on,
Jesus is his beauteous dress.

6 Lo! he feeds on living bread,
Drinks the fountain from above,
Leans on Jesus' breast his head;
Feasts forever on his love.

7 Angels here his servants are,
Spread for him their golden wings,
To his throne of glory bear,
Seat him by the King of kings.

570 *Not Ashamed of Jesus.* L. M.

JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star:
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away:
No tear to wipe, no good to crave;
No fear to quell, no soul to save.

5 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain!
And O, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

571 *Rejoicing.* P. M. 6,6,6,3,6,6,6,6,6,3.

How precious is the name!
Brethren, sing—brethren, sing;
How precious is the name!
Brethren, sing:—
How precious is the name
Of Christ, the paschal Lamb!
Who bore our guilt and shame
On the tree—on the tree;
Who bore our guilt and shame
On the tree.

2 I've given all for Christ;
He's my all—he's my all; &c.
I've given all for Christ,
And my spirit cannot rest,
Unless he's in my breast,
Reigning there—reigning there, &c.

3 His easy yoke I'll bear
With delight—with delight; &c.
His easy yoke I'll bear,
And his cross I will not fear;
His name I will declare,
Ever more—ever more, &c.

4 And when we all get home,
We will sing—we will sing; &c.
And when we all get home,
Around our Father's throne,
And myriads join the theme,
We'll sing on—we'll sing on, &c.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

572 *Joy in God.*—Ps. 73: 25. C. M.

My God, my portion, and my love,
My everlasting all,
I've none but thee in heaven above,
Or on this earthly ball.

2 What empty things are all the skies,
And this inferior clod!
There's nothing here deserves my joys,
There's nothing like my God.

3 In vain the bright, the burning sun
Scatters his feeble light;
'Tis thy sweet beams create my noon,
If thou withdraw, 'tis night.

4 How vain a toy is glittering wealth,
If once compared to thee!
Or what's my safety, or my health,
Or all my friends to me?

5 Were I possessor of the earth,
And call'd the stars my own,
Without thy graces and thyself,
I were a wretch undone.

6 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore;
Grant me the visits of thy face,
And I desire no more.

573 *God my Delight.* S. M.

My God, permit my tongue
This joy, to call thee mine;
And let my early cries prevail,
To taste thy love divine.

2 My thirsty, fainting soul
Thy mercy does implore;
Nor travelers in desert lands
Can pant for water more.

3 For life without thy love
No relish can afford;
No joy can be compared to this,
To love and serve the Lord.

4 To thee I lift my hands,
And praise thee while I live;
Not the rich dainties of a feast
Such food and pleasure give.

5 In wakeful hours of night,
I call my God to mind;
I think how wise thy counsels are,
And all thy dealings kind.

6 Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies;
And on thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.

574 *God All and in All.* S. M.

My God, my life, my love!
To thee, to thee I call;
I cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

2 Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell;
'Tis paradise when thou art here;
If thou depart, 'tis hell.

3 Not all the harps above
Can make a heav'nly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.

4 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford;
No, not a drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord,

5 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll—
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.

575 *Asking Christ's Grace.* C. M.

JESUS, the Saviour of my soul,
Be thou my heart's delight;
Ever the same to me remain—
My joy by day and night.

2 Hungry and thirsty after thee
May I be found each hour;
Humble in heart, and happy kept
By thine almighty pow'r.

3 O may I never once forget,
What a poor worm I am;
From death and hell redeem'd by blood,
The blood of God's dear Lamb.

4 May thy blest Spirit, in my heart,
Most sweetly shed abroad,
The love of my incarnate God,
Who bought me with his blood.

5 The mystery of redeeming love
Be ever dear to me;
And may the flesh and blood of Christ
My daily manna be.

576 *Spiritual Joy.* C. M.

FROM thee, my God, my joys shall rise,
And run eternal rounds,
Beyond the limits of the skies,
And all created bounds.

2 The holy triumphs of my soul
Shall death itself outbrave,
Leave dull mortality behind,
And fly beyond the grave.

3 There, where my blessed Jesus reigns,
In heaven's unmeasured space,
I'll spend a long eternity,
In pleasure and in praise.

577 *The Happy Christian.* C. M.

My God—the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights;
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!

2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,
My dawning is begun:
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.

3 The opening heav'ns around me shine,
With beams of sacred bliss,
If Jesus shows his mercy mine
And whispers I am his.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Would bear me conqu'ror through.

578 *Support in God.* C. M.

O God!—our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home,—

2 Beneath the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 Thy word commands our flesh to dust,—
"Return, ye sons of men;"
All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again.

5 O God!—our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while life shall last,
And our eternal home!

579 *Conscience.* L. M.

WHAT is this something in the mind,
Which shudders at the thought of ill,
As though it wisely were design'd
To act upon the human will?

2 It warns—admonishes—and chides;—
If from its counsels I depart
Quick on my conduct it decides,
And writes its sentence on my heart.

3 If as I know, I choose the right,
Then its approving voice I hear;
With fearful terror it can smite,
Or can exclude all guilty fear.

4 'Tis all in vain for me to try
To shun its censure, or applause;
All human art it doth defy,
And deems as folly human laws.

5 Whate'er I may this something name,
Conscience, spirit, or light within;
The faithful monitor the same,
Bids me abhor, and fly from sin.

6 Then be it mine with one to say,
For modes and names—let bigots fight,
But let me choose the better way,
And show the world my life is light.

580 *Christian Experience.* P. M. 6,6,7,6,6,7.

MY brethren, I have found,
A land that doth abound
With food as sweet as manna;
The more I eat, I find,
The more I am inclin'd,
To sing and shout hosanna.

My soul now longs to go—
Where I shall fully know
The glories of my Saviour;
And as I pass along—
I'll sing a christian song:
I hope to live forever.

2 Perhaps you think I'm wild
Or simple as a child—
I am a child of glory;
My birth is from above,
My heart is fill'd with love—
I love to tell the story.

My soul, &c.

3 My brethren, can't you say,
That you are on the way—
Are on your way to glory?
I care not what's your name,
Religion is the same,
With all who love the Saviour.

My soul, &c.

581 *Fellowship with God.* C. M.

Nor life, nor all the toys of art,
Nor pleasure's flow'ry road,
Can to my soul such bliss impart
As fellowship with God.

2 Not health, nor friendship here below,
Nor wealth, that golden load,
Can such delights and comforts show
As fellowship with God.

3 When I in love am made to bear
Affliction's needful rod,
Light, sweet, and kind the strokes appear,
Through fellowship with God.

4 In fierce temptation's fiery blast,
And dark distraction's road,
I'm happy, if I can but state
Some fellowship with God.

5 And when the icy arms of death
Shall chill my flowing blood,
With joy I'll yield my latest breath,
In fellowship with God.

6 When I at last to heav'n ascend,
And gain that bright abode,
A bless'd eternity I'll spend
In fellowship with God.

CHRISTIAN GRACES.

582 *Love the Greatest and Brightest Grace.* C. M.

Happy the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast;
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.

2 Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear;
The stubborn heart will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.

3 This is the grace that lives and sings
When faith and hope shall cease;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet realms of bliss.

4 Before we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode,
The wings of love bear us away
To see our smiling God.

583 *Thy Will be Done.* C. M.

SEARCHER of hearts! from mine erase
All thoughts that should not be,
And in its deep recesses trace
My gratitude to thee.

2 Hearer of prayer! O, guide aright
Each word and deed of mine;
Life's battle teach me how to fight,
And be the victory thine.

3 Giver of all—for every good
In the Redeemer came—
For shelter, raiment, and for food,
I thank thee in His name.

4 Father, and Son, and Holy Ghost!
Thou glorious Three in One!
Thou knowest best, what I need most,
And let thy will be done.

584 *The Christian's Glory and Fortitude.* L. M.

JESUS, my Saviour, and my God,
Thou hast redeem'd me with thy blood;
By ties, both natural and divine,
I am, and ever will be thine.

2 But ah! should my inconstant heart,
Ere I'm aware, from thee depart,
What dire reproach would fall on me,
For such ingratitude to thee!

3 The thought I dread, the crime I hate;
The guilt, the shame I deprecate;
And yet so mighty are my foes,
I dare not trust my warmest vows.

4 Pity my frailty, dearest Lord,
Grace in the needful hour afford:
O steel this tim'rous heart of mine
With fortitude and love divine:

5 So shall I triumph o'er my fears,
And gather joys from all my tears;
So shall I to the world proclaim
The honors of the Christian name.

585 *Holiness and Grace.* L. M.

So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God;
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temperance, truth and love
Our inward piety approve.

4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

586 *Religion Vain without Love.* L. M.

HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, I am found,
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.

2 Were I inspired to preach, and tell
All that is done in heaven and hell;
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still, I am nothing without love.

3 Should I distribute all my store
To feed the needy and the poor;
Or give my body to the flame
To gain a martyr's glorious name;

4 If love to God and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain:
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal
The work of love can e'er fulfil.

587 *Importance of Charity.* S. M.

HAD I the gift of tongues,
Great God, without thy grace,
My loudest words, my loftiest songs
Would be but sounding brass.

2 Though thou shouldst give me skill
Each mystery to explain;
Without a heart to do thy will,
My knowledge would be vain.

3 Had I such faith in God,
As mountains to remove,
No faith could work effectual good,
That did not work by love.

4 Grant, then, this one request,—
Whatever be denied,—
That love divine may rule my breast,
And all my actions guide.

588 *Holy Love.* S. M.

LOVE is the strongest tie
That can our souls unite;
Love makes our service liberty,
Our every burden light.

2 We run in God's commands
When love directs the way;
With willing hearts and active hands
Our Master's will obey.

3 Love softens all our toil,
And makes our bondage blest;
The gloomy desert wears a smile,
When love inspires the breast.

4 When we ascend the skies
And see the Saviour's face,
Love will to full perfection rise,
And reign through all the place.

589 *Christian Submission.* C. M.

HOW sweet to be allowed to pray
To God, the holy one;
With filial love and trust to say,
O God, thy will be done!

2 We in these sacred words can find
A cure for every ill,
They calm and soothe the troubled mind
And bid all care be still.

3 O may that will that gave me birth,
And an immortal soul,
In joy or grief, in life or death,
My every wish control.

4 O, could my heart thus ever pray,—
Thus imitate thy Son!
Teach me, O God, in truth to say,
Thy will, not mine, be done.

590 *Meekness.* L. M.

HAPPY the meek, whose gentle breast,
Clear as the summer's evening ray,
Calm as the regions of the blest,
Enjoys on earth celestial day.

2 His heart no broken friendships sting;
No jars his peaceful tent invade;
He rests beneath th' Almighty's wing,
Hostile to none—of none afraid.

3 Spirit of grace! all meek and mild,
Inspire our hearts,—our souls possess;
Repel each passion rude and wild,
And bless us, as we aim to bless.

591 *The Beatitudes.*—Matt. 5: 2—12. L. M.

BLEST are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty;
Treasures of grace to them are given,
And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.

2 Blest are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart;
The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.

3 Blest are the meek who stand afar
From rage and passion, noise and war;
God will secure their happy state,
And plead their cause against the great.

4 Blest are the souls that thirst for grace,
Hunger and long for righteousness;
They shall be well supplied and fed,
With living streams and living bread.

5 Blest are the men whose bowels move,
And melt with sympathy and love;
From Christ the Lord shall they obtain
Like sympathy and love again.

6 Blest are the pure whose hearts are clean
From the defiling power of sin:
With endless pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless purity.

7 Blest are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing strife;
They shall be called the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.

8 Blest are the sufferers, who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake:
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord;
Glory and joy are their reward.

592 *The Christian Graces.* L. M.

FAITH, hope, and charity, these three,
Yet is the greatest charity;
Father of lights, these gifts impart
To mine and every human heart.

2 Faith, that in prayer can never fail,
Hope, that o'er doubting must prevail,
And charity, whose name above
Is God's own name, for God is love.

3 The morning star is lost in light,
Faith vanishes at perfect sight,
The rainbow passes with the storm,
And hope with sorrow's fading form.

4 But charity, serene, sublime,
Beyond the reach of death and time,
Like the blue sky's all-bounding space,
Holds heaven and earth in its embrace.

593 *Zeal, True and False.* C. M.

ZEAL is that pure and heavenly flame
The fire of love supplies;
While that which often bears the name
Is self in a disguise.

2 True zeal is merciful and mild,
Can pity and forbear;
The false is headstrong, fierce, and wild,
And breathes revenge and war.

3 While zeal for truth the christian warms,
He knows the worth of peace;
But self contends for names and forms,
Its party to increase.

4 Yes, self, however well employed,
Has its own ends in view;
And says, as boasting Jehu cried,
"Come, see what I can do."

5 Self may its poor reward obtain,
And be applauded here;
But zeal the best applause will gain
When Jesus shall appear.

6 O Lord, the idol self, dethrone,
And from our hearts remove;
And let no zeal by us be shown,
But that which springs from love.

594 *Fears Dismissed.* C. M.

Ye trembling souls, dismiss your fears,
Be mercy all your theme;
Mercy, which like a river flows
In one perpetual stream.

2 Fear not the powers of earth and hell;
God will those powers restrain;
His arm shall all their rage repel,
And make their efforts vain.

3 Fear not the want of outward good;
For this he will provide
Grant them supplies of daily food,
And give them heaven beside.

4 Fear not that he will e'er forsake,
Or leave his work undone;
He's faithful to his promises,
And faithful to his Son.

5 Fear not the terrors of the grave,
Or death's tremendous sting;
He will from endless wrath preserve,
To endless glory bring.

595 *Joy a Fruit of the Spirit.* C. M.

JOY is a fruit that will not grow
In nature's barren soil;
All we can boast, till Christ we know,
Is vanity and toil.

2 But where the Lord has planted grace,
And makes his glories known,
The fruits of heav'nly joy and peace
Are found, and there alone.

3 A bleeding Saviour, seen by faith,
A sense of pard'ning love,
A hope that triumphs over death,
Give joys like those above.

4 To take a glimpse within the veil,
To know that God is mine,
Are springs of joy that never fail—
Unspeakable! divine!

5 These are the joys which satisfy,
And sanctify the mind;
Which make the spirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind.

6 No more, believers, mourn your lot,
But since you are the Lord's,
Resign to them who know him not,
Such joys as earth affords.

596 *Christian Submission.* C. M.

O Lord, I would delight in thee,
And on thy care depend;
To thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only friend.

2 When all created streams are dried,
Thy fullness is the same;
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in thy name.

3 Why should the soul a drop bemoan,
Who has a fountain near,
A fountain which shall ever run,
With waters sweet and clear?

4 No good in creatures can be found,
But may be found in thee:
I must have all things, and abound,
While God is God to me.

5 O that I had a stronger faith!
To look within the veil,
To credit what my Saviour saith,
Whose word can never fail.

6 He who has made my heaven secure,
Will here all good provide:
While Christ is rich, can I be poor?
What can I want beside?

7 O Lord, I cast my care on thee,—
I triumph and adore;
Henceforth my great concern shall be,
To love and praise thee more.

597 *Justice and Equity.* C. M.

Come, let us search our ways and see;
Have they been just and right?
Is the great rule of equity
Our practice and delight?

2 What we would have our neighbor do,
Have we still done the same?
From others ne'er withheld the due
Which we from others claim?

3 Do we, in all we sell or buy,
Integrity maintain,
And knowing God is always nigh,
Renounce unrighteous gain?

4 Then may we raise our modest pray'r
To God, the just and kind;
May humbly cast on him our care,
And hope his grace to find.

CHRISTIAN DUTIES.

598 *The Christian's Charge and Duty.* S. M.

A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify—
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil;
O, may it all my pow'rs engage,
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely;
Assur'd if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

599 *Take up thy Cross.* L. M.

TAKE up thy cross! the Saviour said,
If thou wouldst my disciple be;
Take up thy cross with willing heart,
And humbly follow after me.

2 Take up thy cross! let not its weight
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm;
My strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart and nerve thy arm.

3 Take up thy cross! nor heed the shame,
And let thy foolish pride be still;
Thy Lord did not refuse to die
Upon the cross on Calvary's hill.

4 Take up thy cross, then, in his strength,
And calmly sin's wild deluge brave;
'Twill guide thee to a better home,
It points to bliss beyond the grave.

5 Take up thy cross, and follow me,
Nor think till death to lay it down;
For only he who bears the cross,
May hope to wear the glorious crown.

600 *Love of God and our Neighbor.* L. M.

THUS saith the first, the great command,
"Let all thy inward powers unite
To love thy Maker and thy God
With utmost vigor and delight.

2 Then shall thy neighbor next in place
Share thine affections and esteem;
And let thy kindness to thyself
Measure and rule thy love to him."

3 This is the sense that Moses spoke;
This did the prophets preach and prove;
For want of this the law is broke;
And the whole law's fulfilled by love.

4 But, O, how base our passions are!
How cold our charity and zeal!
Lord, fill our souls with heavenly fire,
Or we shall ne'er perform thy will.

601 *Self-Denial.* C. M.

STRAIT is the way, the door is strait,
That leads to joys on high;
'Tis but a few that find the gate,
While crowds mistake and die.

2 Beloved self must be denied,
The mind and will renew'd,
Passion suppressed and patience tried,
And vain desires subdued.

3 Flesh is a dangerous foe to grace,
Where it prevails and rules;
Flesh must be humbled, pride abased,
Lest they destroy our souls.

4 The love of gold be banished hence,
That vile idolatry;
And every member, every sense,
In sweet subjection lie.

5 The tongue, that most unruly power,
Requires a strong restraint;
We must be watchful every hour,
And pray and never faint.

6 Lord, can a feeble, helpless worm
Fulfil a task so hard?
Thy grace must all my work perform,
And give the free reward.

602 *The Good are Happy.*—Ps. 1. C. M.

HOW blest is he who ne'er consents
By ill advice to walk;
Nor stands in sinners' ways, nor sits
Where men profanely talk;

2 But makes the perfect law of God
His business and delight—
Devoutly reads therein by day,
And meditates by night.

3 Like some fair tree, which, fed by streams,
With timely fruit doth bend,
He still shall flourish, and success
All his designs attend.

4 For God approves the just man's ways;
To happiness they tend;
But sinners, and the paths they tread,
Shall both in ruin end.

603 *The Golden Rule.* M. 7s.

THUS said Jesus:—"Go and do
As thou wouldst be done unto:"
Here thy perfect duty see,
All that God requires of thee.

2 Wouldst thou, when thy faults are known,
Wish that pardon should be shown?
Be forgiving, then, and do
As thou wouldst be done unto.

3 Shouldst thou helpless be and poor,
Wouldst thou not for aid implore?
Think of others, then, and be
What thou wouldst they should to thee.

4 Dost thou for compassion call?
Be compassionate to all;
If thou wouldst affection find—
Be affectionate and kind.

5 If thou wouldst obtain the love
Of thy gracious God above,
Then to all his children be
What thou wouldst they should to thee.

604 *The Golden Rule.* L. M.

GRACIOUS Redeemer, how divine—
How righteous is this rule of thine:
To do to all men just the same,
As we expect, or wish from them.

2 This golden lesson, short and plain,
Gives not the mind or memory pain;
And every conscience must approve
This universal law of love.

3 How blest would every nation be,
Thus ruled by love and equity;
All would be free, all friends, no foe,
And form a paradise below.

605 *Walk in the Light.* C. M.

WALK in the light, so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love,
His Spirit only can bestow
Who reigns in light above.

2 Walk in the light, and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly his,
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrin'd,
In whom no darkness is.

3 Walk in the light, and thou shalt own
Thy darkness pass'd away,
Because that Light hath on thee shone
In which is perfect day.

4 Walk in the light, and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquer'd there.

5 Walk in the light! thy path shall be
Peaceful, serene, and bright:
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God himself is light.

606 *The Faithful Servant.* S. M.

Ye servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of his heav'nly word,
And watchful at his gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

3 Watch! 'tis your Lord's command;
And while we speak, he's near;
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

4 O happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crown'd.

5 Christ shall the banquet spread,
With his own bounteous hand,
And raise that favorite servant's head,
Amidst th' angelic band.

607 *Kindness to the Poor.* C. M.

How blest is he who fears the Lord,
And follows his commands;
Who lends the poor without reward,
Or gives with liberal hands.

2 As pity dwells within his breast
To all the sons of need,
So God shall answer his request
With blessings on his seed.

3 In times of danger and distress,
Some beams of light shall shine,
To show the world his righteousness,
And give him peace divine.

4 His works of piety and love
Remain before the Lord;
Sweet peace on earth, and joys above,
Shall be his sure reward.

608 *Duty to the Erring.* L. M.

WOULDST thou an erring soul redeem,
And lead a lost one back to God;
Wouldst thou a guardian angel seem
To one who long in guilt hath trod?

2 Go kindly to him—take his hand,
With gentlest words, within thine own;
And by his side a brother stand
Till thou the demon, sin, dethrone.

3 Scorn not the guilty, then, but plead
With him in kindest, gentlest mood,
And back the lost one thou mayst lead
To God, humanity and good!

4 Thou art thyself but man, and thou
Art weak, perchance, to fall as he;
Then mercy to the fallen show,
That mercy may be shown to thee!

609 *Dare and Do.* M. 7s.

DARE to think, though bigots frown;
Dare in words your thoughts express;
Dare to rise, though oft cast down;
Dare the wrong'd and scorn'd to bless.

2 Dare from custom to depart;
Dare the priceless pearl possess;
Dare to wear it next your heart;
Dare, when sinners curse, to bless.

3 Dare forsake what you deem wrong;
Dare to walk in wisdom's way;
Dare to give where gifts belong;
Dare God's precepts to obey.

4 Do what conscience says is right;
Do what reason says is best;
Do with willing mind and heart;
Do your duty and be blest.

610 *Seeking Refuge in God.* C. M.

DEAR Father, to thy mercy-seat
My soul for shelter flies:
'Tis here I find a safe retreat,
When storms and tempests rise.

2 My cheerful hope can never die,
If thou, my God, art near;
Thy grace can raise my comforts high,
And banish every fear.

3 My great Protector and my Lord,
Thy constant aid impart;
O, let thy kind and gracious word
Sustain my trembling heart.

4 O, never let my soul remove
From this divine retreat;
Still let me trust thy power and love,
And dwell beneath thy feet.

611 *Trial and Faith of Abraham.* L. M.

ABRAHAM, when severely tried,
His faith by his obedience show'd;
He with the harsh command complied,
And gave his Isaac back to God.

2 His son the father offer'd up,—
Son of his age, his only son;
Object of all his joy and hope,
And less beloved than God alone.

3 O for a faith like his, that we
The bright example may pursue;
May gladly give up all to thee,
To whom our more than all is due.

4 Is there a thing than life more dear?
A thing from which we cannot part?
We can; we now rejoice to tear
The idol from our bleeding heart.

5 Jesus, accept our sacrifice;
All things for thee we count but loss;
Lo! at thy word our idol dies,—
Dies on the altar of thy cross.

6 For what to thee, O Lord, we give,
A hundred-fold we here obtain;
And soon with thee shall all receive,
And loss shall be eternal gain.

612 *Speak Gently to the Erring.* C. M.

SPEAK gently to the erring ones:—
Ye know not all the pow'r
With which the dark temptation came
In some unguarded hour.

2 Ye may not know how earnestly
They struggled, or how well,
Until the hour of weakness came,
And sadly thus they fell.

3 Speak gently to the erring one:—
O do not thou forget,
However darkly stained by sin,
He is thy brother yet.

4 Heir of the self-same heritage,
Child of the self-same God,
He hath but stumbled in the path
Thou hast in weakness trod.

5 Speak gently to the erring ones:—
For is it not enough
That innocence and peace are gone,
Without our censure rough?

6 It surely is a weary lot
That sin-crushed heart to bear;
And they who share a happier fate
Their chidings well may spare.

613 *Leaving all to Follow Jesus.* C. M.

AND must I part with all I have,
Jesus, my Lord, for thee?
This is my joy, since thou hast done
Much more than this for me.

2 Yes, let it go—one look from thee
Will more than make amends
For all the losses I sustain
Of credit, riches, friends.

3 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives,
How worthless they appear,
Compared with thee, supremely good,
Divinely bright and fair.

4 Saviour of souls, while I from thee
A single smile obtain,
Though destitute of all things else,
I'll glory in my gain.

CHRISTIAN SUFFERINGS.

614 *The Rock Higher than I.* P. M. 11's.

IN seasons of grief to my God I'll repair,
When my heart's overwhelmed with sorrow and care;
From the end of the earth unto thee will I cry,
Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I—

Higher than I—higher than I—
Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.

2 When Satan, my foe, cometh in like a flood,
To drive my poor soul from the fountain of God,
I'll pray to the Saviour who kindly did die,
Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.
Higher than I, &c.

3 When tempted by Satan the Spirit to grieve,
And th' service of Christ, my Redeemer to leave,
I'll claim my relation to Jesus on high—
The Rock of Salvation, that's higher than I.
Higher than I, &c.

4 O Saviour of sinners, when faint and depress'd,
With manifold trials and sorrows oppress'd,
I'll bow at thy feet, and with confidence cry,
"Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I."
Higher than I, &c.

5 And when I have ended my pilgrimage here,
In Jesus' pure right'ousness let me appear;
In the swelling of Jordan on thee I'll rely,
And look to the Rock that is higher than I.
Higher than I, &c.

6 And when the last trumpet shall sound through the skies,
And the dead from the dust of the earth shall arise;
With millions I'll join far above yonder sky,
To praise the kind Rock that is higher than I.
Higher than I, &c.

615

Tempted Souls Encouraged. L. M.

COME, tempted soul, to Christ draw near,
Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear:
His faithful word declares to thee,
That "as thy day thy strength shall be."

2 Let not thy heart despond and say,
"How shall I stand the trying day?"
He has engaged, by firm decree,
That "as thy day thy strength shall be."

3 Should persecution rage and flame,
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name;
In fiery trials thou shalt see,
That "as thy day thy strength shall be."

4 Although you're weak and foes are strong,
And though thy conflict should be long,
Yet God will make the tempter flee,
For "as thy day thy strength shall be."

5 When call'd to bear the weighty cross
Of sore affliction, pain or loss,
Or deep distress, or poverty,
Still "as thy day thy strength shall be."

6 When ghastly death appears in view,
Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue:
Thy soul in death he will set free,
And "as thy day thy strength shall be."

616 *Refuge for the Tempted.* M. 7s.

JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is nigh.

2 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!

3 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.

4 All my trust on thee is stay'd,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

5 Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

617 *Bliss-Inspiring Hope.* C. P. M.

COME on, my partners in distress,
My comrades through the wilderness,
Who still your bodies feel:
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears,
To that celestial hill.

2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,
Look forward to that heavenly place,
The saints' secure abode;
On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.

3 Who suffer with our Master here,
We shall before his face appear,
And by his side sit down;
To patient faith the prize is sure;
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.

618 *Trials.* M. 7s.

'TIS my happiness below
Not to live without the cross;
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss.

2 Trials must and will befall;
Yet with humble faith I see
Love inscribed upon them all—
This is happiness to me.

3 God in Israel sows the seeds
Of affliction, pain and toil:
These spring up and choke the weeds,
Which would else o'erspread the soil.

4 Trials make the promise sweet,
Trials give new life to pray'r;
Trials bring me to his feet,
Lay me low and keep me there.

5 Did I meet no trials here,
Nor afflictions by the way,
Might I not in reason fear
I should prove a castaway?

6 Aliens may escape the rod,
Sunk in earthly vain delight;
But the true-born child of God
Ought not, would not, if he might.

619 *At Evening Time it shall be Light.* C. M.

THO' earth-born shadows now may shroud
Thy thorny path awhile,
God's blessed word can part each cloud,
And bid the sunshine smile.

2 Only believe, in living faith,
His love and pow'r divine;
And ere thy sun shall set in death,
His light shall 'round thee shine.

3 When tempest clouds are dark and high,
His bow of love and peace
Shines sweetly in the vaulted sky,
Betokening storms shall cease.

4 Hold on thy way, with hope unchill'd;
By faith and not by sight:
And thou shalt own his word fulfill'd—
At eve it shall be light!

620 *The Best Solace in Sorrow.* C. M.

O THOU who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee.

2 The friends who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.

3 But Christ can heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

4 O who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not his wing of love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom,
Our peace-branch from above.

5 Then sorrow, touch'd by him, grows bright,
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light,
We never saw by day.

621

The Benefit of the Cross. C. M.

THE cross of Jesus purifies,
From self and sin sets free;
His cross does make us truly wise,
And brings humility.

2 Reproaches, persecution, shame,—
These must the christian bear;
But when sustain'd for Jesus' name,
How light these burthens are?

3 Must we endure some earthly loss,
Some keen distresses prove?
If these are part of Jesus' cross,
We'll bear them all in love.

4 Must sharp temptations too beset,
And inward conflicts seize?
The faithful soul will not forget
That these shall end in ease.

5 When sin is dead our spirits rest,
Comfort and peace are giv'n,
The inner man serenely blest,
We taste the joys of heav'n.

622 *Cross and Crown.* P.M.8,6,8,6,8,8,7,6,6,6.

MUST Simon bear his cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No! there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.
Yes, there's a cross on Calvary,
Thro' which by faith the crown I see;
To me 'tis pardon bringing:
O that's the cross for me—
O that's the cross for me—
O that's the cross for me!

2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went mourning here;
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.
Yes, perfect love will dry the tear,
And cast out all tormenting fear,
Which 'round my heart is clinging:—
O that's the love for me! &c.

2 I'll bear the consecrated cross,
Till from the cross I'm free;
And then go home to wear the crown:
For there's a crown for me.
Yes, there's a crown in heaven above,
The purchase of my Saviour's love,
For me, at his appearing:—
O that's the crown for me! &c.

623 *Will ye also Go Away?* C. M.

WHEN any turn from Zion's way,
(As numbers often do,)
Methinks I hear my Saviour say,
"Wilt thou forsake me too?"

2 Ah, Lord! with such a heart as mine,
Unless thou hold me fast,
My faith will fail, I shall decline,
And prove like them at last.

3 'Tis thou alone hast power and grace
To save a wretch like me;
To whom then shall I turn my face,
If I depart from thee?

4 Beyond a doubt I rest assur'd,
Thou art the Christ of God,
Who hast eternal life secur'd,
By promise and by blood.

5 The help of men and angels join'd
Could never reach my case!
Nor can I hope relief to find,
But in thy boundless grace.

6 No voice but thine can give me rest,
And bid my fears depart;
No love but thine can make me blest,
And satisfy my heart.

624 *Glory my Home.* P. M. 11, 11, 11, 11.

'MID scenes of confusion and creature complaints,
How sweet to my soul is communion with saints;
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home;
Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home.

2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace,
And thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease;
Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold thee, in glory at home.

Home, home, &c.

3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with thee:
Tho' now my temptations, like billows may foam,
All, all will be peace, when I'm with thee at home.

Home, home, &c.

4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
O give me submission and strength as my day;
In all my afflictions to thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

Home, home, &c.

5 Whate'er thou deniest, O give me thy grace,
The Spirit's sure witness and smiles of thy face;
Indulge me with patience to wait at thy throne,
And find even now a sweet foretaste of home.

Home, home, &c.

6 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine,
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine;
And in thy dear image arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise thee at home.

Home, home, &c.

625

Comfort in God. C. M.

DEAR refuge of my weary soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.

3 But, O! when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

5 Thy mercy-seat is open still;
Here let my soul retreat;
With humble hope attend thy will,
And wait beneath thy feet.

626 *Meekness in Distress.* C. M.

TEACH us, in time of deep distress,
To own thy hand, O God,
And in submissive silence learn
The lessons of thy rod.

2 In every changing scene of life,
Whate'er that scene may be,
Give us a meek and humble mind,
A mind at peace with thee.

3 Do thou direct our steps aright;
Help us thy name to fear;
And give us grace to watch and pray,
And strength to persevere.

4 Then may we close our eyes in death,
Without a fear or care;
For death is life, and labor rest,
If thou art with us there.

627 *Divine Shepherd's Help Implored.* C. M.

SHEPHERD divine, our wants relieve,
In this our evil day;
To all thy tempted followers give,
The pow'r to watch and pray.

2 Long as our fiery trials last,
Long as the cross we bear,
O let our souls on thee be cast,
In never ceasing pray'r!

3 Come, Holy Ghost, thy praying grace
Give us in faith to claim;
To wrestle, till we see thy face,
And know thy hidden name.

4 Till thou the Father's love impart,
Till thou thyself bestow,
Be this the cry of every heart,
"I will not let thee go."

5 I will not let thee go, unless
Thou tell thy name to me;
With all thy great salvation bless,
And say, "Christ died for thee."

628 *God and His Law.* C. M.

God and his law are my delight,
My glory and my song;
My sure support by day and night,
The pleasure of my tongue.

2 When darkness overspreads my mind,
His word supports me still;
I'm there convinc'd that God is kind,
Though I no comfort feel.

3 Are my afflictions sharp and long?
Does pain extreme ensue?
God's word I trust; his arm is strong;
His wisdom bears me through.

4 Glory to thee, thou God of love,
For favors so divine;
Who taught my heart to soar above,
And made those blessings mine.

5 Had not thy word been my relief,
Had not thy truth sustain'd,
I must have perish'd in my grief,
No other help remain'd.

629 *Comfort in the Promises.* L. M.

O God, to thee we raise our eyes;
Calm resignation we implore;
O let no murm'ring thought arise,
But humbly let us still adore.

2 With meek submission may we bear
Each needful cross thou shalt ordain;
Nor think our trials too severe,
Nor dare thy justice to arraign.

3 For though mysterious now thy ways
To erring mortals may appear,
Hereafter we thy name shall praise,
For all our keenest sufferings here.

4 Thy needful help, O God, afford,
Nor let us sink in deep despair;
Aid us to trust thy sacred word,
And find our sweetest comfort there.

630 *Trusting in God in Affliction.* C. M.

Not from the dust affliction grows,
Nor troubles rise by chance;
But we are born to cares and woes,—
A sad inheritance.

2 As sparks break out from burning coals,
And still are upward borne,
So grief is rooted in our souls,
And man grows up to mourn.

3 Yet with my God I leave my cause,
And trust his promised grace;
He rules me by his well known laws
Of love and righteousness.

4 Not all the pains that e'er I bore,
Shall spoil my future peace;
For death and hell can do no more,
Than what my Father please.

631 *Submission and Resignation.* S. M.

SUBMISSIVELY, my God,
I all to thee resign,
And bow before thy chast'ning rod;
Nor will I, Lord, repine.

2 Why should my heart complain,
When wisdom, truth, and love
Direct the stroke, inflict the pain,
And point to joys above?

3 How short my suff'rings here;
How needful every cross:
Away with doubt, distrust, and fear,
Nor call my gain my loss.

4 Then give or take away,
I'll bless thy sacred name:
Jesus to-day, and yesterday,
And ever is the same.

632 *Christ Sympathizes with Us.* L. M. 6 lines.

WHEN gath'ring clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On Him I lean, who not in vain
Experienc'd every human pain:
He feels my griefs, he sees my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heav'nly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the ill I would not do;
Still he who felt temptation's pow'r,
Shall guard me in that dang'rous hour.

3 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me for a little while;
Thou, Saviour, seest the tears I shed,
For thou didst weep o'er Laz'rus dead.

4 And O! when I have safely pass'd
Through every conflict but the last;
Still, still unchanging watch beside
My bed of death; for thou hast died:
Then point to realms of endless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

CHRISTIAN RACE.

633 *Zion's Joyful Travelers.* M. 7s.

CHILDREN of the heav'nly King,
As we journey let us sing—
Sing our Saviour's worthy praise:
Glorious in his works and ways!

2 We are traveling home to God,
In the way our fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 O ye banish'd seed, be glad!
Christ our advocate is made;
Us to save, our flesh assumes,
Brother to our souls becomes.

4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand,
On the borders of our land—
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismay'd go on.

5 Lord! obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow thee!

634 *God, the Pilgrim's Guide.* M. 8s,7s & 4.

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah!
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven!
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open, Lord, the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong deliverer!
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction!
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

635 *"Hinder Me Not."* C. M.

IN all my Lord's appointed ways
My journey I'll pursue;
"Hinder me not," ye much-loved saints,
For I must go with you.

2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
I'll follow where he goes;
"Hinder me not," shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.

3 Through duties, and through trials too,
I'll go at his command;
"Hinder me not:" for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.

4 And, when my Saviour calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be,—
"Hinder me not;" come, welcome, Lord;
I'll gladly go with thee.

636 *But Two Ways.* C. M.

THERE is a path that leads to God;
All others go astray;
Narrow, but pleasant, is the road,
And christians love the way.

2 It leads straight through this world of sin,
And dangers must be past;
But those who boldly walk therein
Will come to heaven at last.

3 While the broad road, where thousands go,
Lies near, and opens fair;
And many turn aside, I know,
To walk with sinners there.

4 But, lest my feeble steps should slide,
Or wander from thy way,
Lord, condescend to be my guide,
And I shall never stray.

637 *Looking to Jesus.*—Heb. 12: 2. C. M.

LO! what a cloud of witnesses
Encompass us around;
Men once like us, with suffering tried,
But now with glory crown'd.

2 Let us, with zeal like theirs inspired,
Strive in the Christian race;
And, freed from every weight of sin,
Their holy footsteps trace.

3 Behold a witness nobler still,
Who trod affliction's path:
Jesus—the author—finisher—
Rewarder of our faith.

4 He, for the joy before him set,
And moved by pitying love,
Endured the cross, despised the shame,
And now he reigns above.

5 Thither, forgetting things behind,
Press we to God's right hand;
There, with the Saviour and his saints
Triumphantly to stand.

638 *Encouraging Examples.* C. M.

RISE, O my soul! pursue the path
By ancient worthies trod;
Aspiring, view those holy men,
Who lived and walked with God.

2 Tho' dead, they speak in reason's ear,
And in example live;
Their faith, and hope, and mighty deeds
Still fresh instruction give.

3 'Twas thro' the Lamb's most precious blood
They conquered every foe;
And to his power and matchless grace
Their crowns of life they owe.

4 Lord, may I ever keep in view
The patterns thou hast given;
And ne'er forsake the blessed road
That led them safe to heaven.

639 *The Ransomed Shall Return.* C. M.

SING, all ye ransomed of the Lord,
Your great Deliverer sing;
Pilgrims, for Zion's city bound,
Be joyful in your King.

2 See the fair way his hand hath made,
How peaceful and how plain;
The simplest trav'ler shall not err,
Nor seek the road in vain.

3 No ravening lion shall destroy,
Nor lurking serpent wound;
Safety, support, and heavenly joy
Through all the way are found.

4 A hand divine shall lead you on
Along the blissful road;
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And city of your God.

5 There garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on every head;
While pain, and sorrow, and distress,
Like shadows, all are fled.

6 Proceed in your Redeemer's strength,
Pursue his footsteps still;
And let the prospect cheer your eyes,
While you ascend the hill.

640 *Homeward Bound.* M. 10,7,10,7,10,10,10,7.

We live as pilgrims and strangers below;
We're homeward bound—homeward bound;
Though often tempted, yet onward we go;
We're homeward bound—homeward bound.
Trials and crosses we cheerfully bear,
Toils and temptations expecting to share;
We hasten forward content with the fare;
We're homeward bound—homeward bound.

2 Earth with its trifles we all have resigned;
We're homeward bound, &c.
Heaven with its glories we shortly shall find;
We're homeward bound, &c.
Sinful amusements no longer are dear;
O how delusive and vain they appear,
While to our home we are drawing so near;
We're homeward bound, &c.

3 We'll tell the world, as we journey along,
We're homeward bound, &c.
Try to persuade them to enter our throng;
We're homeward bound, &c.
Come, trembling sinner, forlorn and opprest,
Join in our number, O come and be blest;
Journey with us to the mansions of rest;
We're homeward bound, &c.

4 Soon we'll be singing, if faithful we prove:
We're home at last—home at last!
Sounding in triumph, in mansions above:
We're home at last—home at last!
Soon as our toils and temptations are o'er:
Up to our home with the blest we shall soar;
O how we'll shout, as we enter the door:
We're home at last!—home at last!

641 *The Christian Race.* L. M.

AWAKE, our souls, away our fears!
Let every trembling thought be gone;
Awake, and run the heav'nly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of every saint.

3 The mighty God, whose matchless pow'r
Is ever new, and ever young;
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting age prolong.

4 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a full supply;
While such as trust their native strength,
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heav'nly road.

642 *Pilgrim's Future Home.* L. M.

"WE'VE no abiding city here:"
This may distress the worldly mind,
But should not cost the saint a tear,
Who hopes a better rest to find.

2 "We've no abiding city here:"
Sad truth, were this to be our home;
But let this thought our spirits cheer—
"We seek a city yet to come."

3 "We've no abiding city here:"
Then let us live as pilgrims do;
Let not the world our rest appear,
But let us haste from all below.

4 "We've no abiding city here:"
We seek a city out of sight;
Zion its name, the Lord is there;
It shines with everlasting light.

5 O sweet abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest!
Had I the pinions of the dove.
I'd fly to thee, and be at rest.

6 But hold, my soul, nor dare repine;
The time my God appoints is best;
While here, to do his will be mine,
And his to fix my time of rest.

643 *Joyfully I Move.* P. M. 10,10,10,10.

JOYFULLY, joyfully onward I move;
Bound for the land of bright spirits above:
Angelic choristers sing as I come;
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.

2 Soon with my pilgrimage ended below;
Home to that land of delight will I go;
Pilgrim and stranger no more shall I roam;
Joyfully, joyfully resting at home.

3 Friends I have there, who have passed on before,
Waiting, they watch me approaching the shore,
Singing to cheer me thro' death's chilling gloom:
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.

4 Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear—
Harps of the blessed, your voices I hear,
Ringing in concert thro' heaven's high dome:
"Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home!"

5 Death, with thy weapons of war, lay me low!
Strike, king of terrors! I fear not the blow:
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb;
Joyfully, joyfully will I go home!

6 Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be banished, his sceptre be gone;
Joyfully then shall I witness his doom;
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home!

644 *Pilgrim Stranger.* P. M. 9,11,10,10,9,11.

I'M a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger;
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night;
Do not detain me, for I am going
To where the streamlets are ever flowing.

I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger;
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.

2 Of that city to which I journey,
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is the light;
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
Nor any tears there, nor any dying.

I'm a pilgrim, &c.

3 There the glory is ever shining;
O my longing heart, my longing heart is there;
Here, in this country, so dark and dreary,
I long have wandered forlorn and weary.

I'm a pilgrim, &c.

4 Father, mother, and sister, brother,
If you will not journey with me, I must go;
For since your vain hope you still will cherish,
Should I too linger, and with you perish?

I'm a pilgrim, &c.

5 Farewell neighbors, with tears I've warn'd you;
I must leave you, I must leave you, and be gone;
With this your portion, your heart's desire,
Why will you perish in raging fire?

I'm a pilgrim, &c.

6 Farewell, drear earth, by sin so blighted,—
In immortal beauty soon you'll be array'd;
For he who formed thee will soon restore thee
From sin and death to honor and glory.

I'm a pilgrim, &c.

645

Happy in Eternity. M. 7s.

HAIL, my partners in distress,
Pilgrims through this wilderness,
Though in sorrow here you roam,
Destitute and far from home;

Yet, poor pilgrims, you shall be
Happy in eternity—
Yes, poor pilgrims you shall be
Happy in eternity.

2 Do not then your fate deplore,
Though despised, cast out and poor;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls, come home!"

Then in glory you shall be, &c.

3 Cruel death, with rudest hands,
May divide the christian bands;
But, in brighter worlds above,
Friends shall meet with friends they love,

Where, united, you shall be, &c.

4 Just beyond this vale of tears,
Lo, a fruitful land appears;
Pilgrim, lift your eyes and see—
There's the home prepar'd for thee:

Where with Jesus you shall be, &c.

646 *Our Journeying to Canaan.* C. M.

WE'RE marching to the promis'd land,
A land all fair and bright;
Come, join our happy pilgrim band,
And seek the plains of light.

O come, and join our pilgrim band,
Our toils and triumphs share;
We soon shall reach the promis'd land,
And rest forever there.

2 The deep red sea 's already cross'd;
Safe on its banks we've stood,
And seen our foes—old Pharaoh's host,
Plunged in the angry flood.

O come, &c.

3 The Saviour feeds his little flock,
His grace is richly giv'n:
The living water from the rock
And daily bread from heav'n.

O come, &c.

4 To Canaan's land he points the way,
And guides our feet aright;
A cloudy pillar leads by day,
A fiery one by night.

O come, &c.

5 Come with us, we will do thee good,
Here is our heart and hand,
To meet you over Jordan's flood,
And share the promis'd land.

O come, &c.

6 There in that land no tears are shed,
No sighs escape the heart;
To joy's full fountain all are led,
And there they never part.

O come, &c.

647 *The Poor Cottager.* C. P. M.

No foot of land do I possess;
No cottage in this wilderness:
A poor way-faring man,
I lodge awhile in tents below,
Or gladly wander to and fro,
Till I my Canaan gain.

2 Nothing on earth I call my own;
A stranger to the world unknown,
I all their goods despise:
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a city out of sight—
A city in the skies.

3 There is my house and portion fair;
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home;
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come!

648 *Heaven Seen by Faith.* L. M.

As when the weary traveler gains
The height of some commanding hill,
His heart revives, if o'er the plains
He sees his home, though distant still,—

2 So when the christian pilgrim views,
By faith, his mansion in the skies,
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.

3 The hope of heaven his spirit cheers;
No more he grieves for sorrows past,
Nor any future conflict fears,
So he may safe arrive at last.

4 O Lord, on thee our hopes we stay,
To lead us on to thine abode,
Assured thy love will far o'erpay
The hardest labors of the road.

649 *The Good Old Way.* L. M.

LIFT up your hearts, Immanuel's friends,
And taste the pleasure Jesus sends;
Let nothing cause you to delay,
But hasten on the good old way.

2 Our conflicts here, though great they be,
Shall not prevent our victory,
If we but watch, and strive, and pray,
Like soldiers in the good old way.

3 O, good old way, how sweet thou art!
May none of us from thee depart;
But may our actions always say,
We're marching in the good old way.

4 Though Satan may his power employ,
Our peace and comfort to destroy;
Yet never fear, we'll gain the day,
And triumph in the good old way.

5 And when on Pisgah's top we stand,
And view by faith the promis'd land,
Then we may sing, exult, and pray,
And march along the good old way.

6 Ye valiant souls, for heav'n contend;
Remember, glory's at the end:
Our God will wipe all tears away,
When we have run the good old way.

7 Then far beyond this mortal shore,
We'll meet with those who've gone before,
And shout to think we've gain'd the day,
By marching in the good old way.

650 *Dwelling with God.* S. M.

"FOREVER with the Lord!"
Amen! so let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word,—
'Tis immortality.

2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from him, I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

3 My Father's house on high—
Home of my soul—how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye
The golden gates appear!

4 "Forever with the Lord!"
Father, if 'tis thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
E'en here to me fulfil.

5 So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
In death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

6 Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
"Forever with the Lord!"

7 The trump of final doom
Shall speak the self-same word,
And heaven's voice sound through the tomb,
"Forever with the Lord!"

651 *The Roads to Hell and Heaven.* C. M.

WIDE is the gate, and broad the way,
Which leads to endless woe!
My soul, behold what multitudes
Down to perdition go!

2 But yonder see that narrow path,
Which leads to endless bliss—
There see a happy, chosen few
Redeem'd by sov'reign grace.

3 They from destruction's city came—
To Zion upward tend:
The Bible is their precious map,
And God himself their friend.

4 Dear Lord, I would a pilgrim be;
Guide thou my feet aright;
I would not for ten thousand worlds,
Be banish'd from thy sight.

5 'Tis heav'n to see thy blissful face—
I long to dwell above,
To feast on thy unbounding stores,
And praise redeeming love.

652 *The Pilgrim's Song.* M. 7s & 6s.

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things
Toward heaven, thy native place:
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun—
Both speed them to their source:
So a soul that's born of God
Pants to view his glorious face;
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon your Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given;
All your sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

653 *Hardships of Zion's Travelers.* C. M.

WHAT poor, despised company
Of travelers are these,
Who walk in yonder narrow way,
Along the rugged maze?

2 Ah! these are of a royal line,
All children of a King;
Heirs of immortal crowns divine,
And, lo! for joy they sing.

3 Why do they, then, appear so mean,
And why so much despis'd?—
Because of their rich robes, unseen,
The world is not appriz'd.

4 But some of them seem poor, distress'd,
And lacking daily bread;—
Oh! they're of boundless wealth possess'd,
With hidden manna fed!

5 But why keep they the narrow road,
That rugged thorny maze?
Why, that's the way their Leader trod;
They love and keep his ways.

6 Why must they shun that pleasant path
That worldings love so well?
Because that is the way to death;
The open road to hell.

7 What! is there then no other road
To Salem's happy ground?
Christ is the only way to God;
None other can be found.

654 *The Race for Glory.* C. M.

AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high:
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

3 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

4 Blest Saviour! introduced by thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crown'd with vict'ry, at thy feet
I'll lay my trophies down.

655 *Pilgrim's Invitation.* P. M. 8,6,8,6,8,8,8,6.

WE'RE trav'ling home to heav'n above;
Will you go? will you go?
To sing the Saviour's dying love;
Will you go? will you go?
Millions have reach'd that blest abode,
And millions more are on the road,
Anointed kings and priests to God;
Will you go? will you go?

2 We go to see the bleeding Lamb, &c.
In rapt'rous strains to praise his name, &c.
The crown of life we there shall wear,
The conqueror's palm our hands shall bear,
And all the joys of heav'n we'll share; &c.

3 We go to join the heav'nly choir, &c.
To raise our voice and tune our lyre, &c.
There saints and angels gladly sing
Hosanna to their God and King,
And make the heav'nly arches ring, &c.

4 Ye weary, heavy laden, come, &c.
In heaven's courts there still is room, &c.
The Lord is waiting to receive,—
If thou wilt on him now believe—
And wilt no more his Spirit grieve; &c.

5 The way to heav'n is straight and plain, &c.
Repent, believe, be born again; &c.
The Saviour cries aloud to thee,
"Take up thy cross and follow me,
And thou shalt my salvation see;" &c.

656 *The Broad and Narrow Roads.* L. M.

BROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveler.

2 "Deny thyself, and take thy cross,"
Is the Redeemer's great command;
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly land.

3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteemed almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain;
Create my heart entirely new;
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew.

657 *The Pilgrimage of the Saints.* C. M.

LORD, what a wretched land is this,
That yields us no supply;
No cheering fruits, no wholesome trees,
Nor streams of living joy!

2 But pricking thorns thro' all the ground,
And mortal poisons grow;
And all the rivers that are found,
With dang'rous waters flow.

3 Yet the dear path to thine abode
Lies through this horrid land;
Lord we would keep the heav'nly road,
And run at thy command.

4 By glimmering hopes, and gloomy fears,
We trace the dang'rous road;
Through dismal deeps and Satan's snares
We make our way to God.

5 Our journey is a thorny maze,
But we march upwards still;
Forget the troubles of the ways,
And aim for Zion's hill.

6 See the kind angels at the gates,
Inviting us to come;
There Jesus, the forerunner waits,
To welcome travelers home.

658 *Pilgrim's Hope.* P. M. 6,6,9,6,7,7,6,10.

Our bondage here shall end,
By and by—by and by;
Our bondage here shall end, by and by;
From Egypt's yoke set free,
Hail the glorious jubilee,
And to Canaan march along,
By and by—by and by;
And to Canaan march along, by and by.

2 Our Deliv'rer he shall come, by and by, &c.
And our sorrows have an end,
With our three score years and ten,
And vast glory crown the day, by and by, &c.

3 Though our enemies are strong, we'll go on, &c.
Though our hearts dissolve with fear,
Lo! Sinai's God is near!
While the fiery pillar moves, we'll go on, &c.

4 Through Marah's bitter streams, we'll go on, &c.
Though Baca's vale be dry,
And the land yield no supply:
To a land of corn and wine, we'll go on, &c.

5 And when to Jordan's floods, we are come, &c.
Jehovah rules the tide—
And the waters he'll divide,
And the ransom'd host shall shout, we are come, &c.

6 Then friends shall meet again, who have lov'd, &c.
Our embraces shall be sweet,
At the dear Redeemer's feet;
When we meet to part no more, who have, &c.

7 Then with that happy throng, we'll rejoice, &c.
Shouting praises to our King,
Till the vaults of heaven ring;
And through all eternity, we'll rejoice, &c.

CHRISTIAN WARFARE.

659 *Holy Fortitude.*—1 Cor. 16: 13. C. M.

Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flow'ry beds of ease?
While others fought to win the prize
And sailed through bloody seas.

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vain world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
With faith's discerning eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of vict'ry through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

660 *Christian Soldier Encouraged.* M. 7s.

BRETHREN, while we sojourn here,
Fight we must, but should not fear;
Foes we have, but we've a Friend,
One that loves us to the end:
Forward, then, with courage go;
Long we shall not dwell below;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls; come home!"

2 In the way a thousand snares
Lie, to take us unawares;
Satan, with malicious art,
Watches each unguarded part;
But from Satan's malice free,
Saints shall soon victorious be;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls; come home!"

3 But, of all the foes we meet,
None so oft mislead our feet,
None betray us into sin,
Like the foes that dwell within;
Yet let nothing spoil our peace;
Christ will also conquer these;
Then the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls; come home!"

661 *Christian Warfare and Victory.* L. M.

STAND up, my soul—shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armor on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where Jesus, thy great Captain's gone.

2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course;
But hell and sin are vanquished foes;
Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.

3 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace;
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

662 *The Whole Armor.* C. M.

O SPEED thee, christian, on thy way,
And to thy armor cling;
With girded loins the call obey
That grace and mercy bring.

2 There is a battle to be fought,
An upward race to run,
A crown of glory to be sought,
A victory to be won.

3 The shield of faith repels the dart
That Satan's hand may throw;
His arrow cannot reach thy heart,
If Christ control the bow.

4 O, faint not, christian, for thy sighs
Are heard before his throne;
The race must come before the prize,
The cross before the crown.

663 *The Soldier Armed.* S. M.

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies,
Through his beloved Son.

2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty pow'r;
The man who in the Saviour trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

4 Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul;
Take every virtue, every grace,
And fortify the whole.

5 Ever together joined,
To battle all proceed:
Arm you yourselves with all the mind
That was in Christ, your head.

6 Then when your work is done,
And all your conflicts past,
You shall o'ercome, through Christ alone,
And stand complete at last.

664 *The Mind that was in Christ.* S. M.

EQUIP me for the war,
And teach my hands to fight;
My simple, upright heart prepare,
And guide my words aright.

2 Control my every thought;
My whole of sin remove:
Let all my works in thee be wrought;
Let all be wrought in love.

3 O arm me with the mind,
Meek Lamb, that was in thee;
And let my knowing zeal be join'd
With perfect charity.

4 With calm and temper'd zeal
Let me enforce thy call;
And vindicate thy gracious will,
Which offers life to all.

5 O may I love like thee,—
In all thy footsteps tread;
Thou hatest all iniquity,
But nothing thou hast made.

6 O may I learn the art,
With meekness to reprove;
To hate the sin with all my heart,
But still the sinner love.

665 *The Christian Warfare.* M. 8s & 7s.

CHRISTIAN soldiers, wake to glory!
Hark, your Leader bids you rise;
See the crown of life before ye,
March to seize the heavenly prize.

2 Let the hope of full salvation,
Helmet-like, your head adorn;
Be the gospel's preparation
On your feet like sandals worn.

3 Let your loins around be girded
By the truth your lips profess;
From your breast be danger warded
By the plate of right'ousness.

4 Let your prayers ascend with fervor,
Without ceasing to the Lord:
Not an unconcerned observer,
Timely succor he'll afford.

5 Faith and hope must never languish,
All your cares upon him cast:
He'll enable you to vanquish
Every enemy at last.

666 *The Christian Soldier.* M. 7s & 6s.

O WHEN shall I see Jesus,
And dwell with him above,
To drink the flowing fountains
Of everlasting love?
When shall I be deliver'd
From this vain world of sin,
And with my blessed Jesus
Drink endless pleasures in?

2 But now I am a soldier,—
My Captain's gone before;
He's given me my orders,
And tells me not to fear;
And if I hold out faithful,
A crown of life he'll give:
And all his valiant soldiers
Eternal life shall have.

3 Through grace I am determin'd
To conquer though I die;
And then away to Jesus
On wings of love I'll fly.
Farewell to sin and sorrow,
I bid them all adieu;
And you, my friends, prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.

4 And if you meet with troubles
And trials on the way,
Then cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray;
Gird on your heavenly armor
Of faith, and hope and love;
And when your race is ended
You'll reign with him above.

5 O do not be discouraged!
For Jesus is your friend;
And if you lack for knowledge,
He'll not refuse to lend;
Neither will he upbraid you,
Though often you request:—
He'll give you grace to conquer,
And take you home to rest.

667 *Watch and Pray.* S. M.

My soul, be on thy guard—
Ten thousand foes arise;
And hosts of sins are pressing hard,
To draw thee from the skies.

2 O watch, and fight, and pray:
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor once at ease sit down;
Thy arduous work will not be done,
Till thou hast got thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
Up to his blest abode.

CHRISTIAN PRIVILEGES.

668 *The Hope of Heaven Supporting.* C. M.

When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all!

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heav'nly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

669 *Joy and Triumph.* C. M.

REJOICE, believer in the Lord,
Who makes your cause his own;
The hope that's built upon his word
Can ne'er be overthrown.

2 Though many foes beset your road,
And feeble is your arm,
Your life is hid with Christ in God,
Beyond the reach of harm.

3 Weak as you are, you shall not faint,
Or fainting shall not die;
Jesus, the strength of every saint
Will aid you from on high.

4 As surely as he overcame
And triumph'd once for you,
So surely you that love his name
Shall triumph in him too.

670 *It is Well with the Righteous.* S. M.

WHAT cheering words are these!
Their sweetness who can tell?
In time and to eternity,
'Tis with the righteous well.

2 In every state secure,
Kept by Jehovah's eye;
'Tis well with them while life endures,
And well when called to die.

3 'Tis well when joys arise;
'Tis well when sorrows flow;
'Tis well when darkness veils the skies,
And strong temptations blow.

4 'Tis well when at his throne
They wrestle, weep, and pray;
'Tis well when at his feet they groan,
Though grieved at his delay.

5 'Tis well when Jesus calls,
"From earth and sin arise,
Join with the hosts of ransomed souls,
Made to salvation wise."

671 *Crucified with Christ.* L. P. M.

HUMBLE, and teachable, and mild,
O may I, as a little child,
My lowly Master's steps pursue!
Be anger to my soul unknown;
Hate, envy, jealousy, be gone;
In love create thou all things new.

2 Let earth no more my heart divide:
With Christ may I be crucified;
To thee with my whole heart aspire:
Dead to the world and all its toys,
Its idle pomp, and fading joys,
Be thou alone my one desire.

3 My will be swallow'd up in thee;
Light in thy light still may I see,
Beholding thee with open face;
Call'd the full power of faith to prove,
Let all my hallow'd heart be love,
And all my spotless life be praise.

4 Come, Holy Ghost, all-quick'ning fire,
My consecrated heart inspire,
Sprinkled with the atoning blood:
Still to my soul thyself reveal:
Thy mighty working may I feel,
And know that I am one with God.

672 *Look not Behind.* L. M.

LOOK not behind; you've broke the chain
That bound to folly and despair;
Press onward to the glorious land
Nor falter till you enter there.

2 Look not behind; unnumbered snares
Are for the loitering christian spread—
False hopes, strong habits, wild desires,
And ruin's pit-falls dark and dread.

3 Look not behind; a blighting curse
Was hers who paused at Sodom's bound;
She, lingering, loved those haunts of sin,
And fearful retribution found.

4 Look not behind; 'tis Satan's lure,
To tempt you to his realm again;
The guiding angel bids you haste,
And tarry not in all the plain.

5 Escape for life! the flames of wrath
Are redd'ning on the winged wind;
See Zoar's sacred refuge nigh—
Look not behind!—look not behind!

673 "*My Times are in Thy Hand.*" S. M.

MY times are in thy hand;
My God, I wish them there;
My life, my friends, my soul I leave
Entirely to thy care.

2 My times are in thy hand,
Whatever they may be;
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to thee.

3 My times are in thy hand:
Why should I doubt or fear?
My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

4 My times are in thy hand,
Jesus, my Advocate;
Nor shall thy hand be stretched in vain,
For me to supplicate.

5 My times are in thy hand;
I'll always trust in thee;
And after death, at thy right hand
I shall forever be.

674 *Relying on the Promises.* M. 11s.

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith, in his excellent word;
What more can he say, than to you he hath said,
Who unto the Saviour for refuge have fled?

2 In every condition, in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth;
At home or abroad, on the land, on the sea,
"As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be."

3 "Fear not, I am with thee; O be not dismay'd,
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous omnipotent hand.

4 When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5 When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flames shall not hurt thee: I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

6 E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love:
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs, they shall still in my bosom be borne.

7 The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for repose
I will not, I cannot desert to his foes;
That soul, tho' all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake."

675 *The Heavenly Vision.* C. M.

O WHAT hath Jesus bought for me!
Before my ravished eyes
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of paradise.

2 I see the blessed saints in light,
Who taste the pleasure there;
They are all robed in spotless white,
And conquering palms they bear.

3 In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the cross sustain;
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain.

4 O, what are all my sufferings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet
With that enraptured host t' appear,
And worship at thy feet!

5 Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away;
But let me find them all again
In that eventful day.

676 *Security in God's Covenant.* C. M.

My God, the cov'nant of thy love
Abides forever sure;
And in its boundless grace I feel
My happiness secure.

2 Since thou, the everlasting God,
My Father art become—
My Saviour, my almighty Friend,
And heaven my final home:—

3 I welcome all thy sovereign will,
For all that will is love;
And when thy way, great God, is dark,
I wait thy light above.

4 Thy cov'nant, in my dying hour,
Shall dwell upon my tongue;
And when I wake, shall still employ
My everlasting song.

677 *All Things are Yours.* C. M.

Behold the grant, the King of kings
Hath to his children given:
"All things are yours," it saith—all things
That are in earth and heaven.

2 The saints are yours, to guide you home,
And bless you with their pray'rs;
The world is yours, to overcome
Its pleasures and its cares.

3 And life is yours, to give it all
To works of faith and love;
And death is yours, a welcome call
To higher joys above.

4 All present things are yours; whate'er
God's providence decreed,
Is from his treasures cull'd with care,
And sent to suit your need.

5 All things to come are yours; and all
Shall ever ordered be,
To keep thee safe, whate'er befall,
And work for good to thee.

6 And Christ is yours—his sacrifice,
To speak your sins forgiven;
His righteousness the only price
That you can pay for heaven.

7 Thus God is yours—thus reconcil'd,
His love your bliss secures;
The Father looks upon the child,
And says, "All things are yours."

CHRISTIAN PERFECTION.

678 *Perfect Heart the Redeemer's Throne.* C. M.

O FOR a heart to praise my God!
A heart from sin set free;—
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely spilt for me;—

2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From him who dwells within;—

4 A heart in every thought renew'd,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of love.

679 *Conformity to Christ.* L. M.

JESUS, my Saviour, let me be
More perfectly conform'd to thee:
Implant each grace, each sin dethrone,
And form my temper like thine own.

2 Let the envenom'd heart and tongue,
The hand outstretch'd to do me wrong,
Excite no feelings in my breast,
But such as Jesus once express'd.

3 To others let me always give
What I from others would receive;
Good deeds for evil ones return,
Nor when provoked, with anger burn.

4 This will proclaim how bright, how fair,
The precepts of thy gospel are;
And God himself, the God of love,
His own resemblance will approve.

680 *Prayer for Higher Attainment.* C. M.

O FOR a heart that loves to pray,
To converse with the Lord!
Fain would I give myself away,
And lean upon his word.

2 O for invigorating grace,
To raise my soul above!
O for that heavenly-mindedness
That Satan cannot move.

3 O for that fortitude, which can
My every fear control!
Then would the dread of sinful man
No more disturb my soul.

4 Lord, thou canst conquer every foe,—
Thy grace can sanctify;
Amen: O Lord, may it be so,
Let my corruptions die.

681 *Perfect Freedom and Holiness.* C. M.

If thou impart thyself to me,
No other good I need;
If thou, the Son, shalt make me free,
I shall be free indeed.

2 I cannot rest till in thy blood
I full redemption have:
But thou, through whom I come to God,
Canst to the utmost save.

3 From sin—the guilt, the pow'r, the pain,—
Thou wilt redeem my soul;
Lord, I believe—and not in vain—
My faith shall make me whole.

4 I, too, with thee, shall walk in white;
With all thy saints shall prove
The length, and depth, and breadth, and height
Of everlasting love.

682 *The Affections Crucified.* C. M.

Jesus, my life, thyself apply;
Thy Holy Spirit breathe:
My vile affections crucify;
Conform me to thy death.

2 Conqu'ror of hell, and earth, and sin,
Still with the rebel strive:
Enter my soul and work within,
And kill and make alive.

3 Reign in me, Lord; thy foes control,
Who would not own thy sway;
Diffuse thine image through my soul;
Shine to the perfect day.

4 Scatter the last remains of sin,
And seal me thine abode;
O make me glorious all within,—
A temple built by God!

683 *Spirits of Just Men made Perfect.* C. P. M.

THERE is a dwelling-house above,
Thither to meet the God of love
The pure in spirit go;
There is a kingdom in the sky,
Where they shall reign with God on high
Who serve him here below.

2 The pure in heart, the holy ones,
For whom the Saviour's blood atones,
Who're by his Spirit seal'd—
His call they willingly obey
And march along the good old way,
With breast-plate, sword and shield.

3 Lord, be it mine like these to choose,
The better part; like these to use,
The means thy love has giv'n;
Be holiness my aim on earth,
That death be welcom'd as a birth,
To life and bliss in heav'n!

4 There, wearing crowns and holding palms,
In "hymns devout and holy psalms"
Those spirits just unite;
Cleans'd by the Lamb, no spots remain,
No speck of earthly mould to stain
Their robes of dazzling white.

5 No sounds of woe their joy molest,
No sense of pain disturbs their rest;
No grief is felt within;
But God has wiped away the tear
From every face, and keeps them clear
From sorrow and from sin.

684 *Longing for Holiness.* C. M.

O THAT the Lord would guide my ways
To keep his statutes still!
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will!

2 O send thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart!
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act a liar's part.

3 From vanity turn off my eyes:
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires arise
Within this soul of mine.

4 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

5 Make me to walk in thy commands,
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands
Offend against my God.

685 *God Wills our Holiness.* L. M.

GOD wills that I should holy be:
That holiness I long to feel;
That full divine conformity
To all my Saviour's righteous will.

2 See, Lord, the travail of thy soul
Accomplish'd in the change of mine;
And plunge me, every whit made whole,
In all the depths of love divine.

3 On thee, O God, my soul is stay'd,
And waits to prove thine utmost will;
The promise by thy mercy made,
Thou canst, thou wilt, in me fulfil.

4 No more I stagger at thy pow'r,
Or doubt thy truth, which cannot move:
Hasten the long-expected hour,
And bless me with thy perfect love.

686 *Purity of Heart.* S. M.

BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs;
Their soul is his abode.

2 Still to the lowly soul
He doth himself impart,
And for his temple and his throne
Selects the pure in heart.

687 *Perfect Love.* C. P. M. 8,8,6,8,8,6.

O Love divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my longing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.

2 God only knows the love of God;—
O that it now were shed abroad
In my poor longing heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine;
Be mine this better part.

3 O that I may forever sit,
With Mary, at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice;—
My only care, delight and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

4 O that I may, with favored John,
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breast!
From care, and sin, and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
My everlasting rest.

688 *Longing to be Dissolved in Love.* C. M.

JESUS hath died that I might live,
Might live to God alone;
In him eternal life receive,
And be in spirit one.

2 Saviour, I thank thee for thy grace,
The gift unspeakable;
And wait, with arms of faith t' embrace,
And all thy love to feel.

3 My soul breaks out in strong desire
The perfect bliss to prove;
My longing heart is all on fire
To be dissolved in love.

4 Give me thyself; from every boast—
From every wish set free;
Let all I am in thee be lost,
But give thyself to me.

5 Thy gifts, alas! cannot suffice,
Unless thyself be given;
Thy presence makes my paradise,
And where thou art is heaven.

689 *Confidential Prayer.* C. M.

MY God, I know, I feel thee mine,
And will not quit my claim
Till all I have is lost in thine,
And all renewed I am.

2 I hold thee with a trembling hand,
And will not let thee go
Till steadfastly by faith I stand,
And all thy goodness know.

3 Jesus, thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad:
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fixed in God.

4 O, that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow!
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountain flow.

5 O, that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume!
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call,
Spirit of burning, come.

6 Refining fire go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

690 *The Shepherd of Israel.* M. 8 lines 8s.

THOU Shepherd of Israel and mine,
The joy and desire of my heart,
For closer communion I pine,
I long to reside where thou art.
The pasture I languish to find,
Where all who their Shepherd obey,
Are fed, on thy bosom reclin'd,
And screen'd from the heat of the day.

2 Oh! show me that happiest place,
That place of thy people's abode,
Where saints in an extasy gaze,
And hang on a merciful God.
'Tis there with the lambs of thy flock,
There only I covet to rest;
To lie at the foot of the rock,
Or rise to be hid in thy breast.

691 *The Bond of Perfectness.* C. M.

THE sacred bond of perfectness
Is spotless charity;
O let us, Lord, we pray, possess
The mind that was in thee.

2 Grant this, and then from all below
Insensibly remove:
Our souls the change shall scarcely know,
Made perfect first in love.

3 With ease our souls through death shall glide
Into their paradise;
And thence on wings of angels ride
Triumphant through the skies.

4 Yet then the fullest joy is given,
The same delight we prove;
In earth, in paradise, in heaven,
Our all in all is love.

CHRISTIAN UNION.

692 *Beauty of Christian Love.* C. M.

HOW sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And thus fulfil his word.

2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart;—

3 When free from envy, scorn and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love;—

4 When love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flows;
And union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glows.

5 Love is the golden chain, that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven that finds
His bosom glow with love.

693 *Christian Love.* S. M.

LET party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread,
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free
Are one in Christ, their head.

2 Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crown'd.

3 Let envy and ill will
Be banished far away;
Those should in strictest friendship dwell,
Who the same Lord obey.

4 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above,
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
And every heart is love.

694 *Safety in Union.* C. M.

JESUS, great Shepherd of thy sheep,
To thee for help we fly;
Thy little flock in safety keep,
For O! the wolf is nigh.

2 He comes, of hellish malice full,
To scatter, tear, and slay;
He seizes every wand'ring soul
As his own lawful prey.

3 Yet, Lord, we scorn his cruel power,
While by our Shepherd's side;
The sheep he never can devour,
Unless he first divide.

4 O, do not suffer him to part
The souls that here agree;
But make us of one mind and heart,
And keep us one in thee.

5 Together let us sweetly live,
Together let us die;
And each a starry crown receive,
And reign above the sky.

695 *Church Union.*—Col. 2: 2. C. M.

OUR souls by love together knit,
Cemented, mix'd in one;
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,
'Tis heav'n on earth begun!

2 Our hearts have often burned within,
And glowed with sacred fire,
While Jesus spoke, and fed and bless'd,
And fill'd th' enlarged desire.

3 The little cloud increases still,
The heav'ns are big with rain;
We haste to catch the teeming show'r,
And all its moisture drain.

4 A rill, a stream, a torrent flows!
But pour a mighty flood:
O sweep the nations, shake the earth,
Till all proclaim thee God.

5 And when thou mak'st thy jewels up,
And set'st thy starry crown;
When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
Proclaim'd by thee thine own.

6 May we, a little band of love,
We sinners, sav'd by grace;
From glory unto glory chang'd,
Behold thee face to face!

696 *Christian Fellowship.* S. M.

BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love!
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent pray'rs;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims, are one—
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 From sin, and toil, and pain,
Soon shall our souls be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

697 *Union and Peace.* S. M.

BLEST are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one;
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.

2 Blest is the pious house
Where zeal and friendship meet;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.

3 Thus, when on Aaron's head
They pour'd the rich perfume,
The oil through all his raiment spread,
And fragrance fill'd the room.

4 Thus, on the heav'nly hills,
The saints are blest above;
Where joy like morning dew distils,
And all the air is love.

698 *Love to the Saints.* S. M.

I LOVE the sons of grace,
The heirs of bliss divine,
Who walk in paths of righteousness,
And fly from every sin.

2 They Jesus' image bear;
How lovely is the sight!
They shall at length with him appear
In everlasting light.

3 They love the Father's name,
And gladly do his will;
They humbly follow Christ, the Lamb,
In purity and zeal.

4 Their footsteps I'll pursue
With vigor till I die,
Rejoicing in the pleasing view
Of meeting them on high.

5 It is a sweet employ
To join in worship here;
But how divine will be the joy
To see each other there!

699 *Christian Union.* P. M. 7,7,7,5.

HIGHER, higher, higher raise
Notes of union—notes of praise,
All together, all our days,
Days of greatest length.

2 One in doctrine, heart, and mind,
Let our int'rests be combined—
Preaching prove to all mankind—
Unity is strength.

3 Bound in love by righteous laws—
Bound by Jesus' sacred cause,
By the banner of his cross—
Bound in unity.

4 One our pray'rs as incense rise—
One in offering sacrifice—
One in contest for the prize,
Faith and victory.

5 Union makes a happy home,
Plans and fills the honey-comb;
Union for the time to come—
Fill our heart and soul.

6 As the Father, and the Son,
And the Spirit, three in one;
So let saints their union own,
In perfect harmony.

700 *Love, the Test of Discipleship.* C. M.

OUR God is love; and all his saints,
His image bear below:
The heart with love to God inspir'd,
With love to man will glow.

2 None who are truly born of God
Can live at enmity;
Then may we love each other, Lord,
As we are loved by thee.

3 Heirs of the same immortal bliss,
Our hopes and fears the same,
With bonds of love our hearts unite,
With mutual love inflame.

4 So may the unbelieving world
See how true christians love;
And glorify our Saviour's grace,
And seek that grace to prove.

701 *Saints Many, yet One.* M. 7s double.

CHRIST, from whom all blessings flow,
Perfecting the saints below,
Hear us, who thy nature share,—
Who thy mystic body are.
Join us, in one spirit join;
Let us still receive of thine:
Still for more on thee we call,
Thou who fillest all in all.

2 Move, and actuate, and guide:
Divers gifts to each divide;
Placed according to thy will,
Let us all our work fulfil:
Never from our office move;
Needful to each other prove:
Let us daily growth receive,—
More and more in Jesus live.

3 Sweetly may we all agree,
Touch'd with softest sympathy;
Kindly for each other care;
Every member feel its share.
Many are we now and one,
We who Jesus have put on:
Names, and sects, and parties fall:
Thou, O Christ, art all in all.

702 *The Magnet of Christ's Love.* C. M.

JESUS, united by thy grace,
And each to each endear'd,
With confidence we seek thy face,
And know our prayer is heard.

2 Still let us own our common Lord,
And bear thine easy yoke,—
A band of love, a three-fold cord,
Which never can be broke.

3 Make us into one spirit drink,
Conform us to thy name;
And let us always kindly think,
And sweetly speak the same.

4 Touch'd by the loadstone of thy love,
Let all our hearts agree;
And ever t'wards each other move,
And ever move t'wards thee.

5 To thee, inseparably join'd,
Let all our spirits cleave;
O may we all the loving mind
That was in thee receive!

PRAYER AND WATCHING.

703 *What is Prayer?* C. M.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Unutter'd or express'd;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,—
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;—
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the christian's vital breath,
The christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death,
He enters heaven with prayer.

5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels, in their songs, rejoice,
And cry,—"Behold, he prays!"

6 O thou, by whom we come to God,
The life, the truth, the way,
The path of pray'r thyself hast trod,
"Lord, teach us how to pray."

704 *Pray without Ceasing.* L. M.

PRAY'R was appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give:
Long as they live should christians pray,
For only while they pray they live.

2 The christian's heart his pray'r indites,
He speaks as prompted from within;
The Spirit his petition writes,
And Christ receives and gives it in.

3 And shall we in dead silence lie,
When Christ stands waiting for our pray'r?
My soul, thou hast a Friend on high;
Arise and try thy int'rest there.

4 If pains afflict, or wrongs oppress,
If cares distract, or fears dismay,
If guilt deject, or sins distress,
In every case still watch and pray.

5 Depend on Christ, thou canst not fail:
Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not—his merits must prevail!
Ask but in faith, it shall be done.

705 *The Mercy-Seat.* L. M.

FROM every stormy wind that blows—
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat—
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place, where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place, than all besides more sweet—
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,—
Where friend holds fellowship with friend:
Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet,
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismay'd?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suff'ring saints no mercy-seat?

5 There, there on eagle-wings we soar,
And sin, and sense seem all no more;
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

6 O! let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold and still;
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget the mercy-seat!

706

Prayer and Watchfulness. C. M.

ALAS, what hourly dangers rise!
What snares beset my way!
To heav'n O let me lift my eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.

2 O gracious God, in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid!
Help me to watch, and pray and strive,
Though trembling and afraid.

3 Increase my faith, increase my hope
When foes and fears prevail;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength shall fail.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 O keep me in thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee;
And let me never, never stray
From happiness and thee.

707

Sweet Prayer. M. 11s.

WHEN torn is the bosom by sorrow or care,
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer,
It comforts, it softens, subdues, yet sustains,
Bids hope rise exulting, and passion restrains;
Prayer, prayer, O, sweet prayer!
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer.

2 When far from the friends that are dearest we part,
What fond recollections still cling to the heart;
Past scenes and enjoyments live painfully there;
And restless we languish, till peace comes in prayer;
Prayer, prayer, &c.

3 When earthly delusions would lead us astray
In folly's gay mazes, or sin's treach'rous way,
How strong the enchantment, how fatal the snare!
But, looking to Jesus, we conquer by prayer;
Prayer, prayer, &c.

4 While strangers to prayer, we are strangers to bliss,
The world has no refuge, no solace like this;
And till we the seraph's full ecstacy share,
Our chalice of joy must be guarded by prayer;
Prayer, prayer, &c.

708 *Prayer Divinely Inspired.* C. M.

PRAYER is the breath of God in man,
Returning whence it came;
Love is the sacred fire within,
And prayer the rising flame.

2 It gives the burdened spirit ease,
And soothes the troubled breast,
Yields comfort to the mourner here,
And to the weary rest.

3 When God inclines the heart to pray,
He hath an ear to hear;
To him there's music in a groan,
And beauty in a tear.

4 The humble suppliant cannot fail
To have his wants supplied,
Since he for sinners intercedes
Who once for sinners died.

PRIVATE DEVOTION.

709 *Secret Prayer.*—Mark 1: 35. C. M.

MY lovely Jesus, while on earth,
Arose before 'twas day,
And to a solitary place
Departed, there to pray.

2 I'll do as did my blessed Lord—
His footsteps I will trace;
I love to meet him in the grove,
And view his smiling face.

3 Early I'll rise, and sing and pray,
While I the light enjoy;
May this blest work from day to day
My heart and tongue employ.

710 *Prayer at Twilight.* C. M.

I LOVE to steal awhile away,
From every cumbering care;
And spend the hours of setting day,
In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love, in solitude, to shed
The penitential tear;
And all his promises to plead,
When none but God is near.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore;
My cares and sorrows all to cast,
On him whom I adore.

4 Lord! when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

711 *"Enter into thy Closet."* M. 7s & 6s.

GO when the morning shineth,
Go when the noon is bright,
Go when the eve declineth,
Go in the hush of night;
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Fling earthly thought away,
And, in thy closet kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

2 Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee;
Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
If any such there be;
Then for thyself, in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim,
And blend with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.

712 *Prayer the Balm of Sorrow.* M. 7s & 6s.

O WHEN the tear is gushing
From sorrow's faded eye,
When gathering storms are rushing
Across the gloomy sky,
When the full heart is breaking,
And hope is far away,
How sweet, the world forsaking,
Alone with God, to pray!

2 The mourner, lowly bending,
Flies to the Saviour's feet,
And healing balm, descending
From Mercy's holy seat,
The joy, that earth gives never,
Sheds o'er the troubled breast;
And peace that lasts forever,
Lulls every care to rest.

3 O, weary child of sadness,
Pilgrim, bereft and lone,
Behold the fount of gladness,
Springing from heaven's throne;
Each want and sin confessing,
On Christ thy burden lay,
And learn how rich the blessing,
Alone with God, to pray!

713 *Communion with God.* L. M.

FROM all the world, and care set free,
I love to turn aside awhile;
I love to dwell, my God, with thee,
And leave behind whate'er is vile.

2 I love to ponder on thy word,
And think on thy majestic ways;
How Mercy holds th' impending sword,
And speechless matter utters praise.

3 I love to pray, and praying, praise,
And study o'er thy wondrous plan;
In silence I my song would raise,
And so exalt the great God-Man.

4 I fain would celebrate thy love,
With heart and soul, and all my pow'r;
Send but thy Spirit from above,
And bless the musings of this hour.

5 Thy presence gives a peace serene,
Thy smile a lasting joy attends;
Thy Spirit brightens every scene,
And joy with joy uniting blends.

714 *Nearness to God.* C. M.

O could I find, from day to day,
A nearness to my Lord!
Then should my hours glide sweet away,
While leaning on his word.

2 Lord, I desire with thee to live
Anew from day to day—
In joys the world can never give,
And never take away.

3 O, Jesus, come and rule my heart,
And make me wholly thine,
That I may never more depart,
Nor grieve thy love divine.

4 Thus, till my last expiring breath,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And when my flesh dissolves in death,
My soul shall love thee more.

715 *Secret Devotion.* C. M.

While thee I seek, protecting Pow'r,
Be my vain wishes still'd;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be fill'd.

2 Thy love the power of thought bestow'd;
To thee my thoughts would soar:
Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd;
That mercy I adore.

3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see;
Each blessing to my soul most dear,
Because conferr'd by thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in pray'r.

FAMILY WORSHIP.

MORNING HYMNS.

716 *Morning Hymn.* C. M.

LORD, in the morning I will send
My prayer to reach thine ear;
Thou art my Father and my Friend,
My help, forever near.

2 O lead me, keep me all this day
Near thee, in perfect peace;
Help me to watch—to watch and pray,
To pray and never cease.

3 I know my roving feet will err,
Unless thou be my guide;—
Warn me of every foe and snare,
And keep me near thy side.

4 Thus, while my moments smoothly run,
I'll sing my hours away,
Till evening shade and setting sun
Conclude in endless day.

717 *Morning Tribute of Praise.* S. M.

See how the morning sun
Pursues his shining way;
And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,
With every bright'ning ray.

2 Thus would my rising soul
Its heavenly Parent sing,
And to its great Original
The humble tribute bring.

3 Serene I laid me down,
Beneath his guardian care;
I slept—and I awoke, and found
My kind Preserver near.

4 My life I would anew
Devote, O Lord, to thee;
And in thy service I would spend
A long eternity.

718 *Morning Hymn.* M. 7s.

Now the shades of night are gone,
Now the morning light is come;
Lord, we would be thine to-day,
Drive the shades of sin away.

2 Make our souls as noon-day clear,
Banish every doubt and fear;
In thy vineyard, Lord, to-day,
We would labor, watch and pray.

3 Keep our haughty passions bound,
Save us from our foes around;
Going out and coming in,
Keep us safe from every sin.

4 When our work of life is past,
O, receive us then at last!
Night of sin will be no more,
When we reach the heav'nly shore.

719 *Morning Hymn.*

WHEN we, with welcome slumber press'd
Had clos'd our weary eyes,
A pow'r unseen secur'd our rest,
And made us joyful rise.

2 Numbers this night have doubtless met
Their long eternal doom,
And lost the joys of morning light
In death's tremendous gloom.

3 But life to us its light prolongs—
Let warmest thanks arise;
Great God, accept our morning songs,
Our willing sacrifice.

720 *A Morning Song.* C. M.

GOD of my life! my morning song
To thee I cheerful raise:
Thy acts of love 'tis good to sing,
And pleasant 'tis to praise.

2 Preserved by thine almighty care
I pass'd the shades of night,
Serene, and safe from every harm,
To see the morning light.

3 O, let the same almighty care
Through all this day attend;
From every danger, every snare,
My heedless steps defend.

4 Smile on my minutes as they roll,
And guide my future days;
And let thy goodness fill my soul
With gratitude and praise.

721 *A Morning Hymn.* C. M.

ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To him who rules the skies.

2 How many souls from earth have fled
Since the last setting sun!
And yet God lengthens out my thread,
And yet my moments run.

3 Great God, let all my hours be thine,
While I enjoy the light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a peaceful night.

722 *Morning Hymn.* C. M.

THROUGH all the dangers of the night
Preserv'd, O Lord, by thee,
Again we hail the cheerful light,
Again we bow the knee.

2 Preserve us, Lord, throughout the day,
And guide us by thine arm;
For they are safe, and only they,
Whom thou preserv'st from harm.

3 Let all our words and all our ways
Declare that we are thine;
That so the light of truth and grace
Before the world may shine.

4 Let us ne'er turn away from thee;
Blest Saviour, hold us fast,
Till, with immortal eyes, we see
Thy glorious face at last.

723 *Morning Hymn.* L. M.

GOD of the morning, at thy voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And, like a giant, doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies.

2 O, like the sun, may I fulfil
Th' appointed duties of the day;
With ready mind and active will
March on, and keep my heav'nly way.

3 Give me thy counsels for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss;
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold, compared with this.

724 *Morning Thanks.* C. M.

AGAIN, from calm and sweet repose,
I rise to hail the dawn;
Again my waking eyes unclose,
To view the smiling morn.

2 Great God of love, thy praise I'll sing;
For thou hast safely kept
My soul beneath thy guardian wing,
And watched me while I slept.

3 Glory to thee, eternal God;
O teach my heart to pray,
And thy blest Spirit's help afford,
To guide me through the day.

725 *Morning Thanks.* M. 7s.

THOU who dost my life prolong!
Kindly aid my morning song;
Thankful, from my couch I rise,
Praising God who rules the skies.

2 Thou hast kept me through the night,—
'Twas thy hand restored the light;
Lord! thy mercies still are new,
Plenteous, as the morning dew.

3 Gently, with the dawning ray,
On my soul thy beams display;
Sweeter than the smiling morn,
Let thy cheering light return.

726 *Morning Hymn.* C. M.

ARISE, my soul, and praise the Lord,
For all his rich supplies;
His goodness has again restor'd
My dormant faculties.

2 Raised from the slumbers of the night,
In which I helpless lay:
Lord, I adore thee for the light
Of this returning day.

3 I bless thee for thy gracious care,
Vouchsaf'd to me and mine;
O may we still thy goodness share,
And be forever thine.

727 *Morning Hymn.* C. M.

LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my pray'r,
To thee lift up mine eye:—

2 Up to the hills where Christ has gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

3 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness;
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

EVENING HYMNS.

728 *An Evening Hymn.* L. M.

GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light!
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath the shadow of thy wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done:
That with the world, myself and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 O let my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep my eye-lids close;
Sleep that shall me more vig'rous make,
To serve my God when I wake.

4 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment day.

729 *On Going to Rest.* S. M.

THE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
O may we all remember well
The night of death draws near.

2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest:
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what we are possess'd.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears,
Beneath the shadow of thy wings,
Till morning light appears.

4 And if we early rise,
And view th' unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

5 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

730 *Evening: Numberless Mercies.* C. M.

NOW from the altar of our hearts,
Let warmest thanks arise;
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our evening sacrifice.

2 This day God was our sun and shield,
Our keeper and our guide;
His care was on our weakness shown,—
His mercies multiplied.

3 Minutes and mercies multiplied,
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More swift and free than they.

4 New time, new favors, and new joys,
Do a new song require:
Till we shall praise thee as we would,
Accept our hearts' desire.

731 *Evening: Gratitude and Trust.* C. M.

GREAT God, to thee my evening song
With gratitude I raise;
O let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with praise.

2 My days, unclouded as they pass,
And every fleeting hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,—
Of mercy, love, and pow'r.

3 Thy love and power, celestial guard,
Preserve me from all harm:
Can danger reach me while the Lord
Extends his mighty arm?

4 Let this blest hope mine eyelids close;
With sleep refresh my frame;
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake to praise thy name.

732 *Evening Hymn.* C. M.

IN Jesus' name we come to thee,
Thou God of holiness!
For Jesus' sake, look down, and see
Us at thy throne of grace.

2 We thank thee, Lord, for every good
Conferr'd on us and ours:
For house, apparel, health and food,
For all thy bounty pours.

3 O, take us in thy arms, and keep
Us through the silent night;
Give us refreshment in our sleep,
And fit us for the light.

733 *Evening Hymn.* C. M.

O Lord, another day is flown,
And we, a lonely band,
Are met once more before thy throne,
To bless thy fost'ring hand.

2 Preserv'd by thee, another day,
Another song we raise;
For Jesus' sake, accept, we pray,
Our gratitude and praise.

3 Now take us underneath thy wing—
Our God our guardian be;
That in the morning we may sing
Another hymn to thee.

734 *Evening Devotion.* C. M.

Lord, thou wilt hear me when I pray;
I am forever thine:
I fear before thee all the day,
Nor would I dare to sin.

2 And while I rest my weary head,
From cares and labor free,
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed
With my own heart and thee.

3 Thus with my thoughts composed to peace,
I'll give mine eyes to sleep;
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep.

735 *Evening Contemplation.* M. 7s.

SOFTLY, now, the light of day
Fades upon my sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, I would commune with thee.

2 Soon for me, the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee.

736 *Evening Hymn.* M. 7s.

NOW from labor and from care
Evening shades have set me free;
In the work of praise and prayer,
Lord, I would converse with thee:
O, behold me from above,
Fill me with a Saviour's love.

2 For the blessings of this day,
For the mercies of this hour,
For the gospel's cheering ray,
For the Spirit's quick'ning pow'r;
Grateful notes to thee I raise,—
O, accept my song of praise.

737 *Morning or Evening Song.* L. M.

MY God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above,
Gently distil like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours!
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to thy command;
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand,
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

738 *An Evening Song.* C. M.

DEAR Saviour, let my evening song
Like holy incense rise:
Assist the offerings of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies.

2 Perpetual blessings from above
Encompass me around;
But O, how few returns of love
Hath my Creator found!

3 Sprinkled afresh with pardoning blood,
I lay me down to rest,
As in th' embraces of my God,
Or on my Saviour's breast.

739 *Saturday Night.* C. M

BEGONE, my worldly cares, away,
Nor dare to tempt my sight;
Let me begin th' ensuing day,
Before I end this night.

2 Let the past mercies of the week
Excite a grateful frame;
Nor let my tongue refuse to speak
Some good of Jesus' name.

3 On wings of expectation borne,
My hopes to heaven ascend;
I long to welcome in the morn,
With thee the day to spend.

PRAYER MEETING.

740 *A Blessing Invoked.* C. M

TEACH us, O Lord, aright to plead
For mercies from above;
O, come and bless our souls indeed,
With light and joy and love.

2 Help us on thee to cast our care,
And on thy word to rest;
That Israel's God who heareth pray'r
Will grant us our request.

741 *Opening of a Prayer-Meeting.* C. M.

WE'RE met, O Lord, before thy throne
To worship and adore—
And now to thee we raise our hearts,
Thy mercy to implore.

2 Mercy and grace is what we want
To fit us for the skies;
And grace we need whene'er we bring
Our humble sacrifice.

3 Without it, Lord, we cannot sing;
Nor know we how to pray,
Except by it we're truly taught
Both how, and what to say.

4 Then bow thine ear, and hear our pray'r,
Thy grace on us bestow;
So we will love and serve thee more,
While pilgrims here below.

742 *Teach us to Pray.* L. M.

TEACH us, O Lord, to sing and pray,
Whilst in these tenements of clay;
And never be asham'd of thee,
Who bled and died on Calvary.

2 And when to glory we attain,
We'll shout aloud the Saviour's name,
Who bought our souls with precious blood,
And made us kings and priests to God.

743 *The Blessing Claimed.* C. M.

SEE, Jesus, thy disciples see,
The promised blessing give;
Met in thy name, we look to thee,
Expecting to receive.

2 Thee we expect, our faithful Lord,
Who in thy name are join'd;
We wait according to thy word,
Thee in our midst to find.

3 With us thou art assembled here,
But, O thyself reveal;
Son of the living God, appear,—
Let us thy presence feel.

4 Breathe on us, Lord, in this our day;
Help all to thee to live;
Speak peace into our hearts, and say,
"The Holy Ghost receive."

744 *Invocation.* C. M.

COME, O thou King of all thy saints,
Our humble tribute own,
While with our praises and complaints
We bow before thy throne.

2 How should our songs, like those above,
With warm devotion rise!
How should our souls on wings of love
Mount upwards to the skies!

3 Dear Saviour, let thy glory shine
And fill thy dwellings here;
Till life, and love, and joy divine,
A heaven on earth appear.

4 Then shall our hearts, enraptured, say,
Come, great Redeemer, come,
And bring the bright, the glorious day
That calls thy children home.

745 *Power of Prayer.* L. M.

WHAT various hind'rances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat;
Yet who that knows the worth of pray'r,
But wishes to be often there.

2 Pray'r makes the darken'd cloud withdraw;
Pray'r climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love—
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining pray'r, we cease to fight;
Pray'r makes the christian's armor bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 Were half the breath that's vainly spent,
To heav'n in supplication sent,
Our cheerful song would oft'ner be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me."

746 *Importunity in Prayer.* S. M.

THE Lord, who truly knows
The heart of every saint:
Invites us by his holy word,
To pray and never faint.

2 He bows his gracious ear!
We never plead in vain;
Yet we must wait till he appear,
And pray and pray again.

3 Though unbelief suggest,
Why should we longer wait?
He bids us never give him rest,
But be importunate.

4 'Twas thus a widow poor,
Without support or friend,
Beset the unjust judge's door,
And gained at last her end.

5 And shall not Jesus hear
His chosen, when they cry?
Yes, though he may a while forbear,
He'll not their suit deny.

6 Then let us earnest be,
And never faint in pray'r;
He loves our importunity,
And makes our cause his care.

747 *Come Let us Pray.* C.H.M.8,6,8,6,8,8.

COME, let us pray:—'tis sweet to feel
That God himself is near;
That while we at his footstool kneel,
His mercy deigns to hear;
Though sorrows crowd life's dreary way,
This is our solace—let us pray.

2 Come, let us pray:—the burning brow,
The heart opprest with care,
And all the woes that throng us now,
Will be relieved by pray'r:
Jesus will smile our griefs away;
O glorious thought!—come, let us pray.

3 Come, let us pray:—the sin-sick soul
Her weight of guilt must feel;
But hark! the glorious tidings roll,
Whilst here we humbly kneel:
Jesus will wash that guilt away,
And pardon grant;—then let us pray.

4 Come, let us pray:—the mercy-seat
Invites the fervent pray'r;
And Jesus ready stands to greet
The contrite spirit there:
O loiter not, nor longer stay
From him who loves us;—let us pray!

748 *So Fulfil the Law of Christ.* C. M.

TRY us, O God, and search the ground
Of every sinful heart:
Whate'er of sin in us is found,
O bid it all depart.

2 If to the right or left we stray,
Leave us not comfortless;
But guide our feet into the way
Of everlasting peace.

3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.

4 Help us to bear each other up;
Our little stock improve;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

5 Up into thee, our living Head,
Let us in all things grow:
Till thou hast made us free indeed,
And spotless here below.

6 Then, when the mighty work is wrought,
Receive thy ready bride:
Give us in heaven a happy lot
With all the sanctified.

749 *Short and Fervent Prayer the Best.* C. M.

LORD in thy courts we now appear,
And bow before thy throne;
Before our lips begin to move,
Our wants to thee are known.

2 Thou know'st the language of the heart,
The meaning of a sigh;
Dear Father, hear our humble pray'r,
And bring thy blessings nigh.

3 Few be our words, and short our pray'rs,
While we together meet;
Short duties keep th' attention up
And make devotion sweet.

750 *Prayer for Wisdom.* C. M.

ALMIGHTY God, in humble prayer,
To thee our souls we lift;
Do thou our waiting minds prepare
For thy most needful gift.

2 We ask not golden streams of wealth
Along our path to flow;
We ask not undecaying health,
Nor length of years below;—

3 We ask not honors, which an hour
May bring and take away;
We ask not pleasure, pomp and pow'r,
Lest we should go astray.

4 We ask for wisdom—Lord, impart
The knowledge how to live;
A wise and understanding heart,
To us, thy servants, give.

751 *The Gracious Promise.* L. M.

WHERE two or three, with sweet accord,
Obedient to their sov'reign Lord,
Meet to recount his acts of grace,
And offer solemn prayer and praise.

2 "There," says the Saviour, "will I be,
Amid this little company;
To them unvail my smiling face,
And shed my glories 'round the place."

3 We meet at thy command, dear Lord,
Relying on thy faithful word:
Now send thy Spirit from above,
Now fill our hearts with heav'nly love.

752 *Sincerity in Prayer.* S. M.

LORD, teach us how to pray,
And give us hearts to ask;
Or all we think, or do, or say,
Will be a tiresome task.

2 The Holy Spirit send,
Our bosoms to inspire;
Then shall our praise to thee ascend
With pure and warm desire.

3 Jesus, our great High-Priest,
Present our pray'rs above;
And spread abroad o'er all thou seest,
The mantle of thy love.

4 Teach us to find our bliss
In earnest, fervent prayer;
For where we pray our Saviour is,
And bliss is only there.

753 *Humble Petition.* C. M.

FATHER, behold with gracious eyes,
The souls before thy throne,
Who now present their sacrifice,
And seek thee in thy Son.

2 Well pleas'd in him thyself declare,
Thy pard'ning love reveal,
The peaceful answer of our pray'r,
To every conscience seal.

3 Refresh us with a ceaseless show'r
Of graces from above,
Till all receive the perfect pow'r
Of everlasting love.

754 *I will not let Thee go.* C. M.

AS Jacob did in days of old,
So will my soul do now;
Wrestle, and on my Jesus hold,
"Nor will I let him go."

2 I come encourag'd by thy word,
That mercy thou wilt show;
Except thou bless me, blessed Lord,
"I will not let thee go."

3 I come to ask forgiveness free,
Tho' I have been thy foe;
Except thou grant it, Lord, to me,
"I will not let thee go."

4 I come to ask for all thy love,
And all thou canst bestow;
Except these blessings, Lord, I prove,
"I will not let thee go."

755 *Encouragement to Prayer.* M. 7s.

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare;
Jesus loves to answer pray'r;
He himself has bid thee pray,—
Therefore will not say thee nay.

2 Thou art coming to a King;
Large petitions with thee bring;
For his grace and pow'r are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

4 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

756 *A Blessing Invoked.* M. 7s.

LORD, we come before thee now;
At thy feet we humbly bow;
O do not our suit disdain!
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3 In thine own appointed way
Now we seek thee, here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go
Till a blessing thou bestow.

4 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a God supremely kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free;
May we all rejoice in thee.

757 *My God will Hear me.*—Mic. 7: 7. C. M.

To thee, O Lord, my heav'nly King,
Now will my soul draw near;
Thankful of this sweet truth to sing,
That thou, my God, wilt hear.

2 Though I am poor, and needy too,
And scarce know what to say;
And though my words are faint and few,
My God will hear me pray.

3 Through Christ I come, and mercy claim,
Who lives to intercede;
For in his dear and holy name
My God will hear me plead.

4 Hear me thou wilt, tho' doubts and fears
My soul should much cast down;
And tho' o'erwhelm'd with sighs and tears
My God will hear me groan.

5 Then whilst my life and breath remain
I'll humbly persevere;
And when to glory I attain,
I'll praise my Saviour there.

758 *Jesus on the Throne of Grace.* S. M.

Behold the throne of grace!
The promise calls me near;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer pray'r.

2 That rich atoning blood,
Which sprinkled 'round I see,
Provides for those who come to God
An all-prevailing plea.

3 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and thy love;
I ask to serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.

4 Teach me to live by faith,
Conform my will to thine;
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

759 *Throne of Grace.* C. M.

O Lord, to us, assembled here,
Reveal thy smiling face;
While we, by faith, with love and fear,
Approach a throne of grace.

2 Thy house is call'd a house of pray'r,
A solemn, sacred place;
O let us now thy presence share,
While at the throne of grace.

3 With holy boldness may we come,
Though of a sinful race;
Thankful to find there yet is room
Before the throne of grace.

4 Thy tender pity and thy love
Our every fear can chase;
And all our help, we then shall prove,
Comes from the throne of grace.

5 We bless thee for thy word and laws;
We bless thee for thy peace;
And O, we bless thee, Lord, because
There is a throne of grace.

760 *A Throne of Grace.* C. M.

A THRONE of grace! then let us go
And offer up our pray'r;
A gracious God will mercy show
To all that worship there.

2 A throne of grace! O, at that throne
Our knees have often bent,
And God has often shower'd down,
His blessing as we went.

3 A throne of grace! rejoice, ye saints;
That throne is open still;
To God unbosom your complaints,
And then inquire his will.

4 A throne of grace we yet shall need
Long as we draw our breath,
A Saviour, too, to intercede,
Till we are changed by death.

5 The throne of glory then shall glow
With beams from Jesus' face,
And we no longer want shall know,
Nor need a throne of grace.

761 *Prayer for Resignation.* C. M.

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise.

2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And let me live to thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that I am thine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

762 *The Lord's Prayer.* C. M.

OUR Father who in heaven art,
All hallow'd be thy name,
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done,
In heaven and earth the same.

2 Give us this day our daily bread,
And every debt forgive,
Even as we shall pardon grant
Our debtors while we live.

3 Into temptation lead us not,
From evil set us free;
For thine's the kingdom, glory, pow'r:
Amen! so let it be.

763 *The Light of God's Countenance.* C. M.

ETERNAL, Sun of righteousness,
Display thy beams divine,
And cause the glory of thy face
On all our hearts to shine.

2 Light in thy light, O, may we see;
Thy grace and mercy prove,
Revived, and cheered, and blessed by thee,
The God of pard'ning love.

764 *Opening a Prayer Meeting.* C. M.

WE'VE met, dear friends, in Jesus' name;
Come, let us now rejoice,
While we our Saviour's name proclaim,
With cheerful heart and voice.

2 But O, dear Jesus, Lamb of God,
Send down the heav'nly Dove,
His graces to diffuse around,
And warm our hearts with love.

3 Then, O dear Jesus, condescend
To meet us with a smile;
Thy Spirit's quick'ning influence send,
And purge our hearts from guile:—

4 That when we part each one may say,
We met not here in vain;
For we have tasted heav'n to-day,
Nor could we more contain.

765 *Close of a Prayer Meeting.* M. 7s.

If 'tis sweet to mingle where
Christians meet for social prayer;
If 'tis sweet with them to raise
Songs of holy joy and praise—
Passing sweet that state must be,
Where they meet eternally.

2 Saviour, may these meetings prove
Antepasts to that above;
While we worship in this place,
May we grow from grace to grace,
Till we each in his degree,
Fit for endless glory be.

766 *The Lord's Prayer.* S. M.

Our heavenly Father, hear
The prayer we offer now:
Thy name be hallowed far and near;
To thee all nations bow.

2 Thy kingdom come; thy will
On earth be done in love,
As saints and seraphim fulfil
Thy perfect law above.

3 Our daily bread supply,
While by thy word we live;
The guilt of our iniquity
Forgive, as we forgive.

4 From dark temptation's pow'r,
From Satan's wiles defend;
Deliver in the evil hour,
And guide us to the end.

5 Thine shall forever be
Glory and power divine;
The sceptre, throne and majesty
Of heaven and earth are thine.

767 *Humble and Fervent Prayer.* L. M.

BELOVED Saviour, faithful Friend,
The joy of all thy cross's train;
In mercy to our aid descend,
Or else we worship thee in vain.

2 In vain we meet to sing and pray,
If Christ his influence withhold:
Our hearts remain as cold as clay,
Till we our God by faith behold.

3 Then manifest thyself in peace,
Thy faithful mercies now make known;
O, breathe on us a gale of grace,
And send a cheering blessing down.

4 We gladly for thy coming wait:
Seeking to know thee as thou art,
We bow as suppliants at thy feet,
And bid thee welcome to our heart.

MORNING PRAYER MEETING.

768 *Morning Prayer Meeting.* S. M.

HOW sweet the melting lay,
Which breaks upon the ear,
When at the hour of rising day,
Christians unite in pray'r.

2 The breezes waft their cries
Up to Jehovah's throne;
He listens to their humble sighs,
And sends his blessings down.

3 So Jesus rose to pray
Before the morning light,—
Once on the chilling mount did stay,
And wrestle all the night.

4 Glory to God on high,
Who sends his blessings down
To rescue souls condemned to die,
And make his people one.

769 *Morning Prayer.* C. M.

O MAY I love, at early day
To rise, when all is still,
And hear my Saviour kindly say,
"Come, ask me what ye will."

2 O may I love to search his law,
To hear his words of love,
And feel his Spirit sweetly draw
My soul to "things above."

3 O may I love to ask, in prayer,
His Spirit's guiding ray—
Through every scene of anxious care,
Through life's bewildered way.

4 Thus let me spend each rising hour,
Thus close my latest days,
Till I shall wake, to sleep no more,
Where prayer is changed to praise.

770 *Seeking God Early.* C. M.

EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away,
Without thy cheering grace.

2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.

3 I've seen thy glory and thy pow'r,
Through all thy temple shine;
My God, repeat that heav'nly hour—
That vision so divine!

4 Thus, till my last, expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

NOON-DAY PRAYER MEETING.

771 *Noon-Day Worship.* L. M.

How sweet to leave the world awhile
And seek the presence of our Lord!
Dear Saviour, on thy people smile,
According to thy faithful word.

2 From busy scenes we now retreat,
That we may here converse with thee:
O Lord, behold us at thy feet;
Let this the gate of heaven be.

3 "Chief of ten thousands," now appear,
That we, by faith, may view thy face:
O speak, that we thy voice may hear,
And let thy presence fill the place!

772 *Mid-Day Hour of Prayer.* C. M.

Jesus, this mid-day hour of prayer
We consecrate to thee,
Forgetful of each earthly care,
We would thy glory see.

2 We come thy presence to implore;
O teach us how to pray!
Impart to us thy Spirit's pow'r—
Thy saving grace display.

3 Baptize with energy divine
The contrite soul afresh;
O bow the stubborn will to thine,
And give the heart of flesh.

4 Unite our hearts, unite our tongues,
In lofty praise to thee;
Accept the tribute of our songs,
Thou Holy One in Three.

773 *Daily Devotion.* S. M.

LET sinners take their course,
And choose the road to death;
But in the worship of my God,
I'll spend my daily breath.

2 My thoughts address his throne,
When morning brings the light;
I seek his blessing every noon,
And pay my vows at night.

3 Thou wilt regard my cries,
O my eternal God,
While sinners perish in surprise
Beneath thine angry rod.

774 *Noon-tide Prayer.* C. M.

FROM busy toil and heavy care
We turn the weary mind;
And in the place of noon-tide pray'r
Our sanctuary find.

The mid-day hour, the noon-tide hour,
It is the hour of pray'r;
Our souls receive renewing pow'r,
For Jesus meets us there.

2 The voice that stilled the stormy waves
On distant Galilee,
Speaks once again, and at the sound,
Retires another sea.
The mid-day hour, &c.

3 The restless waves of care and strife
Obey the mighty voice;
Peace broods the quiet waters o'er,
And all our souls rejoice.
The mid-day hour, &c.

4 These heav'n-bright hours too soon are past;
Grant, Lord, this greater boon:
A place where worship never ends,
Nor night succeeds to noon.
The mid-day hour, &c.

775

Stand up for Jesus. M. 8s, 7s & 4.

O YOUNG men, "stand up for Jesus!"
Lift the blood-stained banner high;
Fight for him as valiant soldiers;
In God's name your foes defy—
He will help you—He will guide you—
He will give you victory.

2 Yes, "stand up" a glorious army,
War against the power below;
Let not Satan's host alarm you,
God can mighty power bestow;
You will conquer—You will triumph—
On to glorious conquest go.

3 Never fear—"stand up for Jesus!"
Speak to all of his dear name;
Tell them of his great salvation;
All his wondrous love proclaim,
Peace and pardon, grace and glory
Through the precious dying Lamb.

4 Never be ashamed of Jesus,
Glory ever in his cross;
Count it most exalted honor,
To advance his blessed cause;
Hallowed honors—Untold blessings,
Cluster round the Saviour's cross.

5 What are all earth's fame and pleasures?
What, but gilded nothingness,
To the glorious, fadeless treasures,
To the pure unfailing bliss,
Found in Jesus?—Precious Jesus!
"All his paths are paths of peace."

6 Come, young men, "stand up for Jesus!"
Plead his cause, your Saviour own!
Lo! he now your cause is pleading,
Standing up before the throne,
He will own you—He will claim you—
When he comes with glitt'ring crown.

EXPERIENCE MEETING.

776 *Opening an Experience Meeting.* L. M.

Now we are met in holy fear,
To hear the happy saints declare
The free compassion of a God,
The virtue of a Saviour's blood.

2 Jesus, assist them now to tell
What they have felt, and what they feel;
O Saviour, help them to express
The wonders of triumphant grace.

3 While to the church they freely own
What for their souls the Lord hath done,
We'd join to praise eternal love,
And heighten all the joys above.

777 *Prayer for Deliverance.* S. M.

AND are we yet alive,
To see each other's face?
Glory and praise to Jesus give,
For his redeeming grace.

2 Preserved by power divine,
To full salvation here,
Again in Jesus' praise we join,
And in his sight appear.

3 What troubles have we seen!
What conflicts have we pass'd!
Fightings without and fears within,
Since we assembled last.

4 But out of all, the Lord
Hath brought us by his love;
And still he doth his help afford,
And hides our life above.

778 *Art thou in Health, Brother?* M. 7s & 6s.

"ART thou in health, my brother?"
Has Jesus made thee whole?
Or art thou yet diseased,
In thy immortal soul?
O what is thy condition?
My friend, arise and speak;
May Jesus kindly aid you
To give an answer meek.

2 'Tis an important question,
"Art thou in health, my friend?"
Come, speak, but speak sincerely;
For God an ear doth lend:
And he the truth demandeth
When we each other tell
Our mind, and soul's condition,
If sickly, or if well.

779 *My Heart is Fixed.* P. M. 8s.

WHAT now is my object and aim?
What now is my hope and desire?
To follow the heavenly Lamb,
And after his image aspire.
My hope is all centred in thee;
I trust in thy promise and love;
On earth thy salvation I see,
And hope to enjoy it above.

2 I thirst for a life-giving God,
The Lamb that on Calvary died;
The fountain of water and blood,
That gushed from Immanuel's side.
I gasp for the streams of thy love,
The spirit of rapture unknown;
And then to enjoy it above,
Eternally fresh from the throne.

780 *Relation of Christian Experience.* S. M.

COME, ye who fear the Lord,
And listen, while I tell
How narrowly my feet escaped
The snares of death and hell.

2 The flattering joys of sense
Assailed my foolish heart,
While Satan, with malicious skill,
Guided the poisonous dart.

3 I fell beneath the stroke,
But fell to rise again;
My anguish roused me into life,
And pleasures sprung from pain.

4 Darkness, and shame, and grief,
Oppress'd my gloomy mind;
I looked around me for relief,
But no relief could find.

5 At length to God I cried:
He heard my plaintive sigh;
He heard, and instantly he sent
Salvation from on high.

6 My drooping head he rais'd,
My bleeding wounds he heal'd;
Pardon'd my sins, and with a smile
The gracious pardon seal'd.

7 O, may I ne'er forget
The mercy of my God!
Nor ever want a tongue to spread
His loudest praise abroad.

781 *The Kindred in Christ.* L. M.

KINDRED in Christ, for his dear sake,
A hearty welcome here receive;
May we together now partake
The joys which only he can give.

2 May he, by whose kind care we meet,
Send his good Spirit from above;
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.

3 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When christians see each other thus:
We only wish to speak of him
Who liv'd, and died, and reigns for us.

4 We'll talk of all he did and said,
And suffer'd for us here below;
The path he mark'd for us to tread,
And what he's doing for us now.

782 *Rejoicings in Hope.* C. M.

LIFT up your hearts to things above,
Ye foll'wers of the Lamb,
And join with us to praise his love,
And glorify his name.

2 To Jesus' name give thanks and sing,
Whose mercies never end:
Rejoice! rejoice! the Lord is King;
The King is now our Friend.

3 We for his sake count all things loss;
On earthly good look down;
And joyfully sustain the cross,
Till we receive the crown.

783 *God of Truth and Love.* M. 7s double.

God of truth, and God of love,
Send thy Spirit from above;
Teach us so to speak and hear
That thy glory may appear—
That in us the world may find
All our Master's gentle mind;
Thus our fellowship approve,
God of truth, and God of love.

2 God of truth, and God of love,
O'er our wayward tempers move;
Touch them with celestial fire,
Holy love and zeal inspire:
While we feel the sacred glow,
Lay each evil passion low;
Frame us for the world above,
God of truth, and God of love.

784 *Young Converts Testifying.* C. M.

Dear Saviour, we rejoice to hear
Young converts sweetly tell
How thou art pleased to save from sin,
From sorrow, death and hell.

2 Lord, we unite to praise thy name,
For grace so freely giv'n;
Still may they keep in Zion's road,
And dwell at last in heav'n.

785 *Christ's Work.* P. M. 6,6,9,6,6,9.

COME all ye happy race,
Who are ransom'd by grace,
By the grace that is free for us all:
Come and hear, come and feel,
While with rapture I tell
What my Saviour hath done for my soul.

2 He removed my guilt
Through the blood that he spilt,
And new life from his death I receiv'd;
Then I sung the new song,
With my heart and my tongue,
And my soul to salvation believ'd.

3 His adorable grace
Through my life I can trace,
And through scenes of affliction go on;
With my Saviour in view,
The high prize I'll pursue,
Nor be weary, nor faint as I run.

4 The good Shepherd shall keep
His once wandering sheep,
Who are brought to his fold he'll defend;
'Twas his blood that I cost,
And I shall not be lost,
If I hold on my way to the end.

786 *Close of an Experience Meeting.* L. M.

WE now have heard our brethren tell
How they escap'd the snares of hell
They all relate that conq'ring grace
Which gives them in the church a place.

2 The testimony they have giv'n,
Now proves that they are heirs of heav'n;
Like angels may they shine at last,
When all this storm of life is past.

787 *Christ's Presence.* C. P. M.8,8,6,8,8,6.

"WHERE two or three together meet,
My love and mercy to repeat,
And tell what I have done,
There will I be," said God, "to bless,
And every burden'd soul redress,
Who worships at my throne."

2 Make one in this assembly, Lord,
Speak to each heart some cheering word
To set the spirit free;
Impart a kind, celestial show'r,
And grant that we may spend an hour
In fellowship with thee.

788 *Union with Christ.* P. M. 8,8,8,8,7.

COME saints and sinners, hear me tell
The wonders of Immanuel;
Who sav'd me from a burning hell,
And brought my soul with him to dwell,
And gave me heav'nly union.

2 When Jesus saw me from on high,
Beheld my soul in ruin lie,
He look'd on me with pitying eye,
And said to me, as he pass'd by,
With God you have no union.

3 Then I began to pray and cry,
I look'd this way and that to fly,
It griev'd me sore that I must die,
I sought salvation for to buy,
But still I found no union.

4 But when I hated all my sin,
My dear Redeemer took me in,
And with his blood he wash'd me clean;
And, O! what seasons I have seen,
E'er since I felt this union.

5 I prais'd the Lord both night and day,
I went from house to house to pray,
And if I met one on the way,
I always something found to say
About this heav'nly union.

6 Almighty God, teach heart and tongue
To thee to raise a grateful song;
All praises to thy name belong;
Let Zion sing, thy kingdom come,
And fill the world with union.

MISSIONARY MEETING.

789 *Condition of the Heathen.* M. 7s & 6s.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,—
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand, —
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,—
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile!
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown:
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high,
Shall we to man benighted
The light of life deny?

Salvation! O, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb, for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

790 *Missionary's Farewell.* M. 8s, 7s & 4.

YES, my native land, I love thee;
All thy scenes, I love them well;
Friends, connections, happy country,
Can I bid you all farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

2 Home, thy joys are passing lovely—
Joys no stranger-heart can tell;
Happy home, indeed I love thee:
Can I—can I say, "farewell?"
Can I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

3 Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
Holy days and sabbath bell,
Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure,
Can I say a last farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

4 Yes, I hasten from you gladly—
From the scenes I love so well:
Far away, ye billows, bear me:
Lovely native land, farewell:
Pleased I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

5 In the deserts let me labor;
On the mountains let me tell
How he died—the blessed Saviour—
To redeem a world from hell:
Let me hasten,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

2 Bear me on, thou restless ocean;
Let the winds my canvass swell:
Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
While I go far hence to dwell:
Glad I bid thee,
Native land, farewell—farewell!

791 *Departure of Missionaries.* M. 8s, 7s & 4.

MEN of God, go take your stations;
Darkness reigns o'er all the earth;
Loud proclaim among the nations
Joyful news of heavenly birth:
Bear the tidings,
Tidings of the Saviour's worth.

2 Go to men in darkness sleeping;
Tell that Christ is strong to save;
Go to men in bondage weeping;
Publish freedom to the slave:
Tell the dying,
Christ has triumphed o'er the grave.

3 What though earth, by hell excited,
Should oppose the Saviour's reign!
Plead his cause to souls benighted;
Fear ye not the face of men;
Vain the tumult,
Earth and hell will rage in vain.

4 Though exposed to fearful dangers,
Jesus will his own defend;
Borne afar 'mid foes and strangers,
Jesus is your heavenly friend;
And his presence
Shall be with you to the end.

792 *Prayer for the Success of Missions.* C. M.

LORD, send thy word, and let it fly,
Armed with thy Spirit's power:
Ten thousands shall confess its sway,
And bless the saving hour.

2 Beneath the influence of thy grace
The barren wastes shall rise,
With sudden greens and fruits array'd,
A blooming paradise.

3 True holiness shall strike its root
In each regenerate heart;
Shall in a growth divine arise,
And heavenly fruits impart.

4 Peace, with her olives crowned, shall stretch
Her wings from shore to shore;
No trump shall rouse the rage of war,
Nor murderous cannon roar.

5 Lord, for those days we wait; those days
Are in thy word foretold;
Fly swifter, sun and stars, and bring
This promised age of gold.

6 "Amen," with joy divine, let earth's
Unnumbered myriads cry;
"Amen," with joy divine, let heav'n's
Unnumbered choirs reply.

793 *The Missionaries' Farewell.* C. M.

KINDRED and friends and native land,
How shall we say farewell?
How, when our swelling sails expand,
How will our bosoms swell!

2 Yes, nature, all thy soft delights
And tender ties we know;
But love more strong than death unites
To him who bids us go.

3 Thus, when, our every passion moved,
The gushing tear-drop starts,
The cause of Jesus, more beloved,
Shall glow within our hearts.

4 The sighs we breathe for precious souls,
Where he is yet unknown,
Might waft us to the distant poles,
Or to the burning zone.

5 With warm desire our bosoms swell,
Our glowing powers expand;
Farewell, then we can say, farewell,
Our friends and native land.

794 *Send us the Bread of Life.* C. M.

A CRY upon the winds is borne:
We hear it day by day;
It comes from lands that sigh and mourn
Beneath the spoiler's sway.

2 What is this cry that ever comes,
Wafted upon the air,
Or on the ocean's swelling wave?—
What is this earnest pray'r?

3 Christians, it is for living bread,
And for life's water pure;
That spirits crushed, and dark, and dead,
May endless good secure.

4 Ah! sad 'twill be, if all in vain
It falls upon the ear,
And wakes no answering tone again,
And starts no pitying tear!

5 Help for the heathen! let it go
From every christian hand—
Help! that the blessedness ye know
May flow to every land.

795 *Missionaries Commended to God.* C. M.

FATHER of mercies, condescend
To hear our fervent pray'r,
While these our brethren we commend
To thy paternal care.

2 Before them set an open door;
Their faithful labors bless;
On them thy Holy Spirit pour,
And crown them with success.

3 Endow them with a heavenly mind;
Supply their every need;
Make them in spirit meek, resign'd,
But bold in word and deed.

4 In every tempting, trying hour
Uphold them by thy grace;
And guard them by thy mighty pow'r,
Till they shall end their race.

5 Then, follow'd by a numerous train,
Gather'd from heathen lands,
A crown of life may they obtain
From their Redeemer's hands.

796 *Prayer for Success.* L. M.

MILLIONS there are on heathen ground,
Who never heard the gospel's sound;
Lord, send it forth, and let it run,
Swift and reviving as the sun.

2 Guide thou our lips, who stand to tell
Sinners to shun the way to hell;
To those who give, do thou impart
A gen'rous, wise, and tender heart.

3 Lord, crown their zeal, reward their care,
That in thy grace they all may share;
And those who now in darkness dwell,
Deliv'rance bring from guilt and hell.

797 *The Latter Day Glory.* L. M.

BEHOLD, the heathen waits to know
The joy the gospel will bestow;
The exiled captive to receive
The freedom Jesus has to give.

2 Come, let us with a grateful heart,
In this blest labor share a part:
Our prayers and off'rings gladly bring
To aid the triumphs of our King.

3 Our hearts exult in songs of praise,
That we have seen these latter days,
When our Redeemer shall be known,
Where Satan long hath held his throne.

4 Where'er his hand hath spread the skies,
Sweet incense to his name shall rise;
And slave and freeman, Greek and Jew,
By sov'reign grace be form'd anew.

798 *Prayer for the Success of Missions.* L. M.

THY people, Lord, who trust thy word,
And wait the smilings of thy face,
Assemble 'round the mercy-seat,
And plead the promise of thy grace.

2 We consecrate these hours to thee,
Thy sovereign mercy to entreat;
And feel some animating hope,
We shall divine acceptance meet.

3 Hast thou not promised to thy Son,
That his dominion shall extend
Till every tongue shall call him Lord,
And every knee before him bend?

4 Now let the happy time appear,
The time to favor Zion come;
Send forth thy heralds far and near,
To call thy banished people home.

799 *The Gospel Banner.* M. 7s & 6s.

Now be the gospel banner
In every land unfurled;
And be the shout, "Hosanna,"
Re-echoed through the world;
Till every isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue,
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.

2 What though th' embattled legions
Of earth and hell combine!
His arm, throughout their regions,
Shall soon resplendent shine:
Ride on, O Lord, victorious,
Immanuel, Prince of peace!
Thy triumph shall be glorious,—
Thine empire shall increase.

3 Yes; thou shalt reign forever,
O Jesus, Kings of kings;
Thy light, thy love, thy favor,
Each ransomed captive sings;
The isles for thee are waiting,
The deserts learn thy praise;
The hills and valleys, greeting,
The song responsive raise.

800 *Prayer for Missionaries.* L. M.

Like Abrah'm, to a land unknown,
Are our dear missionaries gone:
Obedient to the heav'nly call,
They leave their country and their all.

2 The various dangers by the way,
Perils and toils by night and day,
The boist'rous deep and death they brave,
The islands of the sea to save.

3 May their whole souls and selves be blest
In Abrah'm's God, with peace and rest,
In each distressing trying hour,
Be Abrah'm's God their shield and tow'r.

4 When they arrive at distant lands,
With Jesus' gospel in their hands,
O may the tidings of his love,
Salvation to the heathen prove!

MONTHLY CONCERT.

801 *A Blessing on Christian Effort.* C. M.

SALVATION!—Let the tidings roll
The spacious earth around,
Till every tribe and every soul
Shall hear the joyful sound.

2 Then shall the scattered wand'rers meet,
Who now in darkness rove,
And, gathered 'round Immanuel's feet,
Sing of his saving love.

3 O Lord, each faithful effort own,
To spread the gospel's rays;
And rear on sin's demolished throne,
The temples of thy praise.

802 *Extension of Christ's Kingdom.* S. M.

O Lord our God, arise,
The cause of truth maintain:
And wide o'er all the peopled world
Extend her blessed reign.

2 Thou Prince of life, arise,
Nor let thy glory cease;
Far spread the conquests of thy grace,
And bless the earth with peace.

3 O Holy Spirit, rise,
Extend thy heavenly wing,
And o'er a dark and ruined world
Let light and order spring.

4 O, all ye nations, rise,
To God the Saviour sing;
From shore to shore, from earth to heav'n
Let echoing anthems ring.

803 *Gospel Triumphs.* C. M.

JESUS, immortal King, arise;
Assert thy rightful sway;
Till earth, subdued, its tribute brings,
And distant lands obey.

2 Send forth thy word, and let it fly
The spacious earth around;
Till every soul beneath the sun
Shall hear the joyful sound.

3 O, may the great Redeemer's name
Through every clime be known;
And heathen gods, forsaken, fall,
And Jesus reign alone.

4 From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
Be thou, O Christ, ador'd;
And earth, with all her millions, shout
Hosannas to the Lord.

804 *Church's Increase Promised.* C. M.

FATHER, is not thy promise pledg'd
To thine exalted Son,
That thro' the nations of the earth
Thy word of life shall run?

2 "Ask, and I'll give the heathen lands
For thine inheritance,
And, to the world's remotest shores,
Thine empire shall advance."

3 Hast thou not said, the blinded Jews
Shall their Redeemer own,
While Gentiles to his standard crowd,
And bow before his throne?

4 Are not all kingdoms, tribes and tongues,
Beneath th' expanse of heaven,
To the dominion of thy Son,
With all their millions given?

5 From east to west, from north to south,
Then be his name adored;
The world, through all its nations, shout
Hosannas to the Lord.

805 *Prayer for Missions.* C. M.

GREAT God! the nations of the earth
Are by creation thine:
And in thy works, by all beheld,
Thy radiant glories shine.

2 But, Lord, thy greater love has sent
Thy gospel to mankind,
Unveiling what rich stores of grace
Are treasured in thy mind.

3 O, when shall these glad tidings spread
The spacious earth around,
Till every tribe and every soul
Shall hear the joyful sound?

4 Smile, Lord, on each divine attempt
To spread the gospel's rays,
And build thy church in every clime,
A temple of thy praise.

806 *Prayer for the Latter Days.* M. 7s.

HASTEN, Lord, the glorious time,
When, beneath Messiah's sway,
Every nation, every clime,
Shall the gospel-call obey.

2 Then the kings thy pow'r shall own,
Heathen tribes thy name adore;
Satan and his host o'erthrown,
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

3 Then shall wars and tumults cease,
Then be broken slavery's chain;
Righteousness, and joy, and peace,
Undisturbed shall ever reign.

4 Bless we, then, our gracious Lord;
Ever praise his glorious name;
All his mighty acts record;
All his wondrous love proclaim.

807 *Spread of the Gospel.* M. 8s,7s & 4.

O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul, be still and gaze;
See the promises advancing
To a glorious day of grace:—
Blest fulfilment!—
Let the glorious morning dawn.

2 Let the dark, benighted pagan,
Let the rude barbarian see
That divine and glorious conquest,
Once obtained on Calvary:
Let the gospel
Loud resound, from pole to pole.

3 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
Now, from eastern coast and western,
May the morning chase the night;
Let redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

4 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel:
Win and conquer—never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominions
Multiply and still increase;
Sway thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around.

808 *Encouraging Prospects.* M. 8s,7s & 4.

YES, we trust the day is breaking;
Joyful times are near at hand;
God, the mighty God, is speaking,
By his word, in every land:
When he chooses,
Darkness flies at his command.

2 While the foe becomes more daring,
While he enters like a flood,
God, the Saviour, is preparing
Means to spread thy truth abroad:—
Every language
Soon shall tell the love of God.

3 O, 'tis pleasant, 'tis reviving
To our hearts, to hear, each day,
Joyful news, from far arriving,
How the gospel wins its way,
Those enlightening
Who in death and darkness lay.

4 God of Jacob, high and glorious,
Let thy people see thy hand;
Let the gospel be victorious,
Through the world, in every land;
Then shall idols
Perish, Lord, at thy command.

809 *The Salvation of Zion.* M. 7s & 6s.

O THAT that the Lord's salvation
Were out of Zion come,
To heal his ancient nation,
To lead his outcasts home!

2 How long the holy city
Shall heathen feet profane?
Return, O Lord, in pity;
Rebuild her walls again.

3 Let fall thy rod of terror;
Thy saving grace impart;
Roll back the veil of error;
Release the fetter'd heart.

4 Let Israel, home returning,
Her lost Messiah see;
Give oil of joy for mourning,
And bind thy church to thee.

810 *Success of the Gospel.* M. 7s & 6s.

THE morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar
Of nations in commotion,
Prepar'd for Zion's war.

2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
In many a gentle show'r,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour:
Each cry, to heaven going,
Abundant answers brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not, till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not, till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

811 *Prayer for Israel.* S. M.

LORD, send thy servants forth
To call the Hebrews home;
From east and west, from south and north,
Let all the wand'rers come.

2 Where'er, in lands unknown,
The fugitives remain,
Bid every creature help them on,
Thy holy mount to gain.

3 An offering to the Lord,
There let them all be seen,
And washed with water and with blood,
In soul and body clean.

4 With Israel's myriads sealed,
Let all the nations meet,
And show the promises fulfilled,—
Thy family complete.

812 *Imploring a Blessing on Means.* L. M.

INDULGENT God, to thee we pray;
Be with us on this solemn day;
Smile on our souls, our plans approve,
By which we seek to spread thy love.

2 Let party prejudice be gone,
And love unite our hearts in one;
Let all we have and are combine,
To aid this glorious work of thine.

3 We long to have the day appear,
The promis'd great sabbatic year;
When, far from grief, and sin and hell,
Israel in ceaseless peace shall dwell.

4 Till then, we shall not let thee rest,
Thou still shalt hear our strong request;
And this our daily prayer shall be,
Lord, sound the trump of jubilee.

813 *Influences of the Spirit.* M. 8s, 7s & 4.

WHO but thou, almighty Spirit,
Can the heathen world reclaim?
Men may preach, but, till thou favor,
Heathens still will be the same:
Mighty Spirit,
Witness to the Saviour's name.

2 Thou hast promised, by the prophets,
Glorious light in latter days;
Come, and bless bewildered nations;
Change our prayers and tears to praise;
Promised Spirit,
Round the world diffuse thy rays.

3 All our hopes, and prayers, and labors
Must be vain without thy aid;
But thou wilt not disappoint us;
All is true that thou hast said:
Gracious Spirit,
O'er the world thy influence shed.

814 *Arm of the Lord, Awake!* L. M.

ARM of the Lord, awake, awake!
Put on thy strength—the nations shake,
And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.

2 Say to the heathen from thy throne,
"I am Jehovah—God alone!"
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

3 No more let human blood be spilt,
Vain sacrifice for human guilt:
But to each conscience be applied
The blood that flow'd from Jesus' side.

4 Almighty God, thy grace proclaim,
In every land, of every name:
Let adverse pow'rs before thee fall,
And crown the Saviour—Lord of all.

815 *The Time to Favor Zion.* L. M.

SOV'REIGN of worlds! display thy pow'r;
Be this thy Zion's favor'd hour;
Bid the bright morning star arise,
And point the nations to the skies.

2 Set up thy throne where Satan reigns,
On Afric's shore, on India's plains,
On lonely isles and lands unknown,
And make the nations all thine own.

3 Speak! and the world shall hear thy voice;
Speak! and the desert shall rejoice;
Scatter the gloom of heathen night,
And bid all nations hail the light.

816 *Prayer for the Church's Increase.* L. M.

INDULGENT Sov'reign of the skies,
And wilt thou bow thy gracious ear?
While feeble mortals raise their cries,
Wilt thou, the great Jehovah, hear?

2 How shall thy servants give thee rest,
Till Zion's mouldering walls thou raise,
Till thy own power shall stand confess'd,
And make Jerusalem a praise?

3 For this a lowly suppliant crowd,
Here in thy sacred temple wait:
For this we lift our voices loud,
And call, and knock at mercy's gate.

4 Look down, O God, with pitying eye,
And view the desolation 'round;
See what wide realms in darkness lie,
And hurl their idols to the ground.

5 Loud let the gospel trumpet blow,
And call the nations from afar;
Let all the isles their Saviour know,
And earth's remotest ends draw near.

817 *Christ's Universal Reign.* C. M.

THUS saith the Lord, "My Son shall reign
To earth's remotest bound:
I will his holy throne maintain,
And all his foes confound."

2 Arise, O God, thy strength display;
Stretch forth thy conquering sword;
O'er every land thy sceptre sway,
And shed thy grace abroad.

3 Soon may the Gentile and the Jew
With one consent submit;
And men of every name and hue,
Bow at Immanuel's feet.

4 Send forth thy Spirit with thy word,
To every tribe and tongue;
Let all the nations praise the Lord,
In one delightful song.

818 *Prayer for the Jews.* L. M.

FATHER of faithful Abrah'm, hear
Our earnest suit for Abrah'm's seed;
Justly they claim the tenderest pray'r
From us, adopted in their stead.

2 Outcast from thee, and scattered wide
Through every nation under heav'n,
Blaspheming whom they crucified,
Unsaved, unpitied, unforgiv'n.

3 But hast thou finally forsook,
Forever cast thine own away?
Wilt thou not bid the murderers look
On him they pierced, and weep and pray.

4 Come then, thou great Deliverer, come;
The veil from Jacob's heart remove;
O bring thine ancient people home,
And let them know thy dying love.

819 *For the World's Conversion.* S. M.

O God of sov'reign grace,
We bow before thy throne,
And plead, for all the human race,
The merits of thy Son.

2 Spread through the earth, O Lord,
The knowledge of thy ways;
And let all lands, with joy, record
The great Redeemer's praise.

820 *Signs of the Times.* L. M.

Behold the promis'd time draw near,
The shades disperse, the dawn appear,
Behold the wilderness assume
The beauteous tints of Eden's bloom.

2 Events with prophecies conspire
To raise our faith, our zeal to fire:
The ripening fields already white,
Present a harvest to our sight.

3 The untaught heathen waits to know
The joys the gospel will bestow;
The exil'd slave waits to receive
The freedom Jesus has to give.

4 Come let us, with a grateful heart,
In the blest labor share a part,
Our pray'rs and offerings gladly bring
To aid the triumphs of our king.

821 *Prayer for the Dominion of Christ.* L. M.

Bright as the sun's meridian blaze,
Vast as the blessings he conveys,
Wide as his reign from pole to pole,
And permanent as his control:

2 So, Jesus, let thy kingdom come;
Then sin and hell's terrific gloom
Shall, at thy brightness, flee away—
The dawn of an eternal day.

3 Then shall the heathen, fill'd with awe,
Learn the blest knowledge of thy law;
And antichrist, on every shore,
Fall from his throne to rise no more.

822 *Conversion of the World.* L. M.

ASCEND thy throne, almighty King,
And spread thy glories all abroad;
Let thine own arm salvation bring,
And be thou known, the gracious God.

2 Let millions bow before thy seat,
Let humble mourners seek thy face;
Bring daring rebels to thy feet,
Subdued by thy victorious grace.

3 O let the kingdoms of the world
Become the kingdom of our Lord;
Let saints and angels praise thy name—
Be thou thro' heaven and earth ador'd.

SPIRITUAL DECLENSION.

823 *All-Sufficiency of Jesus.* P. M. 8 lines 8s.

HOW tedious and tasteless the hours
When Jesus no longer I see!
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers
Have all lost their sweetness to me;—
The midsummer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in him,
December's as pleasant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice:
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice;
I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I,—
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resign'd,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind:
While blest with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 My Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine?
And why are my winters so long?
O drive these dark clouds from my sky;
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me to thee up on high,
Where winter and clouds are more.

824 *Walking with God.* C. M.

O FOR a closer walk with God!
A calm and heavenly frame!
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I then enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But now I find an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove!—return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my fame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

825 *Spiritual Sloth Reproved.* C. M.

My drowsy powers, why sleep ye so?
Awake, my sluggish soul!
Nothing has half thy work to do,
Yet nothing's half so dull.

2 Go to the ants—for one poor grain:
See how they toil and strive;
Yet we, who have a heav'n t' obtain,
How negligent we live!

3 We, for whom God the Son came down,
And labor'd for our good:
How careless to secure that crown
He purchased with his blood!

4 Lord, shall we live so sluggish still,
And never act our parts?
Come, holy Dove, from Zion's hill,
And warm our frozen hearts!

5 Help us, with active warmth to move,
With vigorous souls to rise;
With hands of faith, and wings of love,
To fly and take the prize.

826 *O, that I were as in months past!* C. M.

SWEET was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pard'ning blood,
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.

2 Soon as the light the morn renew'd,
His praises tun'd my tongue;
And when the evening shades prevail'd
His love was all my song.

3 In pray'r my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine;
And when I read his holy word,
I call'd each promise mine.

4 Then to his saints I often spoke
Of what his love had done;
But now my heart is almost broke,
For all my joys are gone.

5 Now, when the evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

6 Rise, Lord, and help me to prevail;
O make my soul thy care!
I know thy mercy cannot fail;
Let me thy mercy share.

827 *Declension Lamented.* M. 8s & 7s.

ONCE, O Lord, thy garden flourished,
Every part looked gay and green;
Then thy word our spirits nourished,
Happy seasons we have seen!

2 But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see;
Lord, thy help is greatly needed,
Help can only come from thee.

3 Some, in whom we once delighted,
We shall see no more below;
Some, alas, we fear are blighted,—
Scarce a single leaf they show.

4 Dearest Saviour, hasten hither:
Thou canst make them bloom again;
O, permit them not to wither,
Let not all our hopes be vain!

828 *Distance from God Lamented.* C. M.

WHY is my heart so far from thee,
My God, my chief delight?
Why are my thoughts no more by day
With thee, no more by night?

2 Why should my foolish passions rove?
Where can such sweetness be,
As I have tasted in thy love,
As I have found in thee?

3 When my forgetful soul renews
The savor of thy grace,
My heart presumes I cannot lose
The relish all my days.

4 But ere one fleeting hour is past,
The flattering world employs
Some sensual bait to seize my taste,
And to pollute my joys.

5 Then I repent, and vex my soul
That I should leave thee so:
Where will those wild affections stroll
That let a Saviour go?

829 *Remember Lot's Wife.* M. 11s.

YE careless professors, who rest on your lees,
Amidst your vain pleasures, your profit and ease,
Now God says, "Arise and escape for your life,"
And look not behind you;—"Remember Lot's wife."

2 Awake from your slumber, the warning receive;
'Tis Jesus that warns you, the message believe;
While dangers are pending, "Escape for your life,
And look not behind you; remember Lot's wife."

3 The first bold apostate will tempt you to stray,
And tell you no dangers are found in the way;
He means to deceive you; "Escape for your life,
And look not behind you; remember Lot's wife."

4 How many poor souls has the serpent beguil'd,
With specious temptations, how many defil'd;
Then be not deluded; "Escape for your life,
And look not behind you; remember Lot's wife."

5 The ways of religion true pleasures afford;
No pleasures can equal the joys of the Lord;
Forsake then the world, and "Escape for your life,
And look not behind you; remember Lot's wife."

6 But if you determine the call to refuse,
And venture the way of destruction to choose:
For hell you must part with the blessings of life,
And then, if not now, you'll remember Lot's wife.

830 *The Barren Fig Tree.* C. M.

SEE, in the vineyard of the Lord
A barren fig-tree stands;
It yields no fruit, no blossom bears,
Though planted by his hands.

2 From year to year he seeks for fruit,
And still no fruit is found;
It stands, amid the living trees,
A cumberer of the ground.

3 But, see, an Intercessor pleads,
The barren tree to spare;
"Let justice still withhold his hand,
And grant another year.

4 Perhaps some means of grace untried
May reach the stony heart;
The softening dews of heav'nly grace
May life anew impart.

5 But if these means should prove in vain,
No fruits thy efforts crown,
Then mercy shall no longer plead,
But justice cut it down."

831 *The Barren Fig Tree.* M. 7s.

BARREN still this tree is found,
Lo! it cumbers still the ground;
Culture it has had for years,
But as yet no fruit appears.
Cut it down,—why all this toil?
It no more shall curse the soil.

2 But the dresser cries, "Forbear!
Let it stand another year:
Still it shall my care employ;
Then, if fruit appear, with joy
At thy feet it shall be laid,
And my care be well repaid."

3 Lord, this parable's for me;
I'm that dead and fruitless tree;
I within the vineyard stand,
Planted by thy gracious hand;
Yet with all the dresser's care,
Scarcely any fruit I bear.

4 I have peaceful sabbath days,
I have hours of pray'r and praise:
Faithful sermons, they are mine,
Threat'nings, promises divine,
All that wisdom could devise,
Lent in mercy from the skies.

5 Yet my heart is cold and dead,
Like a branch that's withered;
Yet my hands inactive prove,
To promote the cause I love;
Blessed Jesus! can there be
Life in such a barren tree?

6 O! for grace this year to be
All that God delights to see;
O for wisdom from above,
Every moment to improve;
And when time has pass'd away,
O for mercy in that day!

REVIVAL HYMNS.

832 *A Revival Hymn.* P. M. 9,9,12,9.

WHAT a mercy, a mercy is this!
What a mercy, a mercy is this!
What a mercy is this, what a heaven of bliss,
If the Saviour is found in my heart!

2 What will, O what will become of me? &c.
What will become of me—as death I cannot flee,
If the Saviour's not found in my heart?

3 'Tis awful, 'tis awful to relate, &c.
'Tis awful to relate, if death should be my fate,
And the Saviour's not found in my heart.

4 But welcome, O welcome death to me! &c.
But welcome death to me, if Jesus sets me free,
And the Saviour is found in my heart.

5 Then adieu, friends, adieu to you all, &c.
Then adieu to you all, my Saviour doth me call,
And has promis'd to dwell in my heart.

6 Adieu to all affliction and pain, &c.
Adieu to all pain—for to me to die is gain,
If the Saviour is found in my heart.

7 How cheering, how cheering to my mind, &c.
How cheering to my mind, and all I leave behind,
If the Saviour is found in my heart.

8 But we hope, O we hope soon to meet, &c.
But we hope soon to meet, and worship at his feet,
And ne'er more from the Saviour depart.

833 *Distinguishing Grace.* L. M.

I HEAR a voice that comes from far:
From Calvary it sounds abroad;
It soothes my soul, and calms my fear,
It speaks of pardon bought with blood.

2 And is it true, that many fly
The sound that bids my soul rejoice--
And rather choose in sin to die,
Than turn an ear to mercy's voice?

3 Alas, for those!—the day is near,
When mercy will be heard no more;
Then will they ask in vain to hear
The voice, they would not hear before.

4 With such, I own, I once appear'd,
But now I know how great their loss;
For sweeter sounds were never heard
Than mercy utters from the cross.

5 But let me not forget to own,
That if I differ aught from those,
'Tis due to sovereign grace alone,
That oft selects its proudest foes.

834

The Soul Given up to Christ. S. M.

AND can I yet delay
My little all to give—
To tear my soul from earth away,
My Jesus to receive?

2 Nay, but I yield—I yield!
I can hold out no more:
I sink, by dying love compell'd,
And own thee conqueror.

3 Though late, I all forsake,
My friends, my all resign;
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take
And seal me ever thine.

4 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove;
Settle and fix my wav'ring soul
With all thy weight of love.

835

Invitation. L. M.

I LONG to see the season come,
When sinners shall come flocking home;
To taste the riches of God's love,
And seek the joys that are above.

2 Hark! how the gospel trumpets sound,
Inviting sinners all around:
Behold, your loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.

3 A few days more, and you must go
To realms of joy or endless woe;
In worlds of bliss, with Christ to dwell,
Or sink beneath his frowns to hell.

4 Come, now, poor sinner, counsel take,
And all your sinful ways forsake;
This world give o'er, leave friends behind;
In Christ redemption you shall find.

5 Take your companions by the hand,
And your connexion in a band,
And give them up at Jesus' call,
For he can bless and save them all.

836 *The Harvest is Past.* M. 12 & 8s.

WHEN the harvest is past, and the summer is gone,
And sermons and prayers shall be o'er;
When the beams cease to break of the blest sabbath morn,
And Jesus invites thee no more;
When the rich gales of mercy no longer shall blow,
The gospel no message declare,—
Sinner, how canst thou bear the deep wailings of woe,
How suffer the night of despair?

2 When the holy have gone to the regions of peace,
To dwell in the mansions above;
When their harmony wakes, in the fulness of bliss,
Their song to the Saviour of love,—
Say, O sinner, that livest at rest and secure,
Who fearest no trouble to come,
Can thy spirit the swellings of sorrow endure,
Or bear the impenitent's doom?

837 *The Harvest Past.* M. 11s.

LO! Jesus the Saviour, in mercy draws near,
Salvation he brings unto all who believe;
Ye mourners, dismiss all your doubting and fear;
The gracious redemption with gladness receive.

2 The day-star of promise illumines the sky,
And souls long benighted now welcome the dawn;
Improve the glad season, or soon you may cry—
"The harvest is past, and the summer is gone!"

3 The Spirit is striving with sinners to-day,
He graciously knocks at the door of your heart,
He comes the compassion of God to display,
Your sins to remove and his love to impart.

4 O, welcome the Spirit and grieve him no more!
Nor wait till his offers of life are withdrawn,
Lest then you may cry, as your doom you deplore,
"The harvest is past, and the summer is gone!"

838

Invitation Hymn. P. M. 12,8,5,8,8,6,4.

O COME, come away, from sin, that dreadful monster!
Let Christ awhile upon you smile,—
O, come, come away.
O, come and taste redeeming love,
And then his truth and friendship prove,
And onward sweetly move,—
O, come, come away.

2 From death and the curse, in which you now are sinking,
Redeeming love will you remove,—
O, come, come away.
O, come along and join our throng,
And with us sing this cheering song,
And heav'n shall be your home,—
O, come, come away.

3 While watchmen are standing on the walls of Zion,
Inviting you to join in too,—
O, come, come away.
O, will you still refuse the call,
And into misery blindly fall.
And drink that burning gall?—
O, come, come away.

4 The bright morn of youth will soon be gone forever;
Its morning light may set in night,—
O, come, come away.
O, come while youth is in its prime,
And seek redeeming love divine,
And in Christ's army shine,—
O, come, come away.

5 When free from this world of sorrow and temptation,
We'll sail above on wings of love,—
O, come, come away.
And while angelic armies sing,
And make the heavenly arches ring,
We'll praise our eternal King,—
O, come, come away.

839 *The Voice of Free Grace.* M. 12s.

THE voice of free grace cries, Escape to the mountain;
For all that believe, Christ has open'd a fountain;
For sin and uncleanness and every transgression,
His blood flows so freely, in streams of salvation.
Hallelujah to the Lamb, who has purchas'd our pardon!
We'll praise him again, when we pass over Jordan.

2 Ye souls that are wounded, O flee to the Saviour!
He calls you in mercy—'tis infinite favor!
Your sins are increasing, as high as a mountain;
His blood can remove them, which flows from the fountain.
Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

3 O Jesus, our Lord, reign triumphantly glorious!
O'er sin, death and hell thou art ever victorious!
With shouts we'll proclaim it, and trust in thy passion,
Who saves us most freely—O glorious salvation!
Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

4 Our Jesus proclaims his name all victorious;
He reigns over all, and his kingdom is glorious;
To Jesus we'll join, with the great congregation,
And triumph, ascribing to him our salvation.
Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

5 With joy we shall stand, when life's journey is ended,
With harps in our hands, our praises be blended;
We'll range the sweet plains on the banks of the river,
And then sing salvation—for ever and ever.
Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

PRAYER FOR A REVIVAL.

840 *Prayer for a Revival.* M. 8s, 7s & 4.

SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation,
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain;
All will turn to desolation,
Unless thou return again;
Lord, revive us!
All our help must come from thee!

2 Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest, for want of thy assistance,
Every plant should droop and die; &c.

3 Let our mutual love be fervent;
Make us prevalent in pray'rs;
Let each one, esteemed thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snares; &c.

4 Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
And begin from this good hour,
To revive thy work afresh; &c.

841 *Prayer for a Revival.* S. M.

O Lord, through Christ, come down,
As in the ancient day,
Thine own Jerusalem to crown,
Thy glory to display!

2 O, wake thy chosen few
To mightier faith and pray'r;
Their sinking courage to renew,
And for the foe prepare.

3 Help us to pray aright,
To bring the blessings down—
The Saviour in his glorious might
The conquerors to crown.

4 Give us the heav'nly feast,
The feast of fattest things,
So ravishing to sight and taste,
Serv'd by the King of kings.

5 Then may the song arise,
At Pentecost which rose,
That Zion, precious in thine eyes,
Has triumphed o'er her foes.

842 *Prayer for Revival.* S. M.

O for the happy hour,
When God will hear our cry,
And send, with a reviving pow'r,
His Spirit from on high.

2 We meet, we sing, we pray;
We teach the saving word;
And yet we see no cheering ray;
No anxious voice is heard.

3 Thou, thou alone, canst give
Thy gospel sure success;
Canst bid the careless sinner live,
Anew, in holiness.

4 Come, then, with power divine,
Spirit of life and love!
Then shall our neighbors all be thine,
Prepared for bliss above.

843 *Wilt Thou not Revive us Again?* S. M.

O Lord! thy work revive
In Zion's gloomy hour;
And let our dying graces live
By thy restoring pow'r.

2 O, let thy chosen few
Awake to earnest pray'r;
Their solemn vows again renew
And walk in filial fear!

3 Thy Spirit then will speak
Through lips of humble clay,
Till hearts of adamant shall break,
Till rebels shall obey.

4 Now lend thy gracious ear,
Now listen to our cry:
O, come and bring salvation near!—
Our souls on thee rely.

844 *Prayer for a Revival.* S. M.

Revive thy work, O Lord,
And send salvation down;
Let the sharp arrows of thy word
Transpierce the hearts of stone.

2 Ride in thy prosp'rous car,
Regain thy people lost;
Let thy right hand conduct the war,
Let vict'ry crown thy host.

3 Thy fainting saints revive;
Awaken them that sleep;
Make the dry bones arise and live,
And comfort all that weep.

4 Come, O ye winds of heav'n,
Breathe o'er this vale of death;
May the good Spirit, richly giv'n,
Fill all with praying breath.

845 *Prayer for a Revival.* C. M.

ARISE, O King of grace, arise,
And enter to thy rest;
Behold, thy church, with longing eyes,
Waits to be owned and blest.

2 Enter with all thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and thy word;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.

3 Here, mighty God, accept our vows;
Here let thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread.

4 Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's Anointed shine;
Justice and truth his court maintain,
With love and power divine.

5 Here let him hold a lasting throne;
And, as his kingdom grows,
Fresh honors shall adorn his crown,
And shame confound his foes.

846 *Unconverted Relatives.* M. 8s, 7s & 4.

LORD, our ransom'd souls adore thee,
Thou our joy and portion art:
Day and night we plead before thee—
Answer, Lord—thy grace impart;
Send thy Spirit,—
Pierce the stubborn sinner's heart.

2 See, dear Lord, our near connections,
Dear companions all around:
Brothers, sisters, children, parents,
Down to desperation bound.
Jesus save them,—
Let the lost again be found.

3 Death, it may be, now is near them;
Soon they'll feel his cold embrace;
Gracious heaven! shall we hear them
Mourn thy long rejected grace?
Lord constrain them,
Now to seek a Saviour's face.

4 Lord, display thy matchless power;
Pierce their stubborn hearts of stone;
Make them dread that awful hour—
Bow them Lord, before thy throne:
Save them Jesus,—
Save them, save them for thine own.

847 *Prayer for a Revival.* L. M.

GREAT Lord of all thy churches, hear
Thy minister's and people's pray'r;
Perfum'd by thee, O may it rise,
Like fragrant incense, to the skies.

2 Revive thy churches with thy grace;
Forgive our sins, and grant us peace;
Rouse us from sloth, our hearts inflame
With ardent zeal for Jesus' name.

3 May young and old thy word receive,
Dead sinners hear thy voice and live;
The wounded conscience healing find,
And joy refresh each drooping mind.

4 May aged saints, matur'd with grace,
Abound in fruits of holiness;
And when translated to the skies,
May younger in their stead arise.

5 Thus we our suppliant voices raise,
And, weeping, sow the seed of praise,
In humble hope that thou wilt hear
Thy minister's and people's prayer.

848 *Revival Prayed For.* C. M.

RETIRE, vain world, awhile retire,
And leave us with the Lord;
Thy gifts ne'er fill one just desire,
Nor lasting bliss afford.

2 Blest Jesus, come thou gently down,
And fill this hallowed place;
O make thy glorious goings known,
Diffuse around thy grace.

3 Shine, dearest Lord, from realms of day,
Disperse the gloom of night,
Chase all our clouds and doubts away,
And turn the shades to light.

4 Behold, and pity from above,
Our cold and languid frame;
O shed abroad thy quickening love,
And we'll adore thy name.

5 Revive, O God, desponding saints,
Who languish, droop and sigh;
Refresh the soul that tires and faints,
Fill mourning hearts with joy.

849 *The Day of Pentecost.* M. 7s.

LO! the day of pentecost
Dawns, the infant church to cheer;
Lo! the sacramental host
In the upper room appear.

2 Mighty faith each soul inspir'd
At the footstool of the throne;
Each the Comforter desir'd,
Agonized for this alone.

3 Hark! a mighty rush from heav'n,
As if tempests struggled there,
Till the azure vault was riv'n,
And its fragments filled the air.

4 Cloven tongues of fiery hue
Crowned the apostolic band:—
Holy Ghost, the sign renew;
Spread the fire through all the land.

5 Grant a pentecostal show'r;
Roll, O roll the mighty flood!
Jesus, by thy Spirit's pow'r
Bring poor sinners back to God.

6 Let thy Spirit now inspire,
While the people flock to thee;
Shout, ye angels—strike the lyre;
Wake the general jubilee.

850 *A Revival Hymn.* C. M.

SPIRIT of God, thine influ'nce shed
On us, and all around;
Hallow this place, and bless thy word;
Make every heart to bound.

2 A solemn and a feeling time
May this occasion be,
That old and young—that rich and poor
Thy pow'r displayed may see.

3 Come now, bless'd Spirit from above;
Come now, just now descend;
Convince the unconvinced of sin,
And then their troubles end.

4 The joy of cancel'd sin bestow—
The bliss of paradise;—
O let us have a pentecost!
A falling—and a rise.

851 *Praying for Sinners.* C. M.

JESUS, Redeemer of mankind,
Thy saving pow'r display;
Thy mercy now may sinners find,
And know their gracious day.

2 O give them, Lord, a longer space,
Nor suddenly consume;
Help them to take the proffer'd grace,
And flee the wrath to come.

3 Open their eyes thy cross to see,
Their ears to hear thy cries;—
Sinner, thy Saviour weeps for thee,
For thee he weeps and dies.

4 All the day long he meekly stands,
His rebels to receive,
And shows his wounds and spreads his hands,
And bids you turn and live.

5 Turn, and your sins of deepest dye
He will with blood efface:
E'en now he waits the blood t' apply;
Be sav'd—be sav'd by grace!

852 *Vision of the Dry Bones.*—Ez. 37: 3. L. M.

LOOK down, O Lord, with pitying eye;
See Adam's race in ruin lie:
Sin spreads its trophies o'er the ground,
And scatters slaughter'd heaps around.

2 And can these mould'ring corpses live?
And can these dead, dry bones revive?
That, mighty God, to thee is known;
That wondrous work is all thine own.

3 Thy ministers are sent in vain
To prophesy upon the slain;
In vain they call, in vain they cry,
Till thine almighty aid is nigh,

4 O let thy Spirit come and breathe
New life thro' all the realms of death!
Dry bones shall then obey thy voice,—
Shall move, shall waken, and rejoice.

REJOICING IN A REVIVAL.

853 *Great Joy in that City.*—Acts 8:8. C. M.

How much the hearts of those revive,
Who love and serve the Lord,
When sinners dead are made alive,
By his all-quickening word.

2 The parent views, with joyful eyes,
His now returning son;
And in extatic joy he cries,
"What hath the Saviour done!"

3 The ministers of Christ rejoice
When souls the word receive;
When sinners hear the Saviour's voice,
And in the Lord believe.

4 The Church of God their praises join,
And of salvation sing;
They glorify the grace divine
Of their victorious King.

5 In heaven above there's joy and praise
Before the Lord most high;
Th' angelic choirs their voices raise,
And with each other vie.

6 But greater joy must they possess
Who feel the glorious change:
Their lab'ring tongues can but express
How true, but yet how strange!

854 *Joy over One Sinner that Repenteth.* C. M.

O how divine, how sweet the joy,
When but one sinner turns,
And with an humble, broken heart
His sins and errors mourns!

2 Pleased with the news, the saints below
In songs their tongues employ:
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heaven is filled with joy.

3 Well pleased, the Father sees and hears
The conscious sinner's moan:
Jesus receives him in his arms,
And claims him for his own.

4 Nor angels can their joys contain,
But kindle with new fire;
"The sinner lost is found," they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre.

855 *Jailor's Conversion.*—Acts 16: 30. C. M.

Lord, we adore thy matchless ways
In bringing souls to thee;
We sing and shout eternal praise
For grace so full and free.

2 "What must I do," the jailor cries,
"To save my sinking soul?"
"Believe in Christ," the word replies—
Thy faith shall make thee whole.

3 "Believe, believe," the gospel cries,
"This is the living way;"
From faith in Christ our hopes arise,
And shine to perfect day.

4 Come, sinners, then, the Saviour trust,
To wash you in his blood:
To change your hearts, subdue your lust,
And bring you home to God.

856 *Conversion affords Joy.* L. M.

WHENE'ER a sinner turns to God,
With contrite heart and flowing eyes,
The happy news makes angels smile,
And tell their joys above the skies.

2 Well may the church below rejoice,
And echo back the heav'nly sound:
This soul was dead, but now's alive:
This sheep was lost, but now is found.

3 Glory to God on high be giv'n,
For this unbounded love to men;
Let saints below and saints above
In concert shout the loud Amen!

857 *The Work Progressing.* C. M.

CONVINC'D of sin, men now begin
To call upon the Lord;
Trembling they pray, and mourn the day,
In which they scorn'd his word.

2 Young converts sing, and praise their King,
And bless God's holy name;
While older saints leave their complaints,
And joy to join the theme.

3 God's chariot rolls, and frights the souls
Of those who hate the truth;
And saints in pray'r cry, "Lord draw near,
Have mercy on the youth—

4 Pour down a show'r of thy great pow'r,
On every aching heart;
On all who try, and humble cry,
That they may have a part."

5 Come, sinners, all, hear now God's call,
And pray with one accord;
Saints, raise your songs, with joyful tongues,
To hail th' approaching Lord.

858 *The Prodigal's Return.* C. M.

THERE's joy in heav'n, and joy on earth,
When prodigals return,—
To see desponding souls rejoice,
And haughty sinners mourn.

2 "Come, saints, and hear what God hath done,"
Is a reviving sound;
O may it spread from sea to sea,
E'en all the globe around!

3 Often, O, sov'reign Lord, renew
The wonders of this day!
That Jesus here may triumphs view,
And Satan lose his prey.

4 Great God, the work is all thine own:
Thine be the praises too;
Let every heart and every tongue
Give thee the glory due.

859 *The Jubilee.* C. M.

WHAT heavenly music do I hear?
Salvation sounding free!
Ye souls in bondage, lend an ear;
This is the jubilee.

2 How sweetly do the tidings roll,
All 'round from sea to sea,
From land to land, from pole to pole!
This is the jubilee.

3 Good news, good news, to Adam's race!
Let christians all agree
To sing redeeming love and grace!
This is the jubilee.

4 The gospel sounds a sweet release
To all in misery,
And bids them welcome home to peace;
This is the jubilee.

5 Jesus is on his mercy seat;
Before him bend the knee;
Let heaven and earth his praise repeat,
This is the jubilee.

6 Sinners, be wise, return and come,
Unto the Saviour flee;
The Spirit bids you welcome home;
This is the jubilee.

7 Come, ye redeemed, your tribute bring,
With songs of harmony;
While on the road to Canaan, sing,
This is the jubilee.

860 *Joy over the Convert.* L. M.

WHO can describe the joys that rise
Through all the courts of Paradise,
To see a prodigal return,
To see an heir of glory born?

2 With joy the Father doth approve
The fruit of his eternal love;
The Son with joy looks down and sees
The purchase of his agonies;

3 The Spirit takes delight to view
The holy soul he formed anew;
And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their King.

861 *Sinners Coming Home.* C. P. M. 8,6,8,6,8,6.

THE day has come, the joyful day—
At last the day has come,
That saints and angels joy display
O'er sinners coming home,
They're coming home, they're coming home;
Behold them coming home.

2 The saints of God fresh courage take—
Each one in faith now prays;
The hosts of hell with terror shake,
While God his power displays.
They're coming home, they're coming home;
Rejoice! they're coming home.

3 Backsliders too, begin to view
What traitors they have been,
Confessing, ask, "What shall I do?
A hell I feel within!"
They're coming home, they're coming home;
Praise God, they're coming home.

4 Encompass'd now our altars are
By those of burden'd soul;
They rush with eagerness, to share
The balm that makes them whole.
They're coming home, they're coming home;
Still more are coming home.

5 New trophies greet us every day,
Who spread the flame around,
While parents to each other say,
"Though lost, my child is found,"
They're coming home, they're coming home;
Bless God! they're coming home.

862 *Day of Good Tidings.* P.M. 8,6,8,6,8,8,8,6.

WHERE'ER we meet, you always say,
What's the news?—what's the news?
Pray, what's the order of the day?
What's the news?—what's the news?
O, I have got good news to tell!
My Saviour hath done all things well,
And triumphed over death and hell;
That's the news!—that's the news!

2 His work's reviving all around; That's, &c.
And many have redemption found,—&c.
And since their souls have caught the flame,
They shout hosanna to his name;
And all around they spread his fame,—&c.

3 The Lord has pardoned all my sin;—&c.
I feel the witness now within;—&c.
And since he took my sins away,
And taught me how to watch and pray,
I'm happy now from day to day;—&c.

4 And Christ the Lord, can now save you; &c.
Your sinful heart he can renew;—&c.
This moment, if for sins you grieve,
This moment, if you do believe,
A full acquittal you'll receive,—&c.

5 And now, if any one should say, What's, &c.
O tell them you've begun to pray!—That's, &c.
That you have joined the conquering band,
And now with joy, at God's command,
You're marching to the better land;—&c.

ANXIOUS MEETING.

863 *Flee for Refuge!* M.6,6,6,3,6,6,6,6,6,3.

SINNER, your danger view,
Stop and think, stop and think!
Sinner, your danger view,
Stop and think!
Sinner, your danger view,
Nor carnal mirth pursue,
Lest you your souls undo;
Stop and think, stop and think!
Lest you your souls undo;
Stop and think!

2 Flee to the sinner's Friend;
Don't delay, &c.
Flee to the sinner's Friend,
And at his footstool bend,
Ere death your summons send;
Don't delay, &c.

3 Lo! mercy now is free;
Come just now, &c.
Lo! mercy now is free;
O, then, for refuge flee
To him who died for thee;
Come just now, &c.

864

Self-Dedication. C. M.

WELCOME, O Saviour, to my heart;
Possess thy humble throne;
Bid every rival hence depart,
And claim me for thine own.

2 The world and Satan I forsake,—
To thee I all resign;
My longing heart, O Jesus, take,
And fill with love divine.

3 O, may I never turn aside,
Nor from thy bosom flee;
Let nothing here my heart divide,—
I give it all to thee.

865

The Anxious Invited. L. M

WELCOME, ye anxious, to this place;
Be banish'd every slavish fear;
Ye come to seek Immanuel's face,
And he has promised to be here.

2 Seek him in prayer—he'll surely come
To do us good before we part;
Each humble breast he'll make his home,
And dwell in every waiting heart.

3 He'll come with all his gracious train
Of lively graces bright and strong;
Then shall the Lamb, for sinners slain,
Sound loud and sweet from every tongue.

4 O then be earnest, trust and pray;
He'll answer every good desire:
Give him your hearts—tho' cold as clay,
They'll melt like wax before the fire.

866 *Burdened Sinners Invited.* M. 7s.

COME, ye weary souls opprest;
Find in Christ the promised rest;
On him all your burdens roll,—
He can wound, and he make whole.

2 Ye who dread the wrath of God,
Come, and wash in Jesus' blood;
To the Son of David cry:—
In his word he's passing by.

3 Naked, guilty, poor and blind,
All your wants in Jesus find;
This the day of mercy is:
Now accept the proffer'd bliss.

867 *Devout Petitions.* C. M.

HERE, in the presence of our God,
We've met to seek his face;
O let us feel th' eternal word,
And feast upon thy grace.

2 O may this be a happy hour
To every waiting soul!
Display thy love, make known thy pow'r,
And make the wounded whole.

3 O may a spark of heavenly fire
Each stupid soul inflame;
And sacred love our hearts inspire
To praise thy worthy name.

4 Let every soul the Saviour see,
And taste his heavenly love;
And every heart forever be
In praise to thee above.

5 And when our mortal days are o'er,
And we shall hence remove,
Help us to thy right hand to soar,
Thine endless love to prove.

868 *Burdened Souls Invited.* C. M.

YE burdened souls, to Jesus come;
You need not be afraid;
He loves to hear poor sinners cry—
He loves to hear them plead.

2 Ye humble souls, to Jesus come;
'Tis he who made you see
Your wretched, ruin'd, helpless state,
Your guilt and misery.

3 Christ is a friend to mourning souls—
Then why should you despair,
Since Saul and Mary Magdalene
Found grace and mercy there?

869 *The Contest Surrendered.* L. M.

WEARY of struggling with my pain,
Hopeless to burst this sinful chain,
At length I give the contest o'er,
And seek to free myself no more.

2 From my own works at last I cease—
God, who creates, must seal my peace;
Fruitless my toil, and vain my care,
Unless thy sovereign grace I share.

3 'Tis thine, a heart of flesh to give—
Thy gifts I only can receive;
Here, then, to thee I all resign:
To draw, redeem, and seal, is thine.

DOUBTING.

870 *Perplexity and Doubts Relieved.* C. M.

UNCERTAIN how the way to find,
Which to salvation led,
I listened long with anxious mind,
To hear what others said.

2 When some of joys and comforts told,
I feared that I was wrong;
For I was stupid, dead and cold,
Had neither joy nor song.

3 The Lord my lab'ring heart reliev'd,
And made my burden light;
Then for a moment I believ'd,
Supposing all was right.

4 Of fierce temptations others talked,
Of anguish and dismay—
Thro' what distresses they had walked,
Before they found the way.

5 Ah, then I thought my hopes were vain,
For I had lived at ease;
I wished for all my fears again,
To make me more like these.

6 Again my Saviour brought me aid;
And when he set me free,
"Trust simply on my word," he said,
"And leave the rest to me."

871 *Lovest thou Me?*—John 21: 15. M. 7s.

'TIS a point I long to know;
Oft it causes anxious thought:
Do I love the Lord, or no?
Am I his, or am I not?

2 If I love, why am I thus—
Why this dull and lifeless frame?
Hardly, sure, can they be worse,
Who have never heard his name.

3 Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove,
Every trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love?

4 Lord, I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?

5 Could I joy the saints to meet,
Choose the way I once abhorr'd,
Find at times the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord?

6 Lord, decide the doubtful case,
Thou, who art thy people's sun;
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

7 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin to-day.

872 *The Doubting Christian.* M. 7s & 6s.

COME, my friend, and let us try,
For a little season,
Every burden to lay by;
Come, and let us reason.

2 What is this that casts you down?
O, what can thus grieve you?
Speak, and let the worst be known:
Speaking may relieve you.

3 Christ, at times, by faith I view,
And it doth relieve me;
But my doubts return anew:
They are those that grieve me.

4 Troubled like the restless seas,
Feeble, faint and fearful;
Plagued with every sore disease,
How can I be cheerful?

5 Think on what your Saviour bore
In the gloomy garden;
Sweating blood at every pore,
To procure thy pardon.

6 View him nail'd upon the tree,
Bleeding, groaning, dying;
O that thou couldst to him flee,
On his grace relying!

873 *Prayer in Perplexity.* C. M.

THOU great First Cause! least understood,
In every clime adored;
We all know this,—that thou art good,
The universal Lord!

2 If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, O teach my heart
To find that better way.

3 Save me alike from foolish pride
Or impious discontent,
At aught thy wisdom has denied,
Or aught thy goodness lent.

4 Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

874 *Self-Examination.* L. M.

WHAT strange perplexities arise,
What anxious fears and jealousies,
What crowds in doubtful light appear,
How few, alas, approved and clear!

2 And what am I?—My soul, awake,
And an impartial survey take;
Does no dark sign, no ground of fear,
In practice or in heart appear?

3 What image does my spirit bear?
Is Jesus formed, and living there?
Say, do his lineaments divine
In thought, and word, and action shine?

4 Searcher of hearts, O search me still;
The secrets of my soul reveal;
My fears remove; let me appear
To God, and my own conscience clear.

875 *The Contrite Heart.* C. M.

THE Lord will happiness divine
On contrite hearts bestow;
Then tell me, gracious God, is mine
A contrite heart, or no?

2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
Insensible as steel;
If aught is felt, 'tis only pain
To find I cannot feel.

3 I sometimes think myself inclined
To love thee, if I could;
But often feel another mind,
Slow to delight in good.

4 My best desires are faint and few;
I fain would strive for more;
But when I cry, "My strength renew,"
Seem weaker than before.

5 Thy saints are comforted, I know,
And love thy house of pray'r;
I sometimes go where others go,
But find no comfort there.

6 O make this heart rejoice or ache,—
Decide this doubt for me;
And, if it be not broken, break;
And heal it, if it be.

BACKSLIDING.

876 *Lament of the Backslider.* S. M.

How can I vent my grief?
My Comforter is fled;
By day I sigh without relief,
And groan upon my bed.

2 I once enjoy'd my Lord;
Liv'd happy in his love,
Delighted in his holy word,
And sought my rest above.

3 But, O! alas, my soul,
Where is thy comfort now?
Why did I let my love grow cold?
Ah! why to idols bow?

4 How little did I think,
When first I did begin,
To join a little with the world,
It was so great a sin.

5 I thought I might conform,
Nor singular appear,
Converse and dress as others did,—
But now I feel the snare.

6 My confidence is gone;
I find no words to say;
Barren and lifeless is my soul,
When I attempt to pray.

7 I feel ashamed to bow,
When with the saints I meet:
While on their knees my brethren cry,
I stand, or keep my seat.

8 O Saviour, by thy word,
Now turn my night to day;
And all those heavenly joys restore,
Which I have sinn'd away.

877 *Prayer for Restoring Peace.* S. M.

O Jesus! full of grace,
To thee I make my moan:
Let me again behold thy face;
Call home thy banish'd one.

2 Again my pardon seal,
Again my soul restore,
And freely my backslidings heal,
And bid me sin no more.

3 Wilt thou not bid me rise?
Speak, and my soul shall live;
Forgive, my gasping spirit cries,
Abundantly forgive!

878 *Loss of First Love.* C. M.

O that I were as heretofore,
When warm in my first love;
I only lived my God t' adore,
And seek the things above.

2 Upon my head his candle shone,
And, lavish of his grace,
With cords of love he drew me on,
And half unveil'd his face.

3 Far, far above all earthly things,
Triumphantly I rode;
I soared to heaven on eagles' wings,
And found, and talk'd with God.

4 Where am I now? from what a height
Of happiness cast down!
The glory's swallow'd up in night,
And faded is the crown.

5 O God, thou art my home, my rest,
For which I sigh in pain;
How shall I 'scape into thy breast?
My Eden how regain?

879 *Deceitfulness of Sin.* P. M. 7,6,7,6,7,8,7,6.

JESUS, friend of sinners, hear
Yet once again, I pray;
From my debt of sin set clear,
For I have naught to pay;
Speak, O speak the kind release;
A poor backsliding soul restore;
Love me freely, seal my peace,
And bid me sin no more.

2 For my selfishness and pride
Thou hast withdrawn thy grace;
Left me long to wander wide,
An outcast from thy face;
But I now my sins confess,
And mercy—mercy I implore;
Love me freely, seal my peace,
And bid me sin no more.

3 Sin's deceitfulness hath spread
A hardness o'er my heart;
But if thou thy Spirit shed,
My hardness shall depart:
Shed thy love, thy tenderness,
And let me feel thy soft'ning pow'r;
Love me freely, seal my peace,
And bid me sin no more.

880 *Prayer in Darkness.* M. 7s.

ONCE I thought my mountain strong,
Firmly fixed, no more to move;
Then my Saviour was my song,
Then my soul was fill'd with love;
Those were happy, golden days,
Sweetly spent in prayer and praise.

2 Little then myself I knew,
Little thought of Satan's pow'r;
Now I feel my sins anew,
Now I feel the stormy hour;
Sin has put my joys to flight;
Sin has turned my days to night.

3 Saviour, shine and cheer my soul,
Bid my dying hopes revive;
Make my wounded spirit whole,
Far away the tempter drive;
Speak the word and set me free,
Let me live alone to thee.

881 *Backsliders Exhorted.* C. M.

BACKSLIDERS, who your misery feel,
Attend your Saviour's call;
Return, he'll your backslidings heal;
O crown him Lord of all.

2 Though crimson sin increase your guilt,
And painful is your thrall,
For broken hearts his blood was spilt;
O crown him Lord of all.

3 Take with you words, approach his throne,
And low before him fall;
He understands the Spirit's groan;
O crown him Lord of all.

4 Whoever comes he'll not cast out,
Although your faith be small:
His faithfulness you cannot doubt;
O crown him Lord of him.

882 *Returning to God.*—Mal. 3 : 7. C. M.

How oft, alas! this wretched heart
Has wandered from the Lord!
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word!

2 Yet sovereign mercy calls, "Return!"
Dear Lord, and may I come?
My vile ingratitude I mourn;
O take the wanderer home!

3 And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardoned rebel live,
To speak thy wondrous love?

4 Almighty grace! thy healing pow'r,
How glorious—how divine!
That can to life and bliss restore
A heart so vile as mine.

5 Thy pardoning love—so free, so sweet,
Dear Saviour, I adore;
O keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

883 *Returning to God's People.* M. 7s.

People of the living God,
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort nowhere found.

2 Now to you my spirit turns,
Turns—a fugitive unblest;
Brethren, where your altar burns,
O receive me into rest!

3 Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave;

4 Mine the God whom you adore—
Your Redeemer shall be mine:
Earth can fill my soul no more—
Every idol I resign.

FAST-DAY.

884 *Hymn for a Fast Day.* S.M.

"Is this a fast for me?"—
Thus saith the Lord our God,—
"A day for man to vex his soul,
And feel affliction's rod?

2 Like bulrush, low to bow
His sorrow-stricken head,
With sackcloth for his inner vest,
And ashes 'round him spread?

3 Shall days like this have pow'r
To stay th' avenging hand,
Efface transgression, or avert
My judgments from the land?

4 No; is not this alone
The sacred fast I choose,—
Oppression's yoke to burst in twain,
The bands of guilt unloose?—

5 To nakedness and want,
Your food and raiment deal,
To dwell your kindred race among,
And all their sufferings heal?

6 Then like the morning ray,
Shall spring your health and light:
Before you, righteousness shall shine,
Behind, my glory bright!"

885 *Humiliation for National Sins.* C. M.

SEE, gracious God, before thy throne,
Thy mourning people bend;
'Tis on thy sovereign grace alone
Our humble hopes depend.

2 Tremendous judgments from thy hand
Thy dreadful power display;
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And still we live to pray.

3 What numerous crimes increasing rise,
Through this apostate land!
What land so favored of the skies,
Yet thoughtless of thy hand!

4 How changed, alas! are truths divine,
For error, guilt, and shame!
What impious numbers, bold in sin,
Disgrace the christian's name!

5 O, turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,
By rich and sovereign grace:
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And humbly seek thy face.

886 *Pardon Implored in Danger.* M. 8s & 7s.

DREAD Jehovah! God of nations!
From thy temple in the skies,
Hear thy people's supplications;
Now for their deliv'rance rise.

2 Lo! with deep contrition turning,
In thy holy place we bend;
Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning;
Hear us, spare us, and defend.

3 Though our sins, our hearts confounding,
Long and loud for vengeance call,
Thou hast mercy more abounding—
Jesus' blood can cleanse them all.

4 Let that mercy veil transgression;
Let that blood our guilt efface;
Save thy people from oppression;
Save from spoil thy holy place.

887 *In Time of War.* L. M.

WHILE sounds of war are heard around,
And death and ruin strew the ground,
To thee we look, on thee we call—
The Parent and the Lord of all.

2 Thou who hast stamped on human kind
The image of a heaven-born mind,
And in a Father's wide embrace,
Hast cherished all the kindred race,—

3 Great God, whose pow'rful hand can bind
The raging waves, the furious wind,
O, bid the human tempest cease,
And hush the madd'ning world to peace.

4 With rev'rence may each hostile land
Hear and obey that high command—
Thy Son's blest errand from above—
"My creatures, live in mutual love."

888 *Deploring War.* C. M.

DESTRUCTIVE sword! how oft hast thou
Been bathed in human blood!
What cities, fields and seas, have been
Stained with the crimson flood!

2 All-gracious God! permit our souls,
Impress'd with human woe,
With thee to plead, how long, how long
Shall this mad deluge flow?

3 How long shall brethren's hands, imbru'd
With blood, each other slay?
The field with ghastly scenes be strew'd,
Of man to man a prey?

4 To punish crime, though justly due,
Shall vengeance ever burn?
Back to the scabbard, whence it flew,
Sword of the world, return!

5 Thou God of hosts! whose sov'reign will
Controls the swelling flood,
The madness of thy people still,
And bring from evil good.

6 O, may thy Spirit's mighty sword
Our lusts subdue and slay;
Then force and war shall yield to love,
And all from love obey.

889 *Impending Judgments.* C. M.

COME, let our souls adore the Lord,
Whose judgments yet delay;
Who yet suspends the lifted sword,
And gives us time to pray.

2 Great is our guilt, our fears are great,
But let us not despair;
Still open is the mercy-seat
To penitence and pray'r.

3 Kind Intercessor, to thy love
This blessed hope we owe;
O, let thy merits plead above,
While we implore below.

4 Though justice, near thy awful throne,
Attends thy dread command,
Lord, hear thy servants, hear thy Son,
And save a guilty land.

890 *National Ingratitude.* L. M.

HOW long hath God bestowed his care
On this indulged, ungrateful land!
How oft, in times of danger near,
Preserved us by his sovereign hand!

2 Here peace and liberty have dwelt,
The glorious gospel brightly shone;
And oft our mightiest foes have felt
That God hath made our cause his own.

3 But, ah! both heaven and earth have heard
Our vile requital of his love;
We, whom like children he has reared,
For all his care unthankful prove.

4 See! he uplifts his chastening rod!
O, where are now the faithful few,
Who tremble for the ark of God,
And know what Israel ought to do?

5 Lord, hear thy people everywhere,
Who meet this day to weep and pray;
Our sinful land in mercy spare,
In mercy turn thy wrath away!

THANKSGIVING DAY.

891 *Praise for National Blessings.* L. M.

ALMIGHTY Sov'reign of the skies,
To thee let songs of gladness rise,
Each grateful heart its tribute bring,
And every voice thy goodness sing.

2 From thee our choicest blessings flow;
Life, health and strength, thy hands bestow;
The daily good thy creatures share,
Springs from thy providential care.

3 The rich profusion nature yields,
The harvest waving o'er the fields,
The cheering light, refreshing show'r,
Are gifts from thy exhaustless store.

4 From thee proceed domestic ties,
Connubial bliss, parental joys;
On thy support the nations stand,
Obedient to thy high command.

5 Let every pow'r of heart and tongue
Unite to swell the grateful song;
While age and youth in chorus join,
To praise the Majesty divine.

892 *Civil and Religious Blessings.* M. 7s.

SWELL the anthem, raise the song—
Praises to our God belong;
Saints and angels join to sing
Praise to heaven's almighty King.

2 Blessings from his liberal hand
Pour around this happy land;
Let our hearts, beneath his sway,
Hail the bright, triumphant day.

3 Now to thee our joys ascend;
Thou hast been our heav'nly Friend;
Guarded by thy mighty pow'r,
Peace and freedom bless our shore.

4 Here, beneath a virtuous sway,
May we cheerfully obey;
Never feel a tyrant's rod,
Ever own and worship God.

5 Hark! the voice of nature sings
Praises to the King of kings;
Let us join the choral song,
And the heav'nly notes prolong.

893 *National Gratitude.* L. M.

LORD, may thy goodness crown our land,
Preserved by thine almighty hand,
The tribute of its love to bring
To thee our Saviour and our King.

2 So shall each public temple raise
A song of triumph to thy praise;
And every peaceful, private home,
To thee a temple shall become.

3 Still be it our supreme delight,
To walk as in thine awful sight;
And in thy precepts and thy fear,
Till life's last hour to persevere.

894 *God's Goodness crowns the Year.* L. M.

ETERNAL Source of every joy,
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

2 The flowery spring, at thy command,
Embalms the air and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigor shine,
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

3 Thy hand, in autumn, richly pours
Through all our coasts redundant stores;
And winters, softened by thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.

4 Seasons and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
Still be the cheerful homage paid,
With opening light and evening shade.

895 *Thanksgiving Day.* M. 7s.

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days:
Bounteous Source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ.

2 For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield,
For the vine's exalted juice,
For the generous olive's use;—

3 Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain,
Clouds, that drop their fattening dews,
Suns, that temperate warmth diffuse ;—

4 All that spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land,
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich, o'erflowing stores ;—

5 These to thee, our God, we owe—
Source whence all our blessings flow !
And for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

HARVEST HYMNS.

896 *Harvest Hymn.* C. M.

To PRAISE the ever-bounteous Lord,
My soul, wake all thy pow'rs:
He calls; and, at his voice came forth
The smiling harvest hours.

2 His covenant with the earth he keeps;
My tongue, his goodness sing;
Summer and winter know their time;
His harvest crowns the spring.

3 Well pleased, the husbandman beholds
The waving, yellow crop;
With joy he bears the sheaves away,
And sows again in hope.

4 Thus teach me, gracious God, to sow
The seeds of righteousness;
Smile on my soul, and, with thy beams,
The ripening harvest bless.

5 Then in the last great harvest, I
Shall reap a glorious crown;
The harvest shall by far exceed
What I in hope have sown.

897 *The Joy in Harvest.* L. M.

GREAT God, as seasons disappear,
And changes mark the rolling year,
Thy favor still doth crown our days,
And we would celebrate thy praise.

2 The harvest song we would repeat:—
"Thou givest us the finest wheat;"
"The joy of harvest" we have known:
The praise, O Lord, is all thine own.

3 Our tables spread, our garners stor'd,
O give us hearts to bless the Lord!
Forbid it, Source of light and love,
Our hearts and lives should barren prove.

4 Another harvest comes apace:
Mature our spirits by thy grace,
That we may calmly meet the blow
The sickle gives to us below.

5 That so, when angel reapers come
To gather sheaves to thy blest home,
Our spirits may be borne on high
To thy safe garner in the sky.

898 *The God of Harvest.* P. M. 6,6,4,6,6,6,4.

THE God of harvest praise;
In loud thanksgiving raise
Hand, heart and voice;
The valleys smile and sing,
Forest and mountains ring,
The plains their tribute bring,
The streams rejoice.

2 Yea, bless his holy name,
And purest thanks proclaim
Through all the earth;
To glory in your lot
Is duty,—but be not
God's benefits forgot,
Amidst your mirth.

3 The God of harvest praise;
Hands, hearts and voices,
With sweet accord;
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along,
And in your harvest song
Bless ye the Lord.

899

Harvest Hymn. H. M. 6,6,6,6,8,8.

LET all the people join
To swell the solemn chord;
Your grateful notes combine
To magnify the Lord;
In lofty songs your voices raise:
The God of harvest claims your praise.

2 In rich luxuriance dress'd,
Behold the spacious plain;
Its bounty stands confess'd
In fields of yellow grain;
In lofty songs your voices raise:
The God of harvest claims your praise.

3 Fair plenty fills the land,—
His mercies never cease:
The husbandman doth smile
To see the large increase;
In lofty songs your voices raise:
The God of harvest claims your praise.

4 The precious fruits he gives
O may we ne'er abuse;
But through our future lives
To his own glory use;
Then rise to heaven and sing his praise,
In sweeter strains and nobler lays.

900 *Seed Time and Harvest.* C. M.

FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,
How rich thy bounties are!
The changing seasons, as they move,
Proclaim thy constant care.

2 When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was thine;
The plants in beauty grew;
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
And soft, refreshing dew.

4 These varied mercies, from above,
Matured the swelling grain:—
A kindly harvest crowns thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

5 We own and bless thy gracious sway,
Thy hand all nature hails:
Seed time nor harvest, night nor day,
Summer nor winter fails.

CAMP MEETING.

901 *Camp Meeting Hymn.* L. M.

CAMP MEETINGS with thy presence crown,
And show'r, O Lord thy blessings down;
Fill every heart with holy zeal,
And all thy righteousness reveal.

2 O'er all our hosts do thou preside,
And all our various movements guide;
The praying companies attend,
And show thyself the sinner's Friend.

3 Pour out thy Spirit on thy sons,
And visit thine anointed ones;
May every virgin trim her lamp,
And glory rest upon our camp.

4 May prayer and praise united rise,
Like holy incense, to the skies;
In all the camp display thy pow'r:
That souls be saved each day and hour.

902 *The Tented Grove.* C. M.

LET Zion's sons, and Levi's tribe,
And Israel's army move;
Come now, prepare to offer prayer,
While in the tented grove.

2 Leave all the busy cares of life—
All worldly things behind;
That you may gather strength of soul,
And fortify the mind.

3 For Jesus surely will be here,
To fire our souls with love;
And we shall find our hearts inclin'd
To love the tented grove.

4 By faith we claim thy promise, Lord,
Thy faithfulness to prove;
Draw near to us, thou sinner's Friend,
While in our tented grove.

5 O sacred ground! delightful place,
Where God appears to man!
Like Moses, we behold his face
With but a vail between.

6 But when we rise to paradise,
To worship God above;
Then happier ground we all shall find,
Than in the tented grove.

903 *Close of a Camp Meeting.* C. M.

Now, brethren, to your homes repair;
And as you pass along,
Employ your hearts in humble pray'r,
And raise the cheerful song.

2 Praise God for what your ears have heard—
For what your eyes have seen;
Praise him for what has here occurr'd—
For all you feel within.

3 Improve the strength you here have gain'd,
To do God's holy will;
Improve the knowledge here attained,
To love and serve him still.

4 Let not the world have cause to say
You've served your God for nought;
But grow in grace, from day to day,
As you have here been taught.

5 Farewell—and to your homes repair;
And as you pass along,
Employ your hearts in humble pray'r,
And raise to God a song.

TABLE HYMNS.

904 *Grace before Meat.* L. M.

Be present at our table, Lord;
Be here and everywhere ador'd;
These mercies bless, and grant that we
May feast in paradise with thee.

905 *Grace after Meat.* L. M.

BLESSINGS to God, forever blest—
To God, the Master of the feast—
Who hath for us a table spread,
And from his hand us creatures fed.

2 O, give us all a thankful heart;
Help us from evil to depart;
Our daily meat, Lord, let it be,
Thy will to do, and follow thee.

906 *Praise for Daily Food.* L. M.

WE bless the Lord, the Just and Good,
Who kindly gives our daily food:
Who pours his blessings from the skies,
And loads our days with rich supplies.

2 O, let us, then, with joy record
The truth and goodness of the Lord;
How great his works! how kind his ways!
Let every tongue pronounce his praise.

907 *God's Universal Bounty.* C. M.

ALL creatures, with instinctive cry,
From God implore their food:
His bounty grants a rich supply,
And fills the earth with good.

2 Delightful is the task, O Lord,
With each returning day,
Thy countless mercies to record,
And grateful homage pay.

TRAVELERS' HYMNS.

908 *The Traveler's Hymn.* C. M.

How are thy servants blest, O Lord,
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Thro' burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

3 In midst of dangers, fears and deaths
Thy goodness we'll adore;
We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

909 *Traveler's Melody.* M. 8s,7s & 4.

Thou who art the ever present
And all-seeing gracious God,
Make our journey useful, pleasant,
Guard and bless us on the road;
As we travel—
Trav'ling still to thine abode.

2 In this journey, and life's travel,
Go with us—thy love display;
May we see a bright to-morrow
Through the storm-clouds of to-day;
Give thine angels
Charge to keep us on the way.

910 *The Traveler's Sacrifice.* C. M.

Great God, where'er we pitch our tent,
Let us an altar raise;
And there, with humble frame, present
Our sacrifice of praise.

2 To thee we give our health and strength,
While health and strength shall last;
For future mercies humbly trust,
Nor e'er forget the past.

SEAMEN'S HYMNS.

911 *The Spiritual Voyage.* H. M. 6,6,6,6,8,8.

JESUS! at thy command,
I launch into the deep,
And leave my native land,
Where sin lulls all asleep;
For thee I would the world resign,
And sail to heaven with thee and thine.

2 Thou art my pilot wise;
My compass is thy word;
My soul each storm defies,
While I have such a Lord!
I trust thy faithfulness and pow'r
To save me in the dying hour.

3 By faith I see the land,
The port of endless rest;
My soul, thy sails expand,
And fly to Jesus' breast!
O, may I reach the heavenly shore,
Where winds and waves distress no more.

912 *Christ the Guiding Star at Sea.* M. 8s & 7s.

STAR of peace, to wand'rers weary,
Bright the beams that smile on me;
Cheer the pilot's vision dreary,
Far away, far, far at sea.

2 Star of faith, when winds are mocking
All his toil, he flies to thee;
Save him on, the billows rocking,
Far away, far, far at sea.

3 Star divine, O safely guide him,
Bring the wand'rer home to thee;
Sore temptations long have tried him,
Far away, far, far at sea.

4 Star of hope, gleam on the billow,
Bless the soul that sighs for thee;
Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,
Far away, far, far at sea.

913

The Lovely Sonnet. P. M. 8,8,8,8,8,8,4.

WHEN for th' eternal world I steer,
And seas are calm and skies are clear,
And faith in lively exercise,
And distant hills of Canaan rise,
My soul for joy then claps her wings,
And loud her lovely sonnet sings,
I'm going home.

2 With cheerful heart, her eyes explore
Each land-mark on the distant shore,
The tree of life, the pastures green,
The pearly gates, the crystal stream;
Again for joy she clasps her wings,
And loud her lovely sonnet sings,
I'm almost home.

3 The nearer still she draws to land,
More eager all her pow'rs expand;
With steady helm and free bent sail,
Her anchor drops within the vail;
With holy joy she folds her wings,
And her celestial sonnet sings,
I'm safe at home.

4 Now, safely moored, no storm I fear,
My God, my Christ, my heaven is here;
And all the joys of paradise
In holiness and beauty rise,—
'Tis now the soul, with folded wing,
Her thrilling notes of joy shall sing:
Glory to God!

914

The Seamen's Hymn. S. M.

O Lord, we launch again
Upon the mighty deep,
Do thou, O sovereign of the main,
Our souls and bodies keep.

2 If hardship and distress
We should be called to bear,
O let thine all supporting grace
Preserve us from despair.

3 Be thou forever nigh,
That we may hear thee say,
"Be not afraid, for it is I,
To guard you on the way."

4 Then come whatever will,
We nothing have to dread,
When Christ continues with us still,
And says, "Be not afraid."

915

Prayer at Sea. L. M.

Prayer may be sweet in cottage homes,
Where sire and child devoutly kneel,
While through the open casement nigh
The vernal blossoms fragrant steal.

2 Prayer may be sweet in stately halls,
Where heart with kindred heart is blent
And upward to th' eternal throne
The hymn of praise melodious sent.

3 But he who fain would know how warm
The soul's appeal to God may be,
From friends and native land should turn,
A wand'rer on the faithless sea.—

4 Should hear its deep, imploring tone
Rise heavenward o'er the foaming surge,
When billows toss the fragile bark,
And fearful blasts the conflict urge.

5 Nought, nought appears but sea and sky;
No refuge where the foot may flee:
How will he cast, O Rock divine,
The anchor of his soul on thee!

916 *The Voyage to Glory.* H. M.6,6,6,6,8,8.

THROUGH tribulation deep
The way to glory is;
This stormy course I keep
On these tempestuous seas:
By waves and winds I'm toss'd and driv'n,
Freighted with grace and bound to heav'n.

2 Sometimes temptations blow
A dreadful hurricane;
And high the waters flow
And o'er my sides break in;
But still my little ship outbraves
The blust'ring winds and surging waves.

3 The Bible is my chart:
By it the seas I know;
With it I cannot part,
It rocks and sands doth show:
It is a chart and compass too,
Whose needle points for ever true.

917 *Mariner's Prayer and Praise.* C. M.

WHEN o'er the mighty deep we rode,
By winds and storms assail'd,
We call'd upon the ocean's God,
Whose mercy never fail'd.

2 The raging tempest heard thy voice,
The winds obey'd thy will:
The elements withheld their noise,
And all the floods were still.

3 With joy we hail'd the distant shore,
And safe the vessel moor'd;—
With grateful hearts, that happy hour,
We praised the ocean's Lord.

4 Thus, while o'er floods and seas we roam,
Thy goodness still we see;
Though distant from our native home,
We are not far from thee.

5 And when life's voyages are past,
And we are call'd to die;
O may we see thy face at last,
In realms beyond the sky.

6 Then as we join the heavenly bands,
Beyond the swelling wave,
We'll praise thee with uplifted hands,
And sing thy pow'r to save.

918 *Prayer for Seamen.* C. M.

WE come, O Lord, before thy throne,
And, with united pleas,
We meet and pray for those who roam
Far off upon the seas.

2 O may the Holy Spirit bow
The sailor's heart to thee,
Till tears of deep repentance flow
Like rain-drops in the sea.

3 Then may a Saviour's dying love
Pour peace into his breast,
And waft him to the port above,
Of everlasting rest.

919 *Bound for Canaan.* P. M. 7,6,7,6,7,6,6,7.

THE people called christians,
How many things they tell
About the land of Canaan,
Where saints and angels dwell;
But sin, that dreadful ocean,
Encloses them around;
While time still divides them
From Canaan's happy ground.

2 Thousands have been impatient,
To find their passage through,
And with united vigor,
Have tried what they could do:
But vessels built by man's skill
Have never sailed far,
Till they're found, run aground
On some dreadful sandy bar.

3 The gospel ship of Jesus
Has gone to sea at last;
Behold her sails expanded
Around the towering mast;
Around her deck, in order,
The joyful sailors stand,
Crying, O, here we go
To Immanuel's happy land!

4 To those who are spectators,
What sorrow must ensue,
To have their old companions
Bid them a long adieu!
The pleasures of a paradise
No longer them invite;
They may rail, while we sail,
But we'll soon be out of sight.

5 We're now on the wide ocean,
We bid the world farewell;
But where we shall cast anchor,
No mortal tongue can tell;

About our future happiness
There need be no debate,
While we ride on the tide,
With our Captain and his mate.

6 We're passengers united
In harmony and love;
The wind is in our favor—
How joyfully we move:
Though troubles may surround us,
And raging billows roar,
We will sweep through the deep,
Till we land on Canaan's shore.

BIRTH-DAY HYMNS.

920 *A Birthday Hymn.* M. 7s.

I MY Ebenezer raise
To my kind Redeemer's praise;
With a grateful heart I own,
Hitherto thy help I've known.

2 I my all to thee resign;
Father, let thy will be mine;
May but all thy dealings prove
Fruits of thy paternal love.

3 Let my few remaining days
Be directed to thy praise;
So the last, the closing scene
Shall be tranquil and serene.

4 To thy will I leave the rest;
Grant me but this one request,—
Both in life and death to prove
Tokens of thy special love.

921 *Birthday Dedication.* H. M. 6,6,6,6,8,8.

God of my life, to thee
My cheerful soul I raise;
Thy goodness bade me be,
And still prolongs my days;
I see my natal hour return,
And bless the day that I was born.

2 My soul and all its pow'rs
Thine, wholly thine, shall be;
All, all my happy hours
I consecrate to thee;
Whate'er I have, whate'er I am,
Shall magnify my Maker's name.

3 Long as I live beneath,
To thee, O let me live!
To thee my every breath,
In thanks and praises give!
Creating and preserving grace,
Let all that is within me praise.

4 Then when the work is done,
The work of faith and pow'r,
Receive thy rescued son,
In death's triumphant hour;
Like Moses, to thyself convey
My soul, to live in endless day.

WEDDING HYMNS.

922 *A Wedding Hymn.* C. M.

Since Jesus freely did appear
To grace a marriage feast;
Dear Lord, we ask thy presence here
To make a wedding guest.

2 Upon the bridal pair look down,
Who now have plighted hands;
Their union with thy favor crown,
And bless the nuptial bands.

3 With gifts of grace their hearts endow,—
Of all rich dowries best;
Their substance bless; and peace bestow,
To sweeten all the rest.

4 In purest love their hearts unite,
That they, with christian care,
May make domestic burdens light,
By taking mutual share.

5 O may each soul, assembled here,
Be married, Lord, to thee;
Clad in the robes, made white and fair,
To spend eternity.

923 *Marriage Hymn.* L. M.

With cheerful voices rise and sing
The praises of our God and King;
For he alone can minds unite
In mutual love and pure delight.

2 O may this pair increasing find
Substantial pleasures of the mind;
Happy in all things may they be,
And both united, Lord, to thee.

3 So may they live, as truly one,
And, when their work on earth is done,
Rise hand in hand to heaven, and share
The joys of love forever there.

924 *Matrimonial Hymn.* M. 8s & 7s.

Lord, we come to ask thy blessing
On the happy pair to rest;
May thy goodness, never ceasing,
Make them now and ever blest.

2 Thou canst change the course of nature,
Turning water into wine;
But we ask a greater favor—
May they be forever thine.

3 Thine by cov'nant and adoption,
Thine by free and sovereign grace;
May they, in each word and action,
Do thy will and speak thy praise.

4 Gracious Lord, from thy rich bounty,
Fill their basket and their store;
Give them, with their health and plenty,
Hearts thy goodness to adore.

925 *The Nuptial Vow.* L. M.

With grateful hearts and tuneful lays
We sing before th' eternal throne,
And offer up our humble praise
To him whose name is God alone.

2 At this auspicious hour draw near,
And shed thy richest blessings down;
Fill every heart with love sincere,
And all thy faithful mercies crown.

3 Grant now thy presence, gracious Lord,
And hearken to our fervent pray'r;
The nuptial vow in heav'n record,
And bless the newly-married pair.

4 O guide them safe this desert through,
'Mid all the cares of life and love;
May they with joy thy glories view
In the eternal world above.

PARENTAL HYMNS.

926 *Parental Solicitude.* C. M.

How can we see the children, Lord,
In love whom thou hast giv'n,
Remain regardless of thy word,
Without a hope of heav'n?

2 How can we see them tread the path
That leads to endless death;
Thus adding to thy fearful wrath,
With every moment's breath?

3 We ask not wealth, long life, or fame,
Or aught the world can give;
May they but glorify thy name,
And to thy honor live.

4 This is the burden of our pray'r:—
When from our bosoms riv'n,
May they be objects of thy care,
And heirs, at last, of heav'n.

927 *God's Works Recounted to Posterity.* C. M.

Let children hear the mighty deeds
Which God performed of old—
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.

2 He bids us make his glories known,
His works of power and grace;
And we'll convey his wonders down
Through every rising race.

3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs;
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.

4 Thus shall they learn, in God alone
Their hope securely stands,
That they may ne'er forget his works,
But practise his commands.

928 *Parental Entreaty.* S. M.

My son, know thou the Lord,
Thy father's God obey;
Seek his protecting care by night,
His guardian hand by day.

2 Call, while he may be found,
O, seek him while he's near;
Serve him with all thy heart and mind,
And worship him with fear.

3 If thou wilt seek his face,
His ear will hear thy cry;
Then shalt thou find his mercy sure,
His grace forever nigh.

4 Yield, then, to love divine,
Break off your sins to-day;
Accept the Saviour's pardoning grace,
Believe, repent, and pray.

929 *Maternal Association.* C. M.

Great God, we would to thee make known
Each fond maternal care;
For this we gather 'round thy throne,
And bring our children there.

2 Lord, hear the parents' earnest cry,
And save our children dear;
Now send thy Spirit from on high,
And fill them with thy fear.

3 O make them love thy holy law,
And joyful walk therein;
Their hearts to new obedience draw,
Save them from every sin.

930 *Prayer for Children's Conversion.* C. M.

O Lord, behold us at thy feet,
A small paternal band;
As suppliants 'round thy mercy-seat,
We come at thy command.

2 'Tis for our children we would plead,
The offspring thou hast giv'n;
Where shall we go, in time of need,
But to the God of heav'n?

3 We ask not for them wealth and fame,
Amid the worldly strife;
But in thy all-prevailing name
We ask eternal life.

4 We seek the Spirit's quick'ning grace,
To make them pure in heart,
That they may stand before thy face,
And see thee as thou art.

931 *Gentleness, the Fruit of the Spirit.* C. M.

Speak gently! it is better far
To rule by love than fear;
Speak gently! let not harsh words mar
The good we might do here.

2 Speak gently to the little child;
Its love be sure to gain;
Teach it in accents soft and mild:
It may not long remain.

3 Speak gently to the young; for they
Will have enough to bear;
Pass through this life as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care.

4 Speak gently! 'tis a little thing,
Dropp'd in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy, which it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

932 *Parents' Prayer for their Children.* C. M.

THOUGH parents may in cov'nant be,
And have their heav'n in view;
They are unhappy till they see
Their children happy too.

2 Their hearts with inward anguish bleed
When all attempts prove vain,
And they pursue those paths that lead
To everlasting pain.

3 Till they can see victorious grace
Their children's souls possess,
The sparkling wit, the smiling face,
But adds to their distress.

4 See the fond father clasp his child;
With love his bowels move—
Shalt thou, my offspring, be exil'd
From God, my Father's love?

5 Shall cruel spirits drag thee down
To darkness and despair,
Beneath th' Almighty's angry frown,
To dwell forever there?

6 Kind heav'n, the dreadful scene forbid!
Look down, dear Lord, and bless;
I'll wrestle hard as Abrah'm did,—
May I obtain success.

EDUCATIONAL HYMNS.

933 *Prayer for God's Blessing.* L. M.

ASSEMBLED in our school once more,
O Lord, thy blessing we implore;
Now fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
And tune our lips to sing thy praise.

2 To thee our fervent prayer ascends
For parents, teachers, foes, and friends;
That they and we may feel that love
That's felt by every saint above.

3 Guide thou our feet, guard thou our way,
With thy blest smile, through every day;
And when on earth no more we meet,
May we in heaven each other greet.

934

Opening of School. S. M.

GREAT God! with heart and tongue,
For these dear youth, we pray;
O, may they learn, while they are young,
To walk in wisdom's way.

2 Make their defenceless youth
The object of thy care;
Cause them to choose the way of truth,
And fly from every snare.

3 Their hearts, to folly prone,
Renew by power divine;
Unite them to thyself alone,
And make them wholly thine.

4 Lord, let thy sacred word
Their warmest thoughts employ;
And let them early find the road,
Which leads to endless joy.

935

Parting Ode. M. 7s & 6s.

ALTERNATE joy and sadness
To-night our hearts pervade;
Tears mingle with our gladness,
And sunshine blends with shade.
Our tasks are o'er at college,
The prize we sought is gained;
And useful, wholesome knowledge,
We trust we have attained.

2 Yet gloom, and doubt, and sorrow
Oppress each burdened heart,
For on th' eventful morrow,
Dear brothers, we must part.
Together, 'mid the bowers
Of learning's green retreat,
We've culled perennial flowers,
And snuffed their fragrance sweet.

3 Together, at devotion,
We've met on bended knee,
And shared the deep emotion
Of kindred sympathy.
Amid the real, the seeming,
At study, or at play,
Friendship's soft light kept beaming,
To cheer our onward way.

4 Though now the mandate's spoken,
And fate has bid us part,
The links shall ne'er be broken,
That bind us hand and heart.
The hope of never parting,
When once in heaven we dwell,
Shall check the tear drop starting
When here we say, farewell.

936 *Parting Ode.* M. 8s & 7s.

HERE, we close our school-day labors,
Here, we leave its sunny hours,
Which the past, so kind in giving,
Strewed with learning's fadeless flow'rs;
Now we enter life's vast portal,
In the mighty cause of truth,
While to-day's bright rays of glory
Gleam upon our gladsome youth.

2 Go we hence—dear alma mater,
From the halls we love so well,
From those haunts, where joys unnumber'd
In the past's remembrance dwell;
Go we hence—dear alma mater—
Throbbing heart and starting tear,
Tell too plainly, that affection
Holds thee very near and dear.

3 Part we now; our school-day's story
Goes into the silent years,
And the future crowds around us
Full of hopes and full of fears;
Part we now—the loved and loving—
Each to brave the proud world's strife,
Each to do his gentle mission,
On the battle-field of life.

SABBATH SCHOOL HYMNS.

937

Chorus in Two Parts. H. M. 6,6,6,6,8,8.

CHILDREN.

COME let our voices join,
In one glad song of praise;
To God, the God of love,
Our grateful hearts we raise.

CONGREGATION.

To God alone your praise belongs;
His love demands your earliest songs.

CHILDREN.

2 Now we are taught to read
The book of life divine;
Where our Redeemer's love,
And brightest glories shine:

CONGREGATION.

To God alone the praise is due
Who sends his word to us and you.

CHILDREN.

3 Within these hallow'd walls,
Our wand'ring feet are brought;
Where prayer and praise ascend,
And heavenly truths are taught:

CONGREGATION.

To God alone your off'rings bring;
Here in his house his praises sing.

CHILDREN.

4 For blessings such as these,
Our gratitude receive;
Lord, here accept our hearts,
'Tis all that we can give:

CONGREGATION.

Great God, accept their infant songs;
To thee alone their praise belongs.

BOTH.

5 Lord, bid this work of love
Be crown'd with meet success;
May thousands yet unborn,
This institution bless;
Thus shall the praise resound to thee,
Now, and through all eternity!

938 *The Sabbath School.* L. P. M.

THE sabbath school's a place of pray'r,
I love to meet my teachers there;
They teach me there that all may come,
And find, in heav'n, a happy home:
I love to go—I love to go,
I love to go to sabbath school.

2 In God's own book we're taught to read
How Christ for sinners groaned and bled;
That precious blood a ransom gave,
For sinful man—his soul to save:
I love to go—I love to go,
I love to go to sabbath school.

3 In sabbath school we sing and pray,
And learn to love the sabbath day;
That when on earth our sabbaths end,
A glorious rest in heav'n we'll spend:
I love to go—I love to go,
I love to go to sabbath school.

4 And when our days on earth are o'er,
We'll meet in heav'n to part no more;
Our teachers kind we there shall greet,
And O what joy 'twill be to meet,
In heav'n above—in heav'n above,
In heav'n above to part no more!

939 *In all thy Ways Acknowledge God.* L. M.

THERE is a God who reigns above,
Lord of the heav'n and earth and seas;
I fear his wrath, I ask his love,
And with my lips I sing his praise.

2 There is a law which he has writ,
To teach us all what we must do:
My soul, to his commands submit,
For they are holy, just and true.

3 There is a gospel rich in grace,
Whence sinners all their comforts draw;
Lord, I repent, and seek thy face,
For I have often broke thy law.

4 There is an hour when I must die;
Nor do I know how soon 'twill come;
How many children, young as I,
Are call'd by death, to hear their doom!

5 Let me improve the hours I have,
Before the day of grace is fled;—
There's no repentance in the grave,
Nor pardon offered to the dead.

940 *Sabbath School Anniversary.* M. 7s & 6s.

We meet again in gladness,
And thankful voices raise;
To God, our heavenly Father,
We offer grateful praise:
'Tis his kind hand that bless'd us
Through all the changing year;
His love it is that brings us
Again to worship here.

2 We thank him for the sabbath,—
This day of holy rest:
And for the blessed Bible,—
The book we should love best;
For sabbath schools and teachers,—
To us so kindly given,
To guide us in the pathway
That leads to joys in heaven.

3 We thank him for our country,—
The land our fathers trod;
For liberty of conscience,
And right to worship God.
O Lord, our heavenly Father,
Accept the praise we bring;
And tune our hearts and voices,
Thy glorious name to sing.

4 Soon may thy gracious sceptre
Extend to every land;
And all, as willing subjects,
Submit to thy command.
Send forth the gospel tidings:
And hasten on the day,
When every isle and nation
Shall own Messiah's sway.

941 *Sabbath Scholars' Happy Day.* L. M.

PRESERVED by thy almighty pow'r,
O Lord, our Maker, Saviour, King,
And brought to see this happy hour,
We come thy praises here to sing.

Happy day—Happy day!
Here in thy courts we'll gladly stay,
And at thy footstool humbly pray,
That thou wouldst take our sins away;—
Happy day—Happy day,
When Christ shall wash our sins away!

2 We praise thee for thy constant care,
For life preserved, for mercies given;
O may we still those mercies share,
And taste the joys of sins forgiven.

Happy day, &c.

3 We praise thee for the joyful news,
Of pardon through a Saviour's blood:
O Lord, incline our hearts to choose
The way to happiness and God.

Happy day, &c.

4 And when our work on earth is done,
Grant, Lord, that we in heaven may see
Teachers and scholars 'round thy throne,
And there forever happy be.

Happy day, &c.

942 *Evil Company.* C. M.

WHY should I join with those in play,
In whom I've no delight;
Who curse and swear, but never pray,
Who call ill names, and fight?

2 I hate to hear a wanton song;
Their words offend my ears;
I would not dare defile my tongue
With language such as theirs.

3 Away from fools I'll turn my eyes,
Nor with the scoffers go;
I would be walking with the wise,
That wiser I might grow.

4 I hate to walk, I hate to dwell
With sinful children here;
Then let me not be sent to hell,
Where none but sinners are.

943 *The Sabbath School.* C. M.

THE sabbath school, that blessed place,
O, I would rather stay
Within its walls, a child of grace,
Than spend my hours in play.
The sabbath school, the sabbath school,
O, 'tis the place I love!
For there I learn the golden rule,
Which leads to joys above.

2 'Tis there I learned that Jesus died
For sinners such as I;
O, what has all the world beside,
That I should prize so high?
The sabbath school, &c.

3 Then let our grateful tribute rise,
And songs of praise be given
To him who dwells above the skies,
For such a blessing given.
The sabbath school, &c.

4 And welcome, then, the sabbath school,
We'll read and sing and pray,
That we may keep the golden rule,
And never from it stray.
The sabbath school, &c.

944 *Away to the Sabbath School.* M. 10s, 7s & 5

WHEN the sabbath bell, which we love so well,
With its tones so clear and full,
Calls us here from home, we will quickly come,
And join in our sabbath school,
For 'tis here we all agree,
All with happy hearts and free;
And we love to early be
At the sabbath school.
We'll away, we'll away,
We'll away, we'll away,
We'll away to the sabbath school!

2 On the wintry day, we will urge our way,
Though the earth be wrapp'd in snow;
Or the summer breeze plays around the trees,
To the sabbath school we'll go;
When the holy day has come,
And the sabbath breakers roam,
We delight to leave our home
For the sabbath school.
We'll away, &c.

3 In the class we meet, with the friends we greet,
At the time of opening prayer;
And our hearts we raise, in a hymn of praise;
For 'tis always pleasant there.
In the book of holy truth,
Full of counsel and reproof,
We behold the guide of youth,
At the sabbath school.
We'll away, &c.

945 *The Sabbath School.* L. M.

THE sabbath school, how dear to me!
Within thy walls I love to be;
Where, on the sabbath day, we meet
In our accustomed class and seat.

2 'Tis there that I am taught to read
God's holy word, and feel the need
Of quickening grace and pardoning love,
To fit me for yon heaven above.

3 'Tis there that I am taught to pray,
And love God's holy sabbath day;
To sing his praise and learn his will,
And all my duties to fulfil.

4 'Tis there I learn that Christ has died,—
That he for me was crucified;
That he my precious soul has bought:
These blessed truths I there am taught.

5 O, let my songs and praises rise,
Like grateful incense, to the skies,
For that rich grace, so free, so full,
That brought me to the sabbath school.

946 *The Child's Desire.* P. M. 11,8,11,9.

I THINK, when I read the sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he call'd little children as lambs to his fold,
I should like to have been with them then.

Hallelujah! hallelujah!
We are a happy little band;
Hallelujah, &c.

2 I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,
That his arm had been thrown around me;
And that I might have seen his kind look when he said,
"Let the little ones come unto me."

Hallelujah, &c.

3 Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in his love;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above.

Hallelujah, &c.

4 'Tis a beautiful place he has gone to prepare,
For all who are washed and forgiv'n;
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heav'n."
Hallelujah, &c.

5 But thousands and thousands who wander and fall,
Never heard of that heavenly home;
I should like them to know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.
Hallelujah, &c.

6 I long for the joys of that glorious time,
The sweetest and brightest and best;
When the dear little children of every clime
Shall crowd to his arms and be blest.
Hallelujah, &c.

947

Early Instruction. C. M.

HAPPY the child whose early years
Receive instruction well;
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.

2 'Twill save us from a thousand snares,
To mind religion young;
Grace will preserve our following years,
And make our virtues strong.

3 To thee, almighty God, to thee
Our childhood we resign;
'Twill please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were thine.

4 O, let the work of prayer and praise
Employ my youngest breath;
Thus I'm prepared for longer days,
Or fit for early death.

948 *Hold the Bible.* P. M. 7,6,8,6,8,6,8,6,7,6.

We'll not give up the Bible—
God's holy book of truth,—
The blessed staff of hoary age,
The guide of early youth—
The lamp which sheds a glorious light
O'er every dreary road—
The voice which speaks a Saviour's love,
And leads us home to God.

We'll not give up the Bible—
God's holy book of truth!

2 We'll not give up the Bible!
For it alone can tell
The way to save our ruined souls
From being sent to hell;
And it alone can tell us how
We can have hopes of heav'n—
That thro' the Saviour's precious blood
Our sins may be forgiv'n.

We'll not give up the Bible, &c.

949 *Duty to Parents.* C. M.

Let children that would fear the Lord,
Hear what their teachers say;
With reverence heed their parents' word,
And with delight obey.

2 Have we not heard what dreadful plagues
Are threatened by the Lord,
To him who breaks his father's law,
Or mocks his mother's word.

3 But those who worship God, and give
Their parents honor due,
Shall long on earth in comfort live;
And live hereafter, too.

950 *Death of a Teacher.* S. M.

WEEP, mourning scholars, weep—
A teacher's gone before;
For those who loved to see his face,
Shall see his face no more.

2 Yet all whom once he taught
To sit at Jesus' feet,
And seek the blessedness he sought,
May him in glory meet.

3 Grieve, brother teachers, grieve;—
With you he bore the cross;
And gladly for a crown of life,
Accounted all things loss.

4 Strong in the Lord was he,
And valiant for the truth;
Go, train your scholars, then, to be
Christ's soldiers from their youth.

951 *Come, Join our Celebration.* M. 7s & 6s.

COME, join our celebration,
With hallowed songs of joy;
And, on this glad occasion,
Your sweetest notes employ;
Parents and friends invited,
And teachers, now are here,
In purpose all united,
Our youthful hearts to cheer.

2 Thanks to the God of heaven—
Kind guardian of our race—
For all the favors given,
Beneath his smiling face;
For health, and strength, and reason,
And friendship unalloyed;
And every pleasant season,
In sabbath schools enjoyed.

3 Thanks for the kind protection
God's arm has thrown around;
And for that sweet affection,
He causes to abound,
In those who're watching o'er us,
With many an anxious sigh,
And seeking to allure us,
To peace and heavenly joy.

4 May God, with gracious blessing,
Reward their toil and care;
And hear them, while addressing
His throne, in fervent pray'r:
And may his love, constraining,
Our youthful spirits bow;
And grace, forever reigning,
Our inmost souls endow.

952 *A Child's Prayer.* C. M.

WHEN for some little insult given,
My angry passions rise,
I'll think how Jesus came from heaven,
And bore his injuries.

2 Dear Saviour, may I learn of thee
My temper to amend;
And, walking in humility,
May peace my steps attend.

3 O Father, bless a little child,
Now in my early youth
Give me a spirit good and mild,
A soul to love the truth.

953 *What the Bible tells us.* L. M.

THIS is a precious book indeed;
Happy the child that loves to read;
'Tis God's own word, which he hath given
To show our souls the way to heaven!

2 It tells us how the world was made;
And how good men the Lord obey'd;
And his commands are in it too,
To teach us what we ought to do.

3 It bids us all from sin to fly,
Because our souls can never die:
It points to heaven where angels dwell,
And warns us to escape from hell.

4 But what is more than all beside,
The Bible tells us Jesus died;
This is its first, its chief intent,
To lead poor sinners to repent,

5 Let us be thankful that we may
Read this good Bible every day;
'Tis God's own word, which he has giv'n
To show our souls the way to heav'n.

954 *The Loved Ones.* P. M. 11s & 8s.

BE KIND to thy father; for when thou wast young,
Who loved thee so fondly as he?
He caught the first accents that fell from thy tongue,
And joined in thine innocent glee.
Be kind to thy father; he's now growing old,
His locks intermingled with gray;
His step is more feeble, his spirit less bold—
Thy father is passing away.

2 Be kind to thy mother; for lo! on her brow
May traces of sorrow be seen;
O well mayst thou cherish and comfort her now,
For loving and kind hath she been.
Remember thy mother; for thee will she pray,
As long as God giveth her breath;
With accents of kindness, then, cheer her lone way,
E'en to the dark valley of death.

3 Be kind to thy brother; his heart will have dearth,
If the joy of thy smile be withdrawn;
The flowers of feeling will fade at their birth,
If the dew of affection be gone.
Be kind to thy brother; wherever you are,
The love of a brother shall be
An ornament purer and richer, by far,
Than pearls from the depths of the sea.

4 Be kind to thy sister, that thou mayest know
The depth of true sisterly love:
The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms below
The surface that sparkles above.
Be kind to thy father; he's now growing old;
Be kind to thy mother, so near;
Be kind to thy brother, nor show thy heart cold:
Be kind to thy sister, so dear.

955 *Death of a Scholar.* C. M.

DEATH has been here, and borne away
A scholar from our side;
Just in the morning of his day,
As young as we, he died.

2 Not long ago, he filled his place,
And sat with us to learn;
But he has run his mortal race,
And never can return.

3 Perhaps our time may be as short,
Our days may fly as fast;
O Lord, impress the solemn thought,
That this may be our last!

4 We cannot tell who next may fall
Beneath thy chastening rod;
One must be first—O, may we all
Prepare to meet our God.

5 All needful help is thine to give;
To thee our souls apply
For grace to teach us how to live,
And make us fit to die.

956 *Love for Sabbath School.* C. M.

I LOVE the sabbath school—the place
My youthful feet have trod,
Where I have heard of wisdom's ways,
That lead to peace and God.

2 I love the sabbath school—'tis there
The praise of God we sing;
'Tis there we bow the knee in pray'r
To God, our heavenly King.

3 I love the sabbath school—where we
The Holy Bible read,
Which tells of Christ, who came to be
A Saviour in our need.

4 O that, when life's few cares are past,
Our teachers we may meet
Upon the blissful plains, and cast
Our crowns at Jesus' feet.

957 *Children's Offerings.* L. M.

LORD, can a simple child like me
Assist to turn the world to thee?
Or send the bread of life to hands
Stretched out for it, in heathen lands?

2 Will this poor mite I call my own,
Lead some lost heathen to thy throne?
Or help to throw the idols down,
Which 'midst the heathen groves do frown?

3 O yes!—although the gift be small,
Lord, bless it, since it is my all;
And bid it swell the glorious tide,
By thousands of thy saints supplied.

4 Yon mighty flood which sweeps the plain,
Is fed by tiny drops of rain;
And ocean's broad unyielding strand
Consists of single grains of sand.

5 Thus may the offerings children bring
Make gentiles bow to Israel's King;
If owned by that resistless pow'r
Which curbs the sea, and forms the show'r.

958 *Sincerity in Prayer.* C. M.

WHEN daily I kneel down to pray,
As I am taught to do,
God does not care for what I say,
Unless I feel it too.

2 Yet foolish thoughts my heart beguile;
And when I pray or sing,
I'm often thinking all the while
About some other thing.

3 O let me never, never dare
To act a trifler's part,
Or think that God will hear a pray'r
That comes not from the heart.

4 But if I make his ways my choice,
As holy children do,
Then while I seek him with my voice,
My heart will love him too.

959 *Children may Pray to God.* M. 7s.

POOR and needy though I be,
God, my Maker, cares for me;
Gives me clothing, shelter, food,
Gives me all I have of good.

2 He will listen when I pray,
He is with me night and day;
When I sleep and when I wake,
Keeps me safe for Jesus' sake.

3 He who reigns above the sky
Once became as poor as I;
He whose blood for me was shed,
Had not where to lay his head!

4 Though I labor here awhile,
He will bless me with his smile;
And when this short life is past,
I shall rest with him at last.

960

Conclusion of a Celebration. C. M.

CHILDREN.

ACCEPT our thanks, for all your love
And kindness thus bestow'd,
And pray that we may meet above,
In yonder blest abode.

O that will be joyful!
Joyful, joyful!
O that will be joyful,
To meet to part no more!
To meet to part no more,
On Canaan's happy shore:—
There we shall meet at Jesus' feet,
Shall meet to part no more.

TEACHERS.

2 Our gifts and prayers are freely given;
You live within our heart:
We therefore hope to meet in heaven,
Where we shall never part.

O that will be joyful, &c.

961

The Holy Sabbath. L. M.

THIS day belongs to God alone;
He chose the sabbath for his own;
And we must neither work nor play,
Because it is God's holy day.

2 'Tis well to have one day in seven,
That we may learn the way to heaven;
Then let us spend it as we should,
In serving God and growing good.

3 We ought, to-day, to learn and seek
What we may think of all the week;
And be the better every day,
For what we hear our teachers say.

4 And every sabbath should be pass'd,
As if we knew it were our last;
What would the dying sinner give
To have one sabbath more to live!

662 *Little Things.* P. M. 6,5,6,5.

LITTLE drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean,
And the beaut'ous land.

2 And the little moments,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

3 So, our little errors
Lead the soul away
From the paths of virtue,
Oft in sin to stray.

4 Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the heav'n above.

5 Little seeds of mercy,
Sown by youthful hands,
Grow to bless the nations,
Far in heathen lands.

963 *Anniversary Hymn.* C. M.

WE now to Christ, the Saviour King,
Our annual tribute pay;
In sweet hosannas here we sing,
For his life-cheering ray.

2 O, let the heavenly chorus rise,
On this our festal day;
And wake the concord of the skies
With this our joyous lay.

3 Another year has run its round,
Since last we gather'd here;
And still the precious gospel sound
Invites our list'ning ear:

4 But many sabbath hours are gone,
Of kind instruction given;
O, may the lessons we have learn'd
Guide us to Christ and heaven.

BIBLE CLASS AND YOUTH.

964 *Praise, Prayer and Instruction.* S. M.

WE come to sing thy praise;
We meet to offer pray'r;
We come to learn of wisdom's ways;
Blest Saviour, meet us here!

2 And, as thy holy word
We study, and are taught,
Let every truth and precept, Lord,
Be with thy blessings fraught.

3 So shall the hours we spend
Together in this place,
Through all our future being send
The savor of thy grace.

965 *Scriptures the Guide for Youth.* C. M.

How shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts,
To keep the conscience clean.

2 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And through the dangers of the night
A lamp to lead our way.

3 Thy precepts make us truly wise;
We hate the sinner's road;
We hate our own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, O God.

4 Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

966 *Remember Now thy Creator.* C. M.

Remember thy Creator now,
In these thy youthful days;
He will accept thine earliest vow;
He loves thine earliest praise.

2 Remember thy Creator now;
Seek him while he is near;
For evil days will come when thou
Shalt find no comfort here.

3 Remember thy Creator now;
His willing servant be;
Then, when thy head in death shall bow,
He will remember thee.

4 Almighty God, our hearts incline
Thy heavenly voice to hear;
Let all our future days be thine,
Devoted to thy fear.

967

Importance of Early Religion. L. M.

NOW, in the heat of youthful blood,
Remember your Creator, God;
Behold, the months come hastening on,
When you shall say, "My joys are gone."

2 Behold, the aged sinner goes,
Laden with guilt and heavy woes,
Down to the regions of the dead,
With endless curses on his head.

3 The dust returns to dust again;
The soul, in agonies of pain,
Ascends to God; not there to dwell,
But hears her doom, and sinks to hell.

4 Eternal King, I fear thy name;
Teach me to know how frail I am;
And when my soul must hence remove,
Give me a mansion in thy love.

968

Knowledge Prayed for. C. M.

BEFORE thy mercy-seat, O Lord,
Behold thy servants stand,
To ask the knowledge of thy word,
The guidance of thy hand.

2 Let thy eternal truths, we pray,
Dwell richly in each heart;
That from the safe and narrow way
We never may depart.

3 Lord, from thy word remove the seal,
Unfold its hidden store;
And teach us, as we read, to feel
Its value more and more.

969 *Instructing the Young.* C. M.

BLEST work, the youthful mind to win,
And turn the rising race
From dark and dangerous paths of sin,
To seek redeeming grace.

2 Be ours the bliss, in wisdom's way
To guide untutored youth;
And show the mind which went astray
The way, the life, the truth.

3 Thy Spirit, Father, on us shed,
And bless this good design:
The honors of thy name to spread:
Be all the glory thine.

970 *Rewards of Early Piety.* M. 8s, 7s & 4.

GOD has said, "Forever blessed
Those who seek me in their youth—
They shall find the path of wisdom,
And the narrow way of truth;"
Guide us, Saviour,
In the narrow way of truth.

2 Be our strength, for we are weakness;
Be our wisdom and our guide;
May we walk in love and meekness,
Nearer to our Saviour's side:
Naught can harm us,
While we thus in thee abide.

3 Thus, when evening shades shall gather,
We may turn our tearless eye
To the dwelling of our Father,
To our home beyond the sky—
Gently passing
To the happy land on high.

971 *Life a Summer's Day.* C. M.

THIS life is but a summer's day
Of shadows and of light;
Its brightest sunbeams pass away,
And soon give place to night.

2 Fair childhood is the early dawn,
And youth the morning gay;
Manhood's the noon so quickly gone,
And age the evening ray.

3 This life God gave us to prepare
For that which is to come:
O may I gain admittance there,
And find a heavenly home!

4 And will the Lord my sins forgive
Through his redeeming love,
And bid me to his glory live,
And write my name above?

972 *Scriptural Instruction.* L. M.

THERE is a school on earth begun,
Instructed by the holy One;
He calls his pupils there to prove
The sweetness of redeeming love.

2 The school book is the Scripture true;
The lessons are forever new;
In this the pupils are agreed,
It is a blessed book indeed.

3 'Tis here the blind may learn to see;
Then come, ye blind, the school is free;
And here the lame may learn to walk;
The dumb may also learn to talk.

4 'Tis here the deaf may learn to hear;
Then come, ye deaf, and lend an ear:
Listen to Jesus' charming voice—
He'll make your mourning souls rejoice.

5 Come, brethren, you who are at school,
Attention pay to every rule;
Here may we learn the happy art
Of loving God with all our heart.

973 *Youth the Best Time for Religion.* C. M.

AMIDST the cheerful bloom of youth,
With ardent zeal pursue
The ways of piety and truth,
With death and heaven in view.

2 Fair wisdom's paths with sweets are strew'd,
And pleasures all refined;
There joys divine are shed abroad,
That suit th' immortal mind.

3 Youth is the most accepted time,
To love and serve the Lord;
A flow'r presented in its prime,
Will much delight afford.

4 He'll crown with peace your rising years,
And make your work increase;
Will guide you through this vale of tears,
And bid your sorrows cease.

5 Give him the morning of your days,
And be forever blest;
'Tis none but those in wisdom's ways
Enjoy substantial rest.

974 *Expostulation with the Young.* L. M.

YE lovely bands of blooming youth,
Warned by the voice of heav'nly truth,
Now yield to Christ your youthful prime,
With all your talents and your time.

2 Think of your end, nor thoughtless say,
I'll put far off the evil day:
Ah! not a moment's in your pow'r,
And death stands ready at the door.

3 Eternity!—how near it rolls!
Count the vast value of your souls;
Beware, and count the awful cost,
What they have gained whose souls are lost.

4 Pride, sinful pleasures, lust and snares
Beset your hearts, your eyes, your ears;
Take the alarm—the danger fly:
"Lord, save me!" be your earnest cry.

975 *Prayer for the Young.* C. M.

COME, Lord, and bless the rising race:
Make this a happy hour—
According to thy richest grace,
And thy almighty pow'r.

2 Dear youth, we know your sinful state;
May God your hearts renew;
We would awhile ourselves forget,
To pour our prayers for you.

3 We see, though you perceive it not,
Th' approaching awful doom;
O tremble at the solemn thought,
And flee the wrath to come!

976 *The Young Exhorted.* C. M.

YE hearts with youthful vigor warm,
In smiling crowds draw near,
And turn from every mortal charm,
A Saviour's voice to hear.

2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you;
And lays his radiant glory by,
Your welfare to pursue.

3 The soul that longs to see his face,
Is sure his love to gain;
And those that early seek his grace,
Shall never seek in vain.

977 *A Warning to Youth.* M. 7s.

O YE young, ye gay, ye proud,
You must die and wear a shroud!
Time will rob you of your bloom,
Death will drag you to the tomb;
Then you'll cry, and want to be
Happy in eternity—eternity—eternity—
Happy in eternity.

2 Will you go to heaven, or hell?
One you must, and there to dwell:
Christ will come, and quickly too:
I must meet him, so must you;
Then you'll cry, &c.

3 The white throne will soon appear,
All the world must then draw near:
Sinners will be driven down—
Saints will wear the starry crown.
Then you'll cry, &c.

978 *Early Piety.* M. 7s & 6s.

GO thou in life's fair morning,
Go, in thy bloom of youth,
And seek, for thine adorning,
The precious pearl of truth;
Secure the heavenly treasure,
And bind it on thy heart;
And let no earthly pleasure,
E'er cause it to depart.

2 Go, while the day-star shineth,
Go, while thy heart is light,
Go, ere thy strength declineth,
While every sense is bright:
Sell all thou hast and buy it;
'Tis worth all earthly things,—
Rubies, and gold, and diamonds,
Sceptres and crowns of kings!

3 Go, ere the cloud of sorrow
Steals o'er thy bloom of youth;
Defer not till to-morrow;
Go now, and buy the truth.
Go, seek thy great Creator;
Learn early to be wise;
Go, place upon the altar,
A morning sacrifice.

979 *The Ways of Wisdom.* C. M.

WHY should we spend our youthful days
In folly and in sin,
When wisdom shows her pleasant ways,
And bids us walk therein?

2 Folly and sin our peace destroy;
They glitter, and are past;
They yield us but a moment's joy,
And end in death at last.

3 But, if true wisdom we possess,
Our joys shall never cease;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

4 O, may we, in our youthful days,
Attend to wisdom's voice;
And make these holy, happy ways,
Our own delightful choice!

980 *Prayer for Youth.* S. M.

GREAT God, with heart and tongue,
For all our youth we pray;
O may they learn, while they are young,
To walk in wisdom's way!

2 Now, in their early days,
Teach them thy will to know;
O God, thy sanctifying grace
On every heart bestow!

3 Make their unguarded youth
The object of thy care;
Cause them to choose the way of truth,
And flee from every snare.

4 Their hearts, to folly prone,
Renew by power divine;
Unite them to thyself alone,
And make them wholly thine.

5 Lord, let thy sacred word
Their warmest thoughts employ;
There let them daily find the road
Which leads to endless joy.

981 *Counsel and Warning.* L. M.

YOUNG people all, attention give,
While I address you in God's name;
You, who in sin and folly live,
Come, hear the counsel of a friend.

2 Youth, like the spring, will soon be gone,
By fleeting time or conqu'ring death;
Your morning sun may set at noon;
And soon may cease your vital breath.

3 Your sparkling eyes and blooming cheek,
Must wither like the blasted rose;
The coffin, earth, and winding sheet,
Will soon your active limbs enclose.

4 Ye heedless ones, that wildly stroll,
The grave will soon become your bed,
Where silence reigns and vapors roll
In solemn darkness, round your head.

5 Your souls will land in darker realms,
Where vengeance reigns and billows roar:
There you will lie in burning flames,
When thousand, thousand years are o'er.

6 Sunk in the shades of endless night,
You'll groan and howl in ceaseless pain;
And never more behold the light,
And never, never rise again.

7 Ye blooming youth, this is the state
Of all who do free grace refuse;
And soon with you 'twill be too late,
The way of life in Christ to choose.

982 *Counsel and Advice to the Young.* P. M.

REMEMBER, sinful youth,
You must die—you must die;
Remember, sinful youth,
You must die!
Remember, sinful youth,
Who hate the ways of truth,
And in your pleasures boast,
You must die—you must die!
And in your pleasures boast,
You must die!

2 Uncertain are your days,
Here below—here below, &c.
Uncertain are your days;
For God hath many ways
To end your day of grace,
Here below—here below, &c.

3 To the great judgment day
You are bound—you are bound, &c.
To the great judgment day,
Be you whoe'er you may,—
Nor will it long delay,—
You are bound—you are bound, &c.

4 The God who built the sky,
By his pow'r—by his pow'r, &c.
The God who built the sky
Hath said (and cannot lie:)
"The soul that sins, shall die,"
Evermore—evermore, &c.

5 Then O my friends, don't you,—
I entreat—I entreat, &c.
Then O my friends, don't you
Your carnal ways pursue,
And thus your souls undo,—
I entreat—I entreat, &c.

6 Now to the Saviour flee
For your life—for your life, &c.
Now to the Saviour flee,
And be from sin set free;—
Give praise eternally,
For your life—for your life, &c.

ANTI-SLAVERY HYMNS.

983 *The Gospel against Slavery.* C. M.

"BREAK every yoke," the gospel cries,
"And let th' oppress'd go free;"
Let every captive taste the joys
Of peace and liberty.

3 Lord, when shall man thy voice obey,
And rend each iron chain?
O, when shall love its golden sway
O'er all the earth maintain?

3 Send thy good Spirit from above,
And melt th' oppressor's heart;
Send sweet deliverance to the slave,
And melt each iron heart.

4 With freedom's blessings crown his day;
O'erflow his heart with love;
Teach him that strait and narrow way
Which leads to rest above.

984 *Appeal to the Slaveholder.* C. M.

WHAT mean ye, that ye bruise and bind
My people? saith the Lord,
And starve your craving brother's mind,
That asks to hear my word?

2 What mean ye, that ye make them toil
Through long and dreary years,
And shed like rain upon your soil
Their blood and bitter tears?

3 What mean ye, that ye dare to rend
The tender mother's heart?
Brothers from sisters, friend from friend,
How dare you bid them part?

4 What mean ye, when God's bounteous hand
To you so much has given,
That from the slave who tills your land
You keep both earth and heaven?

5 When at the judgment God shall call,
Where is thy brother?—say,
What mean ye, to the Judge of all,
To answer on that day?

985 *Liberty Song.* C. M.

YE friends of liberty, awake,
And put your armor on;
With dauntless zeal your weapons take,
And bid your fears begone.

2 Sound argument and truth we use
For weapons in this war:
Good sense and solid reason choose,
And carnal means abhor.

3 Persuasion, with entreaty kind,
And information true;
Faith in the Lord, and prayer, we find
Important weapons too.

4 The contest will be warm, severe,
And many brave may fall;
But courage take, our cause is clear—
Humanity's loud call.

5 Up! freemen, up! and all unite
To set the captive free;
Trusting in God, exert your might,
And sound the jubilee!

986

Freedom's Trump. M. 7s & 6s.

Soon shall the trump of freedom,
Resound from shore to shore;
Soon taught by heavenly wisdom,
Man shall oppress no more;
But every yoke be broken,
Each captive soul set free,
And every heart shall welcome
The day of jubilee.

2 Then tyrants' crowns and sceptres,
And victors' wreaths and scars;
And galling chains and fetters,
With all the pomp of wars,
Shall in the dust be trodden,
Till time shall be no more;
And peace and joy from heaven
The Lord on earth shall pour.

987

Upward and Onward. M. 8s & 7s.

Upward! onward! is our watchword:
Though the winds blow good or ill,
Though the sky be fair or stormy,
These shall be our watchwords still.

2 Upward, onward, in the battle
Waged for freedom and the right,
Never resting, never weary,
Till a vict'ry crowns the fight.

3 Upward, onward, pressing forward,
Till each bondman's chains shall fall;
Till the flag that floats above us,
Liberty proclaims to all.

4 Lo! a brighter day is coming,—
Brighter prospects ope before;
Spread your banner to the breezes—
Upward! onward! evermore.

988

Appeal for Sympathy. M. 8s & 7s.

HEARKEN, christians! hear the groaning
Of the poor oppressed slave;
Hear him now his fate bemoaning,—
None to pity, none to save.

2 Listen, friends, of every nation,
To the wailing bondman's plea;
Hear his doleful lamentation,
Hear him sigh for liberty.

3 Will you, by your votes and silence,
Servitude perpetuate?
Can you look without abhorrence
On a system God doth hate?

4 Can you bow with cold indiff'rence,
And the throne of God address?
Will you there ask no assistance
For the bondman in distress?

5 Think, ye sons of ease and freedom,
Of the suff'rings he endures;
You would sigh for liberation,
Were the slave's condition yours.

989

Equality of Men. L. M.

ETERNAL Father, thou hast made
A numerous family thy care;
Nor sable hue, nor caste, nor grade,
Excludes the meanest from his share.

2 Of kindred blood and flesh the same,
In thy pure sight of equal worth—
Then why should one the sceptre claim,
And crush his brother to the earth?

3 Why should the sighing bondman grope
A cheerless journey to the tomb,
No star to guide, no ray of hope
To shine upon the darksome gloom?

4 Wilt thou not hear, and set them free,
The downtrod slaves for whom we plead,
And make our land as it should be,
A free and happy land indeed?

990 *Universal Freedom.* M. 6s & 4s.

ROLL on, thou joyful day,
When tyranny's proud sway,
Stern as the grave,
Shall to the ground be hurl'd,
And freedom's flag, unfurl'd,
Shall wave throughout the world
O'er every slave.

2 Trump of glad jubilee,
Echo o'er land and sea,
Freedom for all;
Let the glad tidings fly,
And every tribe reply,
Glory to God on high,
At slavery's fall.

3 Free, too, the captive mind,
By darkness long confined
In slavery's night;
The Saviour's reign extend,
Virtue with freedom blend,
And full salvation send
With freedom's light.

TEMPERANCE HYMNS.

991 *Temperance Appeal.* M. 7,7,7,6,7,7,7,6.

FRIENDS of temperance, swell the song:
Young and old, the strain prolong;
Make the temperance army strong,
And on to victory!
Lift your banners; let them wave;
Onward march, a world to save:—
Who would fill a drunkard's grave,
And bear his infamy?

2 Give the aching bosom rest;
Carry joy to every breast;
Make the wretched drunkard blest,
By living soberly.
Raise the glorious watchword high:
"Touch not, taste not, till you die!"
Let the echo reach the sky,
And earth keep jubilee.

3 God of mercy, hear us plead;
For thy help we intercede;
See how many bosoms bleed,
And heal them speedily.
Hasten, Lord, the happy day,
When, beneath its gentle ray,
Temperance all the world shall sway,
And reign triumphantly.

992 *Reign of Intemperance.* C. M.

INTEMPERANCE, like a raging flood,
Is sweeping o'er the land;
Its dire effects, in tears and blood,
Are traced on every hand.

2 It still flows on, and bears away
Ten thousands to their doom;
Who shall the mighty torrent stay,
And disappoint the tomb?

3 Almighty God, no hand but thine
Can check this flowing tide;
Stretch out thine arm of power divine,
And bid the flood subside.

4 Dry up the source from whence it flows;
Destroy its fountain-head;
That dire intemp'rance and its woes
No more the earth o'erspread.

993 *Cold Water Army.* C. M.

With banner and with badge we come,
An army true and strong,
To fight against the hosts of rum,
And this shall be our song.
We love the clear cold water springs,
Supplied by gentle show'rs;
We feel the strength cold water brings;
"The victory is ours."

2 Cold water-army is our name,—
O may we faithful be,
And so, in truth and justice, claim
The blessings of the free.
We love the clear cold water springs, &c.

3 Though others love their rum and wine,
And drink till they are mad,
To water we will still incline,
To make us strong and glad.
We love the clear cold water springs, &c.

4 I pledge to thee this hand of mine,
In faith and friendship strong:
And fellow-soldiers we will join
The chorus of our song.—
We love the clear cold water springs, &c.

994 *O Come, Come Away.* P. M. 5,7,8,5,8,8,6,5.

O COME, come away,
Intemperance forsaking,
The poison cup surrender up,
O come, come away;
Disease and death are in the bowl,
And swift destruction to the soul;
Then from its base control,
O come, come away.

2 When sparkleth the wine,
When reddened is its color,
Then lift not up the fatal cup,
But turn, turn away;
Look not upon it then, forsooth,
It biteth like a serpent's tooth,
Old age and blooming youth,
So come, come away.

3 Away to the polls,
Old men and young advancing,
With nerves of steel and hearts that feel,
O come, come away;
Like freeman take a noble stand,
A true and faithful temperance band,
And vote rum from the land,
O come, come away!

995 *The Drink for me.* P. M. 8,6,8,6,8,8,6,6.

THE drink that's in the drunkard's bowl,
Is not the drink for me;
It kills his body, and his soul;
How sad a sight is he!
But there's a drink which God hath giv'n,
Distilling in the showers of heaven,
In measures large and free;
O, that's the drink for me, &c.

2 The stream that many prize so high,
Is not the stream for me;
For he who drinks it, still is dry,
Forever dry he'll be.
But there's a stream, so cool and clear,
The thirsty traveler lingers near,
Refreshed and glad is he;
O, that's the stream for me, &c.

3 The wine-cup that so many prize,
Is not the cup for me.
The aching head, the bloated face,
In its sad train I see:
But there's a cup of water pure,
And he who drinks it, may be sure,
Of health and length of days;
O, that's the cup for me, &c.

996

Total Abstinence. M. 8s.

O TURN from the wine-glass away,
Nor look on the wine when it's red;
At last like a serpent at play,
It stings, and the poison will spread.
The eyes it inflames with desire,
The heart with all manner of sin;
It setteth the bosom on fire,
Consuming the spirit within.

2 O, turn from the wine-glass away!
Nor look on the wine when it's red;
Though urg'd by the wealthy and gay,
Remember the blood it hath shed!
Touch not with the poison thy lips,
If thou wouldst be free from its pains;
For he is in danger who sips—
He only is safe who abstains.

997 *The Temperance Rally.* M. 8s, 7s & 4.

ROUND the temp'rance standard rally,
All the friends of human kind;
Snatch the devotees of folly,
Wretched, perishing and blind:
Loudly tell them
How they comfort now may find.

2 Bear the blissful tidings onward,
Bear them all the world around;
Let the myriads thronging downward,
Hear the sweet and blissful sound,
And, obeying,
In the paths of peace be found.

3 Plant the temp'rance standard firmly,
Round it live, and round it die;
Young and old defend it sternly,
Till we gain the victory,
And the nations
Hail the happy jubilee.

998 *Sparkling and Bright.* P.M.9,8,8,7.

SPARKLING and bright, in its liquid light,
Is the water in our glasses;
'Twill give you health, 'twill give you wealth,
Ye lads and rosy lasses.

O then resign your ruby wine,
Each smiling son and daughter;
There's nothing so good for the youthful blood,
As pure, fresh sparkling water.

2 Better than gold is the water cold,
From the crystal fountain flowing;
A calm delight, both day and night,
To happy homes bestowing.
O then resign, &c.

3 Sorrow hath fled from the heart that bled
Of the weeping wife and mother,
As the poison'd cup was given up
By husband, son, or brother; &c.

999 *A Temperance Appeal.* M. 10s.

HIGH rolls the temp'rance wave; see, still they come;
Man is no longer slave to the fiend rum;
Reason assumes her sway, vice hides her head,
Widow's fears, children's tears, all, all have fled:
Pilgrims and wanderers, hither, O come!
Where the free dare to be, there is your home!

2 Strike, then, for liberty, while yet you may!
Strong drink's a tyranny—dash it away!
Taste not the poison'd cup: death lurks therein;
Broken hearts, conscience' smarts, follow the sin.
Pilgrims and wanderers, &c.

3 Come, now, ye drinkers, come, join yet to-day;
Nor let the morrow's sun see your delay;
Here let the rich and poor, high, low, and all,
Songs prolong, loud and strong, o'er Bacchus' fall.
Pilgrims and wanderers, &c.

4 Soon shall the shout go 'round, o'er hill and main:
Those lost at length are found, and live again;
Champagne and sherry, too, brandy and gin,
Lose their charm us to harm, or tempt to sin.
Pilgrims and wanderers, &c.

NATIONAL HYMNS.

1000 *Prayer for our Country.* C. M.

LORD, while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
O, hear us for our native land,—
The land we love the most.

2 O, guard our shores from every foe,
With peace our borders bless,
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plent'ousness.

3 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and thee;
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.

4 Lord of the nations, thus to thee
Our country we commend;
Be thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting Friend.

1001 *Supplication for our Country.* C. M.

When Abrah'm, full of sacred awe,
Before Jehovah stood,
And, with an humble, fervent prayer,
For guilty Sodom sued,—

2 With what success, what wondrous grace,
Was his petition crown'd!
The Lord would spare, if in that place
Ten righteous men were found.

3 And could a single pious soul
So rich a boon obtain?
Great God, and shall a nation cry,
And plead with thee in vain?

4 Are not the righteous dear to thee
Now, as in ancient times?
Or does this sinful land exceed
Gomorrah in her crimes?

5 Still we are thine; we bear thy name;
Here yet is thine abode;
Long has thy presence bless'd our land;—
Forsake us not, O God!

1002

Fourth of July. M. 8s, 7s & 4.

God of every land and nation,
On this glorious jubilee,
Let the incense of oblation,
From each heart arise to thee;
Save our country:
Long preserve her liberty.

2 Let thy richest blessings ever
Rest upon our happy land;
May no fierce contention sever
This confederated band:
In sweet union,
May we still unshaken stand.

3 May we all be safely guided,
Saviour, by thy gracious will:
When life's storms shall have subsided,
And our tongues in death are still,
May we praise thee,
Where immortal glories thrill.

1003

National Hymn. M. 6s & 4s.

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

2 My native country, thee—
Land of the noble, free—
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,—
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

1004 *Our Deliverance Ascribed to God.* C. M.

O Lord, our fathers oft have told,
In our attentive ears,
Thy wonders in their days perform'd,
And in more ancient years.

2 'Twas not their courage, or their sword,
To them salvation gave;
'Twas not their number, or their strength,
That did their country save.

3 But thy right hand, thy powerful arm,
Whose succour they implored,—
Thy providence protected them,
Who thy great name adored.

4 As thee their God our fathers own'd,
So thou art still our King;
O, therefore, as thou didst to them,
To us deliv'rance bring.

5 To thee the glory we ascribe,
From whom salvation came
In God, our shield, we will rejoice,
And ever bless thy name.

1005 *Independence Celebration.* M. 8s, 7s & 4s.

HAIL the day that brought our freedom!
Bought with our forefathers' blood;
Thou, our conqu'ring God, didst lead them,
When their foes before them stood.
Independence!
Echo it through field and flood.

2 Lo! their happy sons and daughters
On this glad and festal day,
By the springs of limpid waters,
O'er the hills and valleys stray.
Independence!
Chorus still of every lay.

3 Here we, in thy presence bending,
Happiest of the happy throngs,
Up to heaven our prayers are sending—
Up to heaven our rapt'rous songs:
Independence!
Swells the triumph God prolongs.

4 "O, thou God of our salvation!"
Who dost blessings richly show'r,
Let us make our "Declaration"
In this spirit-stirring hour,
Independence
From the tyrant Satan's pow'r!

1006 *Independence Ode.* M. 6s & 4s.

FREEMEN, awake the song!
Gladly the strain prolong,
Welcome this day!
It tells of glory won,
By deeds of valor done;
Shout till the setting sun
Sheds its last ray.

2 Our happy land we sing—
Your joyful tribute bring,
The song to swell;
Sing of our country's worth—
The place of freedom's birth—
Our father's home and hearth,
Where we all dwell.

1007 *God's Goodness Celebrated.* C. P. M.

LET every heart rejoice and sing;
Let choral anthems rise;
Ye reverend men and children, bring
To God your sacrifice;

For he is good; the Lord is good,
And kind are all his ways:
With songs and honors sounding loud,
The Lord Jehovah praise,
While the rocks and the rills,
While the vales and the hills,
A glorious anthem raise:
Let each prolong the grateful song,
And the God of our fathers praise.

2 He bids the sun to rise and set;
In heaven his power is known;
And earth, subdued to him, shall yet
Bow low before his throne;

For he is good, &c.

1008 *National Blessings.* L. M.

GREAT God of nations, now to thee
Our hymn of gratitude we raise;
With humble heart, and bending knee,
We offer thee our song of praise.

2 Thy name we bless, almighty God,
For all the kindness thou hast shown
To this fair land the pilgrims trod,—
This land we fondly call our own.

3 Here freedom spreads her banner wide,
And casts her soft and hallow'd ray;
Here thou our fathers' steps didst guide
In safety through their dang'rous way.

4 We praise thee that the gospel's light
Through all our land its radiance sheds;
Dispels the shades of error's night,
And heavenly blessings round us spreads.

ELDERSHIP HYMNS.

1009 *Opening an Eldership Meeting.* C. M.

COME, let us strike our harps afresh,
To great Jehovah's name;
Sweet be the accents of our tongues,
When we his love proclaim.

2 'Twas by his bidding we were called,
As ministers, to part;
'Tis by his care we meet again,
And gladness fills our heart.

3 Blest be the hand that has preserved
Our feet from every snare;
And blest the goodness of the Lord,
Which to this hour we share.

4 O, may the Spirit's quick'ning pow'r
Now sanctify our joy,
And warm our zeal in works of love,
Our talents to employ.

1010 *Prayer for Unity.* C. M.

LORD, in thy presence here we meet:
May we in thee be found!
O, make the place divinely sweet,
And let thy grace abound.

2 With harmony thy servants bless,
That we may own to thee
How good, how sweet, how pleasant 'tis,
When brethren all agree.

3 May Zion's good be kept in view,
And bless our feeble aim,
That all we undertake to do,
May glorify thy name.

1011 *Prayer for Ministerial Success.* M. 6s & 4s.

O HOLY Lord, our God,
By heavenly hosts ador'd,
Hear us, we pray:
To thee the cherubim,
Angels and seraphim,
Unceasing praises bring—
Their homage pay.

2 Lord, give thy word success;
And, these thy servants bless:
Their labors own;
And, while the sinner's Friend,
Their life and words commend,
Thy Holy Spirit send,
And make them known.

3 May every passing year
More happy still appear
Than this glad day;
Unite our hearts in love,
Till, raised to heaven above,
We all its fullness prove,
And praise thee there.

1012 *Go, Labor On.* L. M.

GO, labor on! spend and be spent,
And strive to do thy Father's will;
It is the way the Master went,
Should not the servant tread it still?

2 Go, labor on, while it is day!—
The long dark night is hastening on:
Speed, speed thy work—up from thy sloth;
It is not thus that souls are won.

3 See thousands dying at thy side,
Your brethren, kindred, friends at home;
See millions perishing afar;
Haste, brethren, to the rescue come!

4 Toil on, toil on: thou soon shalt find
For labor, rest; for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the bridegroom's voice,
The midnight cry, "Behold, I come."

1013 *Increase of Ministers Desired.* S. M.

LORD of the harvest, hear
Thy needy servants' cry;
Answer our faith's effectual pray'r,
And all our wants supply.

2 On thee we humbly wait;
Our wants are in thy view;
The harvest truly, Lord, is great;
The laborers are few.

3 Raise up, and send forth more
Into the world abroad,
And let them speak thy word of pow'r,
As workers with their God.

4 O, let them spread thy name;
Their mission fully prove;
Thy universal grace proclaim—
Thine all-redeeming love.

1014 *Close of an Eldership Meeting.* H.M.

GO FORTH to different lands,
Ye messengers of heav'n;
Scatter, with holy hands,
The seed so freely giv'n;
In every place, 'midst every clan,
Proclaim the Saviour's love to man.

2 The promises invite
Your constant toil and care;
Make ready for the fight,
The cross with courage bear;
Millennial scenes of radiant hue
Shall soon entrance your raptur'd view.

3 All mortal joys despise;
Immortal spirits win—
'Tis no ignoble prize,
To save a soul from sin;
For souls the Saviour lived and died,
This labor's worth all else beside.

1015 *Labors in the Vineyard.* S. M.

Now, brethren, though we part,
And to our homes repair;
May we be true, and joined in heart,
Like friends of Jesus are.

2 O let us still proceed
In Jesus' work below;
And, foll'wing our triumphant Head,
To further conquests go.

3 The vineyard of the Lord
Before his lab'rers lies;
And lo! we see the vast reward
Which waits us in the skies.

4 O let our heart and mind
With every day ascend,
That haven of repose to find,
Where all our labors end.

5 When all our toils are o'er,
Our suff'ring and our pain:
We'll meet on that celestial shore,
And never part again.

1016 *Preachers Sent Forth.* S. M.

YE messengers of Christ,
His sovereign voice obey:
Arise, and follow where he leads,
And peace attend your way.

2 The Master whom you serve
Will needful strength bestow;
Depending on his promised aid,
With sacred courage go.

3 Go, spread a Saviour's fame,
And tell his matchless grace;
Redemption by his blood proclaim
To Adam's guilty race.

4 Mountains shall sink to plains,
And hell in vain oppose;
The cause is God's, and must prevail,
In spite of all his foes.

1017 *A Blessing Invoked.* L. M.

INDULGENT God of love and pow'r,
Be with us at this place, and hour!
Smile on our souls; our plans approve,
By which we seek to spread thy love.

2 Let each discordant thought be gone,
And love unite our hearts in one:
Let all we have and are combine
To forward objects so divine.

3 O, may we feel the worth of souls,
Be men of God, whom grace controls,
Fight the good fight, and win the crown,
And by our Father's side sit down.

1018 *Proclaiming the Gospel.* C. M.

GO, and the Saviour's grace proclaim,
Ye messengers of God;
Go, publish in Immanuel's name,
Salvation through his blood.

2 What though your arduous track may lie
Through regions dark as death;
What though, your zeal and faith to try,
Perils beset your path?

3 Still, with determined courage, go,
And, armed with power divine,
Your God will needful aid bestow,
And on your labors shine.

4 He who has called you to the war,
Will recompense your pains;
Before Messiah's conqu'ring car
Mountains shall sink to plains.

5 Shrink not, though earth and hell oppose,
But plead your Master's cause;
Nor doubt that all your mighty foes
Shall bow before his cross.

1019 *Closing an Eldership Meeting.* L. M.

With heav'nly pow'r, O Lord, defend
Those whom we now to thee commend;
Their persons bless, their souls secure,
And make them to the end endure.

2 Gird them with all-sufficient grace,
Direct their feet in paths of peace;
Thy truth and faithfulness fulfil,
And help them to obey thy will.

3 Before them thy protection send,
O love them, bless them to the end;
Nor let them, as thy pilgrims rove,
Without the convoy of thy love.

4 Enlarge, inflame and fill their heart,
Through them thy mighty power exert;
That thousands yet unborn may praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.

CORNER STONE LAYING.

1020 *Christ the Foundation.* C. M.

BEHOLD the sure Foundation-Stone,
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heav'nly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.

2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
And saints adore the name;
They trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.

3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain;
Yet on this Rock the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.

4 What though the gates of hell withstood,
Yet must this building rise;
'Tis thine own work, almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

1021 *Foundation of the Church.* L. M.

THOU great Foundation of the church,
Our hopes repose on thee alone;
We rear this temple to thy name,
Thou great, thou living Corner-stone.

2 Other foundation none can lay,
Than him, who did for sin atone;
We rest our all, through life—in death,
On Zion's mighty Corner-stone.

3 We rest on thee, till that great day,
When thou wilt prove our works, and own
Thy glory as our only aim,
And with thyself thy temple crown.

4 Arise, O Lord of hosts! and come—
Thou and the ark of Israel's might—
Into thy rest;—O Lord, descend,
And fill our souls with pure delight.

1022 *The Tokens of His Grace.* L. M.

AND will the great eternal God
On earth establish his abode?
And will he, from his radiant throne,
Accept this bethel for his own?

2 This house we to thy honor raise;
Long may it echo with thy praise:
And thou, descending, fill the place
With choicest tokens of thy grace.

3 Here let the great Redeemer reign,
With all the graces of his train;
While power divine his word attends,
To conquer foes, and cheer his friends.

4 And in the great decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear
That crowds were born to glory here.

1023 *Christ the Living Stone.* S. M.

SEE what a living Stone
The builders did refuse!
Yet God hath built his church thereon,
In spite of envious Jews.

2 The scribe and angry priest
Reject thy only Son:
Yet on this Rock shall Zion rest,
As the chief Corner-Stone.

3 Hosanna to the King
Of David's royal blood;
Bless him, ye saints; he comes to bring
Salvation from your God.

4 We bless thy holy word,
Which all this grace displays;
And offer on thine altar, Lord,
Our sacrifice of praise.

DEDICATION HYMNS.

1024 *Dedication of a Bethel.* H. M. 6,6,6,6,8,8.

GREAT King of Glory, come,
And with thy favor crown
This temple as thy dome,
This people as thine own:
Beneath this roof, O deign to show
How God can dwell with men below.

2 Here may thine ears attend
Our interceding cries,
And grateful praise ascend,
Like incense, to the skies:
Here may the soul-converting word
With faith be preach'd, in faith be heard.

3 Here may the list'ning throng
Receive thy truth in love;
Here christians join the song
Of the redeem'd above;
Till all, who humbly seek thy face,
Rejoice in thy abounding grace.

4 Here may our unborn sons
And daughters sound thy praise,
And shine like polished stones,
Through long succeeding days;
Here, Lord, display thy saving pow'r,
While temples stand, and men adore.

1025 *A Bethel Dedication.* L. M.

THIS bethel, now, eternal God,
We come to dedicate to thee;
O, let it be thy fixed abode,
And ever kept from error free.

2 Here, when thy people seek thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live;
Hear thou in heaven, thy dwelling place,
And when thou hearest, Lord, forgive.

3 Here, when thy messengers proclaim
The blessed gospel of thy Son,
Still by the pow'r of his great name,
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

4 But will, indeed, Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient guest?
Here, will our great Redeemer reign,
And here, the Holy Spirit rest?

5 Thy glory never hence depart:
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone;
Thy kingdom come in every heart,—
In every bosom fix thy throne.

1026 *Dedication of a new Bethel.* M. 7s & 6s.

HERE stands another bethel,—
Now finished and complete;
And here are church and people,
To occupy each seat.
How pleasant and how joyful,
To see the willing crowd,
Convened before Jehovah,
And in his presence bow'd.

2 Like Solomon and Israel,
We dedicate this house,
By holy acts of worship,—
By sacrifice and vows.

May Father, Son, and Spirit,—
The God we love and fear,
Display his power and glory,
And greatly bless us here.

3 May we the gospel's power
Here often realize;
May many be converted,
And fitted for the skies.
With grace's richest pasture
Thy flock here often feed;
And may this house in glory
The former one exceed.

4 Then ministers and people
Will always love to meet,
And worship in this temple
Before thy mercy-seat.
And whilst we wait together,
On consecrated ground,
O may our souls enraptured,
For glory meet be found!

1027 *Dedication of a Bethel.* S. M.

On Bethel's sacred ground,
Great God, we meet to-day,
To dedicate this house to thee,
To preach, and sing, and pray.

2 This house thy church has rear'd
In honor of thy name;
O may it stand a monument
Of our Immanuel's fame!

3 The birth-place may it be
Of precious souls to God;
Thy saints here sanctify, through grace,
Thy word proclaim abroad.

4 Thy glory here make known,
Whene'er thy church shall meet,
To worship in this holy place,
Around thy mercy-seat.

5 And when our days are past,
And we from earth remove,
O may we in thy bosom rest,—
The bosom of thy love.

1028 *Invoking the Spirit.* C. M.

SPIRIT divine, attend our pray'r,
And make this house thy home;
Descend with all thy gracious pow'r;
O come, great Spirit, come!

2 Come as the light—to us reveal
Thy great redeeming love;
And lead us in the paths of life,
Which lead to heaven above.

3 Come as a fire—and purge our hearts,
Like sacrificial flame;
Let every soul an off'ring be
To our Redeemer's name.

4 Come as a dove—and spread thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love,
And let the church on earth become
Blest as the church above.

1029 *Dedication of a Meeting House.* C. M.

THIS new built bethel now is done,
And here we meet to-day,
To dedicate this house to God,
To preach, to sing, and pray.

2 Here may the prayer of faith prevail;
Here may the gospel run:
And every true believer feel
The bliss of heaven begun.

3 May sinners here their sins renounce,
And yield their hearts to God—
From sin and hell redemption find,
By faith in Jesus' blood.

4 "Within these walls let holy peace,
And love and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

5 And when before thee we appear,
In our eternal home,
May growing numbers worship here,
And praise thee in our room."

1030 *Dedication Hymn.* L. M.

BEHOLD thy temple, God of grace,
The house that we have rear'd for thee;
Regard it as thy resting place,
And fill it with thy majesty.

2 Now by thy presence sanctify
This earthly sanctuary, Lord;
And to its courts be ever nigh,
And here thy hallow'd name record.

3 When from its altar shall arise
Joint supplication to thy name,
Deign to accept the sacrifice;
Thyself our answ'ring God proclaim.

4 When here thy ministers shall stand,
To speak what thou shalt bid them say,
Maintain thy cause with thine own hand,
And give thy truth a winning way.

5 Come, now, O Lord, our God, arise!
In this thy resting place appear,
And let thy people's longing eyes
Behold thee fix thy dwelling here.

1031 *Dedication of a Place of Worship.* L. P. M.

WITHIN thy courts, O God, to-day
We come with songs of joy and praise!
Accept our homage, here, we pray,
The humble tribute which we raise;
And let the blessings of thy grace
Descend, and consecrate this place.

2 Thou, who of old didst condescend,
Between the cherubim to dwell,
Such tokens of thy presence send,
That future ages yet may tell
The wonders of thy matchless grace,
Displayed within this holy place.

3 We built this house with toil and care;
But vain the labors of our hands,
Except thy presence meet us here—
An empty monument it stands:
O let the visions of thy face,
Adorn and sanctify this place.

4 Here, by thy Spirit's mighty power,
O may our souls be often stirr'd!
And many a pentecostal show'r
Attend the preaching of thy word;
While listening throngs, with wonder trace
Thy glories in this sacred place.

NEW YEAR HYMNS.

1032 *Worship on New-Year Day.* L. M.

GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand,
By which supported still we stand;
The opening year thy mercy shows;
Let mercy crown it till it close.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future—all to us unknown—
We to thy guardian care commit
And peaceful leave before thy feet.

4 In scenes exalted or depress'd,
Be thou our joy and thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hope shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

1033 *The Fast-Revolving Year.* C. M.

REMARK, my soul, the narrow bound
Of the revolving year;
How swift the weeks complete their round!
How short the months appear!

2 So fast eternity comes on,
And that important day,
When all that mortal life has done,
God's judgment shall survey.

3 Yet, like an idle tale, we pass
The swift revolving year,
And study artful ways t' increase
The speed of its career.

4 Arrest, O Lord, my wand'ring heart,
Its great concerns to see,
That I may act the christian part,
And give the year to thee.

5 So shall their course more grateful roll,
If future years arise;
Or this shall bear my waiting soul
To joys beyond the skies.

1034 *The New Year.* P. M. 10,5,11,12,6,12.

COME, let us anew our journey pursue—
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear.
His adorable will let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve
By the patience of hope, and the labors of love.

2 Our life is a dream; our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay:
The arrow is flown; the moment is gone;
The millenial year
Rushes on to our view—and eternity's near.

3 O that each in the day of his coming may say:
I have fought my way through;
I have finished the work thou didst give me to do.
O that each from his Lord may hear the glad word:
"Well and faithfully done;
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne."

1035 *Reflections at the Close of the Year.* C. M.

NOW, O my soul, another year
Of thy short life is past;—
I cannot long continue here,
And this may be my last.

2 Much of my hasty life is gone,
Nor will return again;
And swift my passing moments run—
The few that yet remain.

3 Behold, another year begins;—
Set out afresh for heaven;—
Seek pardon for thy former sins,
In Christ so freely given.

4 Devoutly yield thyself to God,
And on his grace depend;
With zeal pursue the heavenly road,
Nor doubt a happy end.

1036 *The New Year.* M. 7s.

WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here;
Fixed in their eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
But how little none can know.

2 As the winged arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind:
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise;
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive,
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live,
With eternity in view.
Bless thy word to young and old,
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above.

1037 *The New and Flying Year.* L. M.

RAPID my days and months run on;
How soon another year is gone!
How swift my golden moments roll,
How much neglected by my soul!

2 Let me begin, with holy fear,
This new, this fleeting, flying year;
Too many unimprov'd have pass'd,
This year, perhaps, may be my last.

3 I ask new wisdom for this year,
New fitness for my trials here;
Of every grace a richer store,
My God to love and honor more.

1038 *A New Year Hymn.* M. 7s.

Lo! another year is gone!
Quickly have the seasons pass'd;
This we enter now upon
Will to many prove the last.
Mercy hitherto has spar'd;
But have mercies been improv'd?
Let us ask: Am I prepar'd,
Should I be this year remov'd?

2 Some, we now no longer see,
Who their mortal race have run,
Seem'd as fair for life as we,
When the former year begun:
Some—but who, God only knows—
That are here assembled now,
Ere the present year shall close,
To the stroke of death must bow.

3 If from guilt and sin set free,
By the knowledge of thy grace;
Welcome then the call will be,
To depart and see thy face.
To thy saints, while here below,
With new years new mercies came;
But the happiest year they know,
Is their last, which leads them home.

THE SEASONS.

1039 *God in the Seasons.* H. M. 6,6,6,6,8,8.

LORD of the worlds below,
On earth thy glories shine;
The changing seasons show
Thy skill and power divine:
In all we see, a God appears;
The rolling years are full of thee.

2 Forth in the flowery spring,
We see thy beauty move;
The birds, on branches, sing
Thy tenderness and love:
Wide flush the hills; the air is balm;
Devotion's calm our bosom fills.

3 Then come, in robes of light,
The summer's flaming days,
When harvests bless the sight,
And crown thy love with praise:
And oft thy voice in thunder rolls;
Yet still our souls in thee rejoice.

4 In autumn, too, a feast
Thy common bounty gives,
To man, and bird, and beast,
And every thing that lives:
Thy watchful care, and plenteous good,
Our voices should, in love, declare.

5 In winter, awful thou!
With storms around thee cast;
The leafless forests bow
Beneath thy northern blast:
While tempests lower, to thee, dread King,
We homage bring, and own thy pow'r.

1040 *The Seasons.* C. M.

WITH songs and honors sounding loud,
Address the Lord on high;
O'er all the heavens he spreads his cloud,
And waters vail the sky.

2 He sends his showers of blessings down,
To cheer the plains below;
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in valleys grow.

3 His steady counsels change the face
Of each declining year;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.

4 On us his providence has shone,
With gentle, smiling rays;
O, may our lips and lives make known
His goodness and his praise.

1041 *Spring.* C. M.

WHEN brighter suns and milder skies,
Proclaim the opening year,
What various sounds of joy arise!
What prospects bright appear!

2 Earth and her thousand voices give
Their thousand notes of praise;
And all, that by his mercy live,
To God their offering raise.

3 The streams, all beautiful and bright,
Reflect the morning sky;
And there, with music in his flight,
The wild bird soars on high.

4 Thus, like the morning, calm and clear,
That saw the Saviour rise,
The spring of heaven's eternal year
Shall dawn on earth and skies.

5 No winter there, no shades of night
Obscure those mansions blest,
Where, in the happy fields of light,
The weary are at rest.

1042 *Spring Time.* C. M

At length the wished-for spring has come:
How altered is the scene!
The trees and shrubs are drest in bloom,
The earth arrayed in green.

2 O let my inmost soul confess,
With grateful joy and love,
The bounteous hand that deigns to bless
The garden, field, and grove!

3 Inspired to praise, my heart would join
Glad nature's cheerful song;
While love and gratitude combine
To tune my joyful tongue.

4 My faith exults, that yet the spring
Of righteousness and praise
Our gracious God will surely bring,
And in all nations raise.

1043 *Winter.* C. M.

Stern winter throws his icy chains,
Encircling nature 'round;
How bleak, how comfortless the plains
Late with gay verdure crown'd!

2 The sun withdraws his vital beams,
And light and warmth depart;
And drooping, lifeless nature seems
An emblem of my heart.

3 Return, O blissful Sun, and bring
Thy soul-reviving ray:
This mental winter shall be spring,
This darkness turn to day.

4 O happy state! divine abode!
Where spring eternal reigns,
And perfect day, the smile of God,
Fills all the heav'nly plains.

5 Great Source of light, thy beams display,
My drooping joys restore!
And guide me to the seats of day,
Where winter frowns no more.

1044 *Summer Morning.* P. M. 7,6,8,6,8,6,8,6.

How beautiful the morning,
When summer days are long!
O we will rise betime, and hear
The wild-bird's happy song;—
For when the sun pours down his ray,
The bird will cease to sing;
She'll seek the cool and silent shade,
And sit with folded wing.

2 Up in the morning early!—
'Tis nature's gayest hour;
While pearls of dew adorn the grass,
And fragrance fills each flow'r;—
Up then in the morning early!
And we will bound abroad,
And fill our hearts with melody,
And raise our songs to God.

1045 *Autumn.* C. M.

Now let us raise our voices high,
And bless the liberal hand
Of him, who rules above the sky,
And smiles upon the land.

2 He gives us fruitful trees and fields,—
The autumn's ample store;
With all the comforts nature yields,
To bless both rich and poor.

3 But autumn does not lessons teach
Of gratitude alone:
It brings its warning voice to reach
Our hearts, so thoughtless grown.

4 It warns us, by each chilly eve,
And every shortening day,—
By every fading, dropping leaf,—
We, too, must pass away.

5 May holy love and fear combine,
Our conduct to control;
And rich supplies of grace divine,
Renew and save each soul.

OLD AGE.

1046 *Prayer of the Aged.* C. M.

ETERNAL God, enthroned on high,
Whom angel hosts adore—
Who yet to suppliant dust art nigh;
Thy presence I implore.

2 O, guide me down the steep of age,
And keep my passions cool;
Teach me to scan the sacred page,
And practise every rule.

3 My flying years time urges on;
What's human must decay;
My friends, my young companions gone,
Can I expect to stay?

4 Ah, no! then smooth the mortal hour;
On thee my hope depends;
Support me with almighty pow'r,
While dust to dust descends.

1047 *The Aged Pilgrim.* C. P. M.

THY mercy heard my infant pray'r;
Thy love, with kind, paternal care,
Sustained my childish days:
Thy goodness watch'd my ripening youth,
And form'd my heart to love thy truth,
And fill'd my lips with praise.

2 And now, in age and grief, thy name
Doth still my languid heart inflame,
And bow my faltering knee:
O, yes! this bosom feels the fire;
This trembling hand and drooping lyre
Have yet a strain for thee!

3 Yes: broken, tuneless, still, O Lord,
This voice, transported, shall record
Thy goodness, tried so long;
Till, sinking slow, with calm decay,
Its feeble murmurs melt away
Into a seraph's song.

1048 *The Aged Christian.* C. M.

GOD of my childhood and my youth,
The guide of all my days,
I have declared thy heavenly truth,
And told thy wondrous ways.

2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

3 Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

1049 *Our Fathers—Where are they?* S. M.

How swift the torrent rolls
That bears us to the sea;
The tide that hurries thoughtless souls
To vast eternity!

2 Our fathers—where are they,
With all they call'd their own?
Their joys and griefs, and hopes and cares,
And wealth and honor, gone.

3 God of our fathers, hear,
Thou everlasting Friend!
While we, as on life's utmost verge,
Our souls to thee commend.

4 Of all the pious dead
May we their footsteps trace,
Till with them, in the land of light,
We dwell before thy face.

TIME.

1050 *Importance of Time.* L. M.

O TIME! how few thy value weigh!
How few will estimate a day!
Days, months and years are rolling on,
The soul neglected and undone.

2 In painful cares, in empty joys,
Our life its precious hours destroys;
While death stands watching at our side,
Eager to stop the living tide.

3 Was it for this, ye mortal race,
Your Maker gave you here a place?
Was it for this his thoughts design'd
The frame of your immortal mind?

4 For nobler cares, for joys sublime,
He fashioned all the sons of time;
Then let us every day give heed,
That we his servants be indeed.

1051 *Time is Short.* C. M.

"THE time is short!" the season near,
When death will us remove,
To leave our friends, however dear,
And all we fondly love.

2 "The time is short!" sinners, beware,
Nor trifle time away;
The word of your salvation hear,
While it is call'd to-day.

3 "The time is short!" ye rebels, now
To Christ, the Lord, submit;
To mercy's golden sceptre bow,
And yield at Jesus' feet.

4 "The time is short!" ye saints, rejoice,
The Lord will quickly come;
Soon shall you hear the Bridegroom's voice,
To call you to your home.

5 "The time is short!" it swiftly flies;
The hour is just at hand,
When we shall mount above the skies,
And reach the wished-for land.

1052 *The Flight of Time.* C. M.

TIME, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

2 Time hasteth, as a post, away,
Or, like an arrow flies;
The flower that brightly blooms to-day,
To-morrow droops and dies.

3 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their cares and fears,
Are carried downward by the flood,
And lost in following years.

4 "The time is short!" the moment near,
When we shall dwell above,
And be forever happy there,
With Jesus, whom we love.

1053 *Time Fleeting.* P. M. 7,6,7,6,7,7,7,6.

TIME is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day,
A journey to the tomb:
Youth and vigor soon will flee,
Blooming beauty lose its charms;
All that's mortal soon will be
Enclosed in death's cold arms.

2 Time is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day,
A journey to the tomb:
But the christian shall enjoy
Health and beauty soon above;
Far beyond the world's alloy,
Secure in Jesus' love.

1054 *Shortness of Time.* M. 7s.

SWIFT the moments fly away—
First the hour and then the day,
Next the week, the month, the year,
Steal away, and disappear.

2 Time is ever on the wing,
While I speak, or think, or sing!
Whether working or at play,
Time is rolling fast away!

3 Think, my soul! awake and see
What will soon become of thee!
Whither tending, canst thou tell,—
Up to heaven, or down to hell?

4 Jesus, I would humbly pray,
Guide and keep me in the way;
Every gift and grace bestow;
Wean my heart from things below.

1055 *The Day of Grace.* L. M.

LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time t' insure the great reward,
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
O hasten, sinner, to return!

2 Life is the hour that God has giv'n
To 'scape from hell and fly to heav'n,
The day of grace, when mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.

3 The living know that they must die,
Beneath the clods their dust will lie;
They'll have no share in all that's done
Beneath the circle of the sun.

4 Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might pursue:
Since no device nor work is found,
Nor faith nor hope, beneath the ground.

5 There are no acts of pardon pass'd
In the cold grave to which we haste;
O may we all receive thy grace,
And see with joy thy smiling face.

1056 *Shortness of Life.* C. M.

TIME—what an empty vapor 'tis!
And days—how swift they are!
Swift as an Indian arrow flies,
Or like a shooting star.

2 Our life is ever on the wing,
And death is ever nigh;
The moments when our lives begin,
We all begin to die.

3 Yet, mighty God, our fleeting days
Thy lasting favors share;
Yet with the bounties of thy grace
Thou load'st the rolling year.

SICK-BED DEVOTIONS.

1057 *The Saint's Glorious Hope.* C. M.

WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond my pains,
And long to fly away:

2 Sweet to rejoice in lively hope,
That when my change shall come,
Angels will hover 'round my bed,
And waft my spirit home.

3 There shall my disembodied soul
View Jesus, and adore;
Be with his likeness satisfied,
And grieve and sin no more:

4 Shall see him wear that very flesh
On which my guilt was lain;
His love intense, his merit fresh,
As though but newly slain.

5 O may the unction of these truths
Forever with me stay:
Till from her sinful cage dismiss'd
My spirit flies away.

1058 *Sick-Bed Hymn.* C. M.

DISEASES are thy servants, Lord;
They come at thy command;
I'll not attempt a murm'ring word
Against thy chast'ning hand.

2 I'm but a sojourner below,
As all my fathers were;
May I be well prepared to go,
When I the summons hear.

3 But if my life be spared awhile,
Before my last remove,
Thy praise shall be my business still,
And I'll declare thy love.

1059 *Pleading for Mercy in Affliction.* L. M.

CUT me not off, almighty Lord,
But use the rod, and not the sword:
Unneeded pain thou canst not give,
Nor without cause thy children grieve.

2 Though sorrow break this wretched heart,
And pain the soul and body part,
O suffer not my soul to be
One moment separate from thee.

3 And now, in kind compassion, show
What means this providential blow;
That here I may thy mercy see,
And all the good design'd for me.

1060 *Sanctified Affliction.* C. M.

GLORY to thee, thou righteous God!
Righteous, yet kind to me;
For under thy paternal rod,
Paternal love I see.

2 Though humbled in the lowest deep,
Thy gracious hand I bless;
And, thinking of thy love, I weep
For my unfaithfulness.

3 Thou dost in tenderness chastise,
And graciously reprove:
My Father!—all within me cries,
Thy ways are truth and love.

1061 *Sickness and Recovery.* C. M.

My God, thy service well demands
The remnant of my days;
Why was this fleeting breath renewed,
But to renew thy praise?

2 Thine arms of everlasting love
Did this weak frame sustain,
When life was hovering o'er the grave,
And nature sunk with pain.

3 Back from the borders of the grave,
At thy command I come;
Nor will I ask a speedier flight
To my celestial home.

4 Where thou appointest mine abode,
There would I choose to be;
For, in thy presence death is life,
And earth is heaven with thee.

1062 *The Soul's Only Refuge.* S. M.

Thou refuge of my soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

2 To thee I tell my grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.

3 But, O, when doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

4 Yet, Lord, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust:
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

1063 *Acknowledgment of Mercy.* S. M.

O BLESS the Lord, my soul!
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favors are divine.

2 O bless the Lord, my soul!
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

3 'Tis he forgives thy sins,
'Tis he relieves thy pain;
'Tis he who heals thy sicknesses,
And gives thee strength again.

4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave:
He who redeemed my soul from hell,
Hath sovereign power to save.

1064 *The River of Redeeming Love.* C. M.

SWEET rivers of redeeming love,
Lie just before mine eye;
Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd to those rivers fly:

2 I'd rise superior to my pain,
With joy outstrip the wind:
I'd cross bold Jordan's stormy main,
And leave the world behind.

3 A few more days, or years at most,
My troubles will be o'er;
I then shall join the heavenly host,
On Canaan's happy shore.

4 My rapturous soul shall drink and feast
In love's unbounded sea;
This glorious hope of endless rest
Is now transporting me.

1065 *Celestial Prospects.* C. M.

SWEET glories rush upon my sight,
And charm my wond'ring eyes;
The regions of immortal light,
The beauties of the skies.
How long, dear Saviour, O how long
Have I on earth to stay?
Roll on, roll on, ye wheels of time,
And bring the promised day.

2 All hail! ye fair celestial shores,
Ye lands of endless day!
Swift on my view your prospect pours,
And drives my griefs away.
How long, dear Saviour, &c.

3 There's a delightful clearness now,—
My clouds of doubt are gone;
Fled is my former darkness too,—
My fears are all withdrawn.
How long, dear Saviour, &c.

4 Short is the passage—short the space
Between my home and me;
There! there behold the radiant place!
How near the mansions be.
How long, dear Saviour, &c.

5 Immortal wonders! boundless things
In those dear worlds appear!
Prepare me, Lord, to stretch my wings,
And in those glories share.
How long, dear Saviour, &c.

1066 *It is Well.*—2 Kings 4: 26. C. M.

It shall be well, let sinners know,
With those who love the Lord;
His saints have always found it so,
When resting on his word.

2 Peace, then, ye chastened sons of God;
Why let your sorrows swell?
Wisdom directs your Father's rod,
His word says, it is well.

3 Though you may trials sharp endure,
From sin, or death, or hell;
Your heavenly Father's love is sure,
And therefore, it is well.

4 Soon will your sorrows all be o'er,
And you shall sweetly tell,
On Canaan's calm and pleasant shore,
That all at last is well.

FRAILTY, SICKNESS AND DEATH.

1067 *Brevity of Life.* C. M.

Our days, alas! our mortal days
Are short and wretched too;
"Evil and few," the patriarch says,
And well the patriarch knew.

2 'Tis but at best a narrow bound,
That heav'n allows to men;
And pains and sins run thro' the round
Of three score years and ten.

3 Well, if ye must be sad and few,
Run on, my days, in haste;
Moments of sin, and months of woe,
Ye cannot flow too fast.

4 Let heavenly love prepare my soul,
And call her to the skies,
Where years of long salvation roll,
And glory never dies.

1068 *Our Frailty.* C. M.

How short and hasty is our life!
How vast our soul's affairs!
Yet senseless mortals vainly strive
To lavish out their years.

2 Our days run thoughtlessly along,
Without a moment's stay;
Just like a story or a song,
We pass our lives away.

3 God from on high invites us home,
But we march heedless on,
And ever hastening to the tomb,
Stoop downward as we run.

4 Draw us, O God, with sovereign grace,
And lift our thoughts on high;
That we may end this mortal race,
And see salvation nigh.

1069 *God our Preserver.* C. M.

Let others boast how strong they be,
Nor death nor danger fear;
But we'll confess, O Lord, to thee,
What feeble things we are.

2 Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,
And flourish bright and gay;
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
And fades the grass away.

3 Our life contains a thousand springs,
And dies if one be gone;
Strange, that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long!

4 But 'tis our God supports our frame,
Our God and Maker just;
Salvation to th' almighty name
That reared us from the dust.

5 While we have breath, or use our tongues,
Our Maker we'll adore;
His Spirit moves our heaving lungs,
Or they would breathe no more.

1070 *Value of a Moment.* L. M.

At every motion of our breath,
Life trembles on the brink of death;
A taper's flame that upward turns,
While downward to the dust it burns.

2 Moment by moment years are past,
And one ere long will be our last;
There is a point no eyes can see,
Yet on it hangs eternity.

3 This is that moment—who shall tell,
Whether it leads to heaven or hell?
This is that moment—as we choose,
Th' immortal soul we save, or lose.

4 Time past and time to come are not,—
Time present is our only lot;
O God! henceforth our hearts incline,
To seek no other love than thine.

1071 *Sickness and Death.* L. M.

My soul, thy minutes haste away!
Apace comes on the final day,
When in the arms of icy death,
I must give up my vital breath.

2 When all the springs of life are low,
The spirits faint, the pulses slow,
The eyes grow dim, and short the breath,
Presages of approaching death.

3 O come, my soul, the matter weigh!
How wilt thou leave thy kindred clay?
And how the unknown region try,
And launch into eternity?

4 Cleanse me, O God, with blood divine;
Renew my heart and make me thine;
Then when th' important hour shall come,
My soul shall triumph o'er the tomb.

1072 *Serious Thoughts under Affliction.* C. M.

My life declines, my strength is gone,
Disease and pains prevail;
Death threatens to arrest me soon,
My heart and flesh do fail.

2 Soon I must leave this body here,
Soon must my soul away;
O awful thought! my soul, prepare
For that tremendous day!

3 But how shall I prepare my heart,
Eternal life to gain?
Jesus, thy grace, thy strength impart,
For all I do is vain.

4 Renew'd and justified by grace,
Complete I then shall stand
Before th' almighty Father's face,
When he'll my life demand.

1073 *The Parent's Prayer.* C. M.

Jesus, great healer of mankind,
Who dost our sorrows bear,
Let an afflicted parent find
An answer to his pray'r.

2 I look for help in thee alone,
To thee for succor fly:
Come down, and heal my darling child,
Now at the point to die.

3 Jesus, if thou pronounce the word,
The gracious answer give,
My dying child shall be restor'd,
And to thy glory live.

4 O, spare the parent in the child!
Restore it, Lord, to me;
My heart the miracle shall own,
And give it back to thee.

1074 *Life Passing Away.* M. 7s & 6s.

As flows the rapid river,
With channel broad and free,
Its waters rippling ever,
And hasting to the sea;
So life is onward flowing,
And days of offered peace,
And man is swiftly going
Where calls of mercy cease.

2 As moons are ever waning,
As hastes the sun away,
As stormy winds, complaining,
Bring on the wintry day;
So fast the night comes o'er us—
The darkness of the grave;
And death is just before us;
God takes the life he gave.

3 Say, hath thy heart its treasure
Laid up in worlds above?
And is it all thy pleasure
Thy God to praise and love?
Beware, lest death's dark river
Its billows o'er thee roll,
And thou lament forever
The ruin of thy soul.

1075 *Readiness for Death.* C. M.

MY Father calls me to his arms,
And willingly I go;
With cheerfulness I bid farewell
To everything below.

2 My tender parents, kind and dear,
I bid farewell to you—
Though nature feels 'tis sad and hard
To speak the word "adieu."

3 But do not weep or grieve for me;
You know I must go home;
In heaven my smiling Saviour sits,
And bids me thither come.

4 I can rejoice to leave this world
Of sorrow, sin and pain;
I know I'm washed in Jesus' blood,
And shall a crown obtain.

1076 *Assurance of Heaven.* C. M.

DEATH may dissolve my body now,
And bear my spirit home:
Why do my minutes move so slow,
Nor my salvation come?

2 With heavenly weapons I have fought
The battles of the Lord:
Finished my course, and kept the faith,
And wait the sure reward.

3 God has laid up in heaven for me
A crown that cannot fade;
The righteous Judge, at that great day,
Will place it on my head.

4 Nor hath the King of grace decreed
This prize for me alone;
But all who love, and long to see
Th' appearance of his Son.

5 Jesus, the Lord, will guard me safe
From every ill design;
And to his heavenly kingdom take
This feeble soul of mine.

1077 *Frail Life and Succeeding Eternity.* C. M.

THEE we adore, eternal name,
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame!
What dying worms are we!

2 The year rolls 'round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're traveling to the grave.

3 Dangers stand thick through all the ground,
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.

4 Great God, on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
Th' eternal state of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings!

5 Infinite joy or endless woe
Attends on every breath;
And yet how unconcerned we go,
Upon the brink of death!

6 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

1078 *For Sundry Occasions.* C. M.

COME, let us now forget our mirth,
And think that we must die;
What are our best delights on earth,
Compared with those on high?

2 Our pleasures here will soon be past,
Our brightest joys decay;
But pleasures there forever last,
And cannot fade away.

3 Here sins and sorrows we deplore,
With many cares distrest;
But there the mourners weep no more,
And there the weary rest.

4 Our dearest friends, when death shall call,
At once must hence depart;
But there we hope to meet them all,
And never, never part.

5 Then let us love and serve the Lord,
With all our ransomed pow'rs;
And we shall gain this great reward,
This glory shall be ours.

1079 *Life Short, and Man Frail.* C. M.

TEACH me the measure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame;
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.

2 A span is all that we can boast,
An inch or two of time:
Man is but vanity and dust
In all his flower and prime.

3 What can I wish, or wait for, then,
From creatures—earth and dust?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

4 Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desire recall;
I give my mortal interest up,
And make my God my all.

1080 *Dying in God's Embrace.* C. M.

DEATH cannot make our souls afraid,
If God be with us there;
We may walk through its darkest shade,
And never yield to fear.

2 I could renounce my all below,
If my Creator bid;
And run, if I were called to go,
And die as Moses did.

3 Might I but climb to Pisgah's top,
And view the promised land,
My flesh itself would long to drop,
And pray for the command.

4 Clasped in my heavenly Father's arms,
I would forget my breath,
And lose my life among the charms
Of so divine a death.

1081 *Sing to me of Heaven.* S. M.

O SING to me of heaven,
When I am call'd to die!
Sing songs of holy extasy,
To waft my soul on high!

2 When cold and sluggish drops
Roll off my pallid brow,
Burst forth in strains of joyfulness:
Let heaven begin below!

3 When the last moment comes,
O watch my dying face,
And catch the bright, seraphic gleam,
Which o'er each feature plays.

4 Then, to my raptur'd ears,
Let one sweet song be given—
Let music charm me last on earth,
And greet me first in heaven.

5 Then close my sightless eyes,
And lay me down to rest,
And clasp my pale and icy hands,
Upon my lifeless breast:—

6 Then 'round my senseless clay
Assemble those I love,
And sing of heaven, delightful heav'n,
My glorious home above.

1082 *A Thought of Death and Glory.* C. M.

My soul, come, meditate the day,
And think how near it stands,
When thou must quit this house of clay
And fly to unknown lands.

2 And you, mine eyes, look down and view
The hollow, gaping tomb:
This gloomy prison waits for you,
Whene'er the summons come.

3 O, could we die with those who die,
And place us in their stead!
Then would our spirits learn to fly,
And converse with the dead.

4 Then should we see the saints above
In their own glorious forms,
And wonder why our souls should love
To dwell with mortal worms.

5 How should we scorn these clothes of flesh,
These fetters, and this load,
And long for evening to undress,
That we may rest with God.

6 We should almost forsake our clay,
Before the summons come,
And pray, and wish our souls away
To their eternal home.

1083 *Dying Christian.* P.M. 10,6,10,6,8,8,8,6.

WHAT'S this that steals, that steals upon my frame?
Is it death?—Is it death?
That soon will quench—will quench this mortal frame?
Is it death?—Is it death?
If this be death, I soon shall be
From every pain and sorrow free:
I shall the King of glory see;—
All is well!—All is well!

2 Weep not, my friends—my friends, weep not for me;
All is well!—All is well!
My sins are pardon'd, pardon'd—I am free;
All is well!—All is well!
There's not a cloud that doth arise,
To hide my Saviour from my eyes:
I soon shall mount the upper skies;—
All is well!—All is well!

3 Tune, tune your harps—your harps, ye saints above;
All is well!—All is well!
I will rehearse—rehearse redeeming love;
All is well!—All is well!
Bright angels are from glory come;
They're 'round my bed, they're in my room:
They wait to waft my spirit home;—
All is well!—All is well!

4 Hark! hark! my Lord and Master calls for me;
All is well!—All is well!
I soon his face, in glory bright, shall see;
All is well!—All is well!
Farewell, dear friends,—adieu,—adieu;
I can no longer stay with you:
My glittering crown appears in view;—
All is well!—All is well!

5 Hail! hail! all hail!—all hail! ye blood-wash'd throng!—
Saved by grace!—Saved by grace!
I come to join—to join your rapturous song;
Saved by grace!—Saved by grace!
All, all is peace and joy divine;
All heaven and glory now are mine:
And praises, God, be ever thine;—
All is well!—All is well!

1084 *Serious Prospect of Eternity.* C. P. M.

Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand;
Yet how insensible!
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to yon heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.

2 O God, my inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtless heart
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And save me, ere it be too late:
Wake me to righteousness.

3 Before me place, in bright array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom?

4 Be this my one great business here,
With holy trembling, holy fear,
To make my calling sure;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

5 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with thee above;
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full, supreme delight,
And everlasting love!

1085 *The Tolling Bell.* L. M.

OFT as the bell, with solemn toll,
Speaks the departure of a soul,
Let each one ask himself, "Am I
Prepared, should I be called to die?"

2 Only this frail and fleeting breath
Preserves me from the jaws of death;
Soon as it fails, at once I'm gone,
And plunge into a world unknown.

3 Lord Jesus, help me now to flee,
And seek my hope alone in thee;
Apply thy blood, thy Spirit give,
Subdue my sins, and let me live.

4 Then when the solemn bell I hear,
If saved from guilt, I need not fear;
Nor would the thought distressing be—
Perhaps it next may toll for me.

1086 *Rest for the Weary.* S. M.

O WHERE shall rest be found—
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life, to live,
Nor all of death, to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath:—
O, what eternal terrors hang
Around the second death!

5 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun;
Lest we be banished from thy face,
And evermore undone.

6 Here would we end our quest:—
Alone are found in thee
The life of perfect love, the rest
Of immortality.

1087 *The Saviour's Presence in Death.* L. M.

WHY should we start, and fear to die?
What timorous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
And we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 O, if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul would stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she pass'd.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are;
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

1088 *Dying Christian.* P. M. An Anthem.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame!
Quit, O quit this mortal frame;
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
O the pain—the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

2 Hark! they whisper—angels say,
"Sister spirit, come away!"
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul—can this be death?

3 The world recedes—it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes!—my ears
With sounds seraphic ring!
Lend, lend your wings! I mount, I fly!
O grave! where is thy victory?
O death! where is thy sting?

1089 *Speed and Uncertainty of Time.* C. P. M.

MY days, my weeks, my months, my years
Fly rapid as the whirling spheres,
Around the steady pole;
Time, like a tide, its motion keeps,
And I must launch through endless deeps,
Where endless ages roll.

2 The grave is near the cradle seen;
How swift the moments pass between,
And whisper as they fly:
Unthinking man, remember this—
Though fond of sublunary bliss—
That thou must groan and die.

3 My soul, attend the solemn call!
Thy earthly tent must shortly fall,
And thou must take thy flight,
Beyond the vast expansive blue,
To sing above, as angels do,
Or sink in endless night.

4 A heaven or hell, and these alone,
Beyond the present life are known—
There is no middle space;
To-day attend the call divine,
To-morrow may be none of thine,
Or it may be too late.

1090 *The Convert's Choice.* C. P. M.

No room for mirth or trifling here,
For worldly hope or worldly fear,
If life so soon is gone;
If now the Judge is at the door,
And all mankind must stand before
Th' inexorable throne.

2 No matter which my thoughts employ,
A moment's misery or joy;
But O, when both shall end!
Where shall I find my destined place?
Shall I my everlasting days
With fiends or angels spend?

3 Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
But how I may escape the death
That never, never dies!
How make my own election sure,
And when I fail on earth, secure
A mansion in the skies.

4 Jesus, vouchsafe a pitying ray,
Be thou my guide, be thou my way
To glorious happiness.
O, write thy pardon on my heart!
And whensoe'er I hence depart,
Let me depart in peace.

IMMORTALITY AND ETERNITY.

1091 *Our Souls Immortal.* C. M.

THE sun, that lights the world, shall fade,
The stars shall pass away;
But I, who am immortal made,
Shall witness their decay.

2 Yes, I shall live when they are dead,
Though now so bright they shine;
When earth, and all it holds, have fled,
Eternity is mine.

3 For I can never, never die,
While God himself remains;
But I must live in heaven on high,
Or where deep darkness reigns.

4 If heaven and hell ne'er pass away,
To Christ, O, let me flee:
If pain be hard for one short day,
What must forever be?

1092 *The Soul.* C. M.

REMEMBER, man, thou hast a soul
The world can never buy;
And, while eternal ages roll,
It will not, cannot die.

2 For it must soar to worlds on high,
Where happy spirits dwell;
Or, buried with the wicked, lie
Deep in the gulf of hell.

3 The soul, by numerous sins defiled,
Can never enter heaven,
Till it to God is reconciled,
And all its sins forgiven:

4 Till it be pure from all its stains,
In perfect righteousness;
Cleansed by the Saviour's dying pains,
Renewed by sovereign grace.

5 Pardon it, cleanse it, God of grace,
That it may holy be—
Arrayed in thine own holiness,
And meet to dwell with thee.

1093 *The Body and Soul.* S. M.

I BLESS my Maker's name,
The Good, the Wise, the Great!
From him my life and being came:
He, only, can create.

2 These active limbs of mine,
That serve me at my will,
Formed of the dust by power divine,
Show forth his wondrous skill.

3 This body will decay;
Through sin 'tis doomed to die;
And all these limbs of mine, one day,
Must in the cold grave lie.

4 But, O! I have a soul,
That death can never touch;
This world, if I could gain the whole,
Would not be worth so much.

5 In endless joy or pain,
My soul alive will stay:
My body, too, will live again,
At the great Judgment day.

6 Though sun and moon decay,
If Jesus be my friend,
Then, when I've passed life's fleeting day,
To heaven I shall ascend.

1094 *Rejoicing in view of Death.* C. M.

And let this feeble body fail,
And let it droop and die;
My soul shall quit this mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high;—

2 Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long-sought rest—
That only bliss for which it pants—
In my Redeemer's breast.

3 In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the cross sustain;
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain.

4 O, what are all my sufferings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet
With that enraptured host t' appear,
And worship at thy feet?

5 Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away—
But let me find them all again,
In that eternal day.

1095 *The Land like Eden.* C. M.

There is a land, like Eden fair,
But more than Eden blest;
The wicked cease from troubling there,
The weary are at rest.

2 There is a land, where small and great
Before the Lord appear;
The spoils of fortune, and of fate,
Whom heaven alone can cheer.

3 There is a land, where, star-like, shine
The pearls of Christ's renown;
And gems, long buried in the mine,
Are jewels in his crown.

4 There is a land, like Eden fair,
But more than Eden blest;
O for a wing to waft me there,
That I might be at rest.

1096 *Eternity.* L. M.

ETERNITY is just at hand!
And shall I waste my ebbing sand?
And careless view departing day?
And throw my inch of time away?

2 Lo! an eternity there is,
Of endless woe, or endless bliss:
And, swift as time fulfils its round,
We to eternity are bound.

3 What countless millions of mankind
Have left this fleeting world behind!
They're gone! but where? ah, pause and see,
Gone to a long eternity!

4 Sinner, canst thou forever dwell
In all the fiery deeps of hell?
And is death nothing, then, to thee—
Death and a dread eternity?

1097 *Death, Immortality and Eternity.* C. M.

STOOP down, my thoughts, that used to rise,
Converse awhile with death;
Think how a gasping mortal lies,
And pants away his breath.

2 His quiv'ring lip hangs feebly down,
His pulse is faint and few;
Then speechless,—with a doleful groan,
He bids the world adieu.

3 But, O, the soul—that never dies—
At once it leaves the clay!
Ye thoughts, pursue it where it flies,
And track its wondrous way.

4 Up to the courts where angels dwell,
It mounts, triumphing there,
Or devils plunge it down to hell,
In infinite despair.

5 And must my body faint and die?
And must this soul remove?
O for some guardian angel nigh,
To bear it safe above!

1098 *Death and Immediate Glory.* C. M.

THERE is a house, not made with hands,
Eternal, and on high;
And here my spirit waiting stands,
Till God shall bid it fly.

2 Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolved and fall;
Then, O my soul, with joy obey
Thy heavenly Father's call.

3 'Tis he, by his almighty grace,
That forms thee fit for heaven;
And, as an earnest of the place,
Has his own Spirit given.

4 We walk by faith of joys to come;
Faith lives upon his word:
But while the body is our home,
We're absent from the Lord.

5 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,
But we had rather see;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with thee.

1099 *A Lively Hope.* C. M.

SWEET to rejoice in lively hope,
That, when my change shall come,
Angels will hover 'round my bed,
And waft my spirit home.

2 There shall my disembodied soul
View Jesus, and adore;
Be with his likeness satisfied,
And grieve and sin no more.

3 Soon, too, my slumb'ring dust shall hear
The trumpet's quickening sound,
And by my Saviour's power rebuilt,
At his right hand be found.

4 If such the views which grace unfolds,
Faint as they are below,
What rapture must the church above
In Jesus' presence know!

FUNERAL HYMNS.

1100 *Separations in Time.* S. H. M. 6,6,8,6,8,8.

FRIEND after friend departs;—
Who has not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end.
Were this frail world our final rest,
Living or dying none were blest.

2 Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond the reign of death,
There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath;
Nor life's affections, transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward and expire.

3 There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A long eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here,
Translated to that glorious sphere.

4 Thus star by star declines,
Till all are passed away,
As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
But hide themselves in heaven's own light.

1101 *The Righteous Blessed in Death.* L. M.

How bless'd the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest!
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves th' expiring breast!

2 So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies the wave along the shore.

3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys;
Nothing disturbs that peace profound
Which his unfetter'd soul enjoys.

4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell!
How bright th' unchanging morn appears!
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

5 Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies,
While heaven and earth combine to say,
"How bless'd the righteous when he dies!"

1102 *The Crowning Hour.* S. M.

SERVANT of God, well done!
Thy glorious warfare's past;
The battle's fought, the race is won,
And thou art crowned at last.

2 With saints enthroned on high,
Thou dost thy Lord proclaim,
And still to God salvation cry,—
Salvation to the Lamb!

3 O happy, happy soul!
In extasies of praise,
Long as eternal ages roll
Thou seest thy Saviour's face.

4 Redeemed from earth and pain,
O, when shall we ascend,
And all in Jesus' presence reign
With our translated friend?

1103 *Death and the Resurrection.* S. M.

AND must this body die?
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine,
Lie mould'ring in the clay?

2 Corruption, earth and worms,
Shall but refine my flesh,
Till my triumphant spirit comes,
To put it on afresh.

3 God, my Redeemer, lives,
And often from the skies
Looks down and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.

4 Array'd in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape, and every face,
Look heavenly and divine.

5 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love;
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his pow'r above.

6 Dear Lord, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise,
With our immortal tongues.

1104 *Man's Future Destiny.* S. M.

AND am I born to die?
To lay this body down?
And must my trembling spirit fly
Into a world unknown?

2 Soon as from earth I go,
What will become of me?
Eternal happiness or woe
Must then my portion be.

3 I must from God be driv'n,
Or with my Saviour dwell:
Must come at his command to heav'n,
Or else—depart to hell.

4 Show me the way to shun
Thy dreadful wrath severe;
That when thou comest on thy throne,
I may with joy appear.

5 Thou art thyself the way—
Thyself to me reveal;
So shall I spend my life's short day
Obedient to thy will.

1105 *Death of a Sister.* P. M. 8s.

'Tis finish'd! the conflict is past,
The heaven-born spirit is fled;
Her wish is accomplish'd at last,
A sister's entomb'd with the dead.
The months of affliction are o'er,
The days and the nights of distress;
We see her in anguish no more—
She's gain'd her soul's happy release.

2 No sickness, or sorrow, or pain,
Shall ever disquiet her now;
For death to her spirit was gain,
Since Christ was her life, here below.
Her soul has now taken its flight
To mansions of glory above,
To mingle with angels of light,
And dwell in the kingdom of love.

3 The victory now is obtain'd—
She's gone her dear Saviour to see,
Her wishes she fully has gain'd—
She's gone where she long wish'd to be.
Then let us forbear to complain,
That she has now gone from our sight;
We soon shall behold her again,
With new and redoubled delight.

1106 *Death, hard without Grace.* C. M.

Death!—'tis a melancholy day
To those who have no God—
When the poor soul is forc'd away
To seek her last abode.

2 In vain to heav'n she lifts her eyes;
For guilt, a heavy chain,
Still drags her downward from the skies,
To darkness, fire and pain.

3 Awake, and mourn, ye heirs of hell,—
Let stubborn sinners fear:
You must be driv'n from earth, and dwell
A long forever there!

4 See how the pit gapes wide for you,
And flashes in your face:
And thou, my soul, look downward too,
And seek redeeming grace.

5 Prepare me, Lord, for thy right hand,
Then come the joyful day;
Come death, and some celestial hand,
To bear my soul away.

1107 *House not made with Hands.* S. M.

WE know, by faith we know,
If this vile house of clay,
This tabernacle, sink below,
In ruinous decay—

2 We have a house above,
Not made with mortal hands;
And firm as our Redeemer's love
That heav'nly fabric stands.

3 It stands securely high,
Indissolubly sure;
Our glorious mansion in the sky
Shall evermore endure.

4 Full of immortal hope,
We urge the restless strife,
And hasten to be swallowed up
In everlasting life.

5 Lord, let us follow thee
In perfect holiness,
And rise, prepared thy face to see,
Thy bright, unclouded face.

6 Thy grace with glory crown,
Who hast the earnest giv'n;
And then triumphantly come down,
And take us up to heav'n.

1108 *Thou art Gone to the Grave.* M. 12s & 11s.

THOU'RT gone to the grave: but we will not deplore thee,
Tho' sorrow and darkness encompass the tomb:
The Saviour hath pass'd thro' its portals before thee;
The lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.

2 Thou'rt gone to the grave: we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side;
But mercy's wide arms are spread out to enfold thee;
And sinners may hope, since the Saviour hath died.

3 Thou'rt gone to the grave: and its mansion forsaking,
Perchance thy weak spirit in doubt lingered long;
But th' sunshine of heaven beamed bright on thy waking,
And th' sound thou didst hear was the seraphim's song.

4 Thou'rt gone to the grave: but we will not deplore thee,
Since God was thy ransom, thy guardian and guide;
He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore thee,
And death has no sting, since the Saviour hath died.

1109 *Peaceful Death of the Righteous.* S. M.

O for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
O, be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward!

2 Their bodies in the ground,
In silent hope may lie,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
Shall call them to the sky.

3 Their ransomed spirits soar,
On wings of faith and love,
To meet the Saviour they adore,
And reign with him above.

4 With us their names shall live
Through long-succeeding years,
Embalmed with all our hearts can give—
Our praises and our tears.

5 O for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
O, be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward!

1110 *Death of a Minister.* C. M.

Why should our tears in sorrow flow
When God recalls his own,
And bids them leave a world of woe
For an immortal crown?

2 Is not their death a gain to those
Whose life to God was given?
Gladly to earth their eyes they close,
To open them in heaven.

3 Their toils are past, their work is done,
And they are fully blest;
They fought the fight, the victory won,
And entered into rest.

4 The flock must feel the shepherd's loss,
And miss his tender care;
But they who bear with joy the cross,
The brighter crown shall wear.

5 And is not he who calls them home,
Still to his church most nigh,
To bid the other laborers come,
And all her need supply?

6 Then let our sorrows cease to flow;
God has recall'd his own;
But let our hearts, in every woe,
Still say, "Thy will be done."

1111 *On the Death of a Pastor.* C. M.

Now let our mourning hearts revive,
And let our tears be dry;
Why should those eyes be drowned in grief,
Which view a Saviour nigh?

2 What, though the arm of conqu'ring death
Does God's own house invade?
What, though the prophet and the priest
Be numbered with the dead?

3 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
The aged and the young—
The watchful eye in darkness closed,
And mute th' instructive tongue;—

4 Th' eternal Shepherd still survives,
New comfort to impart;
His eye still guides us, and his voice
Still animates our heart.

5 "Lo! I am with you," saith the Lord;
"My church shall safe abide:
For I will ne'er forsake my own,
Whose souls in me confide."

6 Through every scene of life and death,
This promise is our trust;
And this shall be our children's song,
When we are cold in dust.

1112 *Funeral of a Sister.* M. 8s & 7s.

SISTER, thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer breeze,
Pleasant as the air of evening,
When it floats among the trees.

2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber,
Peaceful in the grave so low;
Thou no more wilt join our number,
Thou no more our songs shalt know.

3 Dearest sister, thou hast left us:
Here thy loss we deeply feel;
But 'tis God who hath bereft us,—
He can all our sorrows heal.

4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled,
Then in heaven, with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.

1113 *Funeral of a Young Person.* C. M.

WHEN blooming youth is snatched away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay
Which pity must demand.

2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O may this truth, impress'd,
With awful power—"I too must die"—
Sink deep in every breast.

3 Let this vain world engage no more;
Behold the gaping tomb!
It bids us seize the present hour;—
To-morrow death may come.

4 The voice of this alarming scene
May every heart obey;
Nor be the heavenly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.

5 O let us fly—to Jesus fly—
Whose powerful arm can save;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

1114 *Triumphant Death of a Brother.* P. M. 8s.

WEEP not for a brother deceas'd;
Our loss is his infinite gain;
A soul out of prison releas'd,
And freed from its bodily chain;
With songs let us follow his flight,
And mount with his spirit above,
Escaped to the mansions of light,
And lodged in the Eden of love.

2 Our brother the haven has gain'd,
Outflying the tempest and wind;
His rest he has sooner obtain'd,
And left his companions behind,
Still tossed on a sea of distress,
Hard toiling to make the bless'd shore,
Where all is assurance and peace,
And sorrow and sin are no more.

1115 *Balaam's Wish.* S. M.

HOW blest the righteous are,
When they resign their breath!
No wonder Balaam wished to share
In such a happy death.

2 O, let me die, said he,
The death the righteous do;
When life is ended, let me be
Found with the faithful few.

3 The force of truth how great,
When enemies confess,
None but the righteous, whom they hate,
A solid hope possess.

4 But Balaam's wish was vain,
His heart was insincere;
He thirsted for unrighteous gain,
And sought a portion here.

5 May we, O Lord, Most High,
Warning from hence receive:
If like the righteous we would die,
To choose the life they live.

1116 *Death of a Young Child.* C. M.

ALAS! how changed that lovely flow'r,
Which bloom'd and cheer'd my heart;
Fair, fleeting comfort of an hour,
How soon we're called to part!

2 And shall my bleeding heart arraign
That God, whose ways are love?
Or vainly cherish anxious pain
For her who rests above?

3 From adverse blasts and low'ring storms,
Her favored soul he bore,
And with yon bright, angelic forms,
She lives to die no more.

4 Prepare me, blessed Lord, to share
The bliss thy people prove;
Who 'round thy glorious throne appear,
And dwell in perfect love.

1117 *Death of a Child.* C. M.

LIFE is a span—a fleeting hour:
How soon the vapor flies!
Man is a tender, transient flow'r,
That e'en in blooming dies.

2 The once-loved form, now cold and dead,
Each mournful thought employs;
And nature weeps her comforts fled,
And withered all her joys.

3 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore
Shall rise in full immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.

4 Cease, then, fond nature, cease thy tears;
Thy Saviour dwells on high;
There everlasting spring appears;
There joys shall never die.

1118 *Let me die the Death of the Righteous.* C. M.

WITH what a fix'd and peaceful mind,
The righteous man expires!
Behold him breathing out his soul,
In hopes and blest desires!

2 Eternal glory now begins
To dawn upon his eyes,
And Jesus animates his soul,
While languishing he lies.

3 No sins or fears disturb his soul,
No terror from below;
Nor worldly glory stops his flight,
Or makes him loth to go.

4 Bright hosts of angels 'round his bed,
With holy ardor stand;
Ready to bear aloft his soul,
At Jesus' high command.

5 How this bright hope, this blessed hope
My longing spirit charms!
O let me live and die like him,
Enclos'd in Jesus' arms.

1119 *Those blessed who die in the Lord.* C. M.

HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims
For all the pious dead:
"Sweet is the savor of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

2 They die in Jesus, and are blest;
How kind their slumbers are!
From suffering and from sin releas'd,
They're freed from every snare.

3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord;
The labors of their mortal life
End in a large reward."

1120 *Death of a Young Person.* C. M.

HOW short the race our friend has run,
Cut down in all his bloom!—
The course but yesterday begun,
Now finish'd in the tomb.

2 Few are thy days, and full of woe,
O man, of woman born!
Thy doom is written—dust thou art,
To dust thou shalt return.

3 Thou joyous youth, hence learn how soon,
Thy years may end their flight;
Long, long before life's brilliant noon,
May come death's gloomy night.

4 To serve thy God no longer wait,
To-day his voice regard;
To-morrow mercy's open gate
May be forever barr'd.

5 And thus the Lord reveals his grace,
Thy youthful love to gain—
The soul that early seeks my face,
Shall never seek in vain.

1121 *On the Death of a Child.* C. M.

WAKE up, my muse, condole the loss
Of those who mourn this day;
Let tears run down on every face,
And every mourner pray.

2 The tyrant, death, came rushing in;
And here, his pow'r to show,
With icy hand he touched this child,
And laid its visage low.

3 No more the pleasant child is seen,
To please the parent's eye;
The tender plant, so fresh and green,
Is in eternity.

4 The golden bowl by death is broke,
The pitcher burst in twain;
The cistern wheel has felt the stroke,
The pleasant child is slain.

5 The winding sheet enfolds its limbs,
The coffin holds it fast;
To-day 'tis seen by all its friends,
But this must be the last;—

6 Until the Lord doth come to judge
The nations great and small;
When you and I the test shall stand,
Or at his presence fall.

1122 *Weep Not.* P. M. 10,8,10,7,10,10,10,7.

SHED not a tear o'er your friend's early bier,
When I am gone—when I am gone;
Smile, if the slow-tolling bell you should hear,
When I am gone—I am gone.
Weep not for me, when you stand 'round my grave;
Think who has died his beloved to save;
Think of the crown all the ransomed shall have,
When I am gone—I am gone.

2 Shed not a tear, when you stand 'round my grave,
When I am gone—when I am gone:
Sing a sweet song unto him who doth save,
When I am gone—I am gone.
Sing to the Lamb, who on earth once was slain;
Sing to the Lamb, who in heaven doth reign:
Sing, till the world shall be fill'd with his name,
When I am gone—I am gone.

3 Plant ye a tree, which may wave over me,
When I am gone—when I am gone:
Sing ye a song, if my grave you should see,
When I am gone—I am gone.
Come, at the close of a bright summer day:
Come, when the sun sheds its last ling'ring ray;
Come, and rejoice that I thus pass'd away,
When I am gone—I am gone.

BURIAL HYMNS.

1123 *Meditation on the Tomb.* C. M.

How still and peaceful is the grave,
Where, life's vain tumults past,
Th' appointed place, by heav'n's decree,
Receives us all at last.

2 There servants, masters, small and great,
Partake the same repose:
And there in peace the ashes mix
Of those who once were foes.

3 All, level'd by the hand of death,
Lie sleeping in the tomb,
Till God in judgment calls them forth
To meet their final doom.

4 O may I stand before the Lamb,
When earth and seas are fled,
And hear the judge pronounce my name,
With blessings on my head.

1124 *A Voice from the Tomb.* C. M.

HARK! from the tombs a doleful sound;
My ears attend the cry:—
"Ye living men, come, view the ground
Where you must shortly lie.

2 Princes, this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your tow'rs;
The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head
Must lie as low as ours."

3 Great God! is this our certain doom,
And are we still secure,—
Still walking downward to the tomb?
And yet prepare no more!

4 Grant us the power of quickening grace,
To fit our souls to fly;
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

1125 *Death and Burial of Saints.* L. M.

UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb!
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room,
To seek a slumber in the dust.

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
Invade thy bounds;—nor mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept;—God's dying Son
Pass'd through the grave, and bless'd the bed;
Rest here, blest saint, till, from his throne,
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn!
Attend, O earth, his sovereign word!
Restore thy trust:—a glorious form
Shall then arise to meet the Lord.

1126 *Earth to Earth and Dust to Dust.* M. 7s.

"EARTH to earth, and dust to dust!"
Here the evil and the just,—
Here the matron and the maid,
In one silent bed are laid.
Here the vassal and the king,
Side by side, lie withering;
Here the sword and sceptre rust:—
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust."

2 Age on age shall roll along,
O'er this pale and mighty throng;
Those who wept them, those who weep,
All shall with these sleepers sleep.
Songs of peace or battle's roar,
Ne'er shall break their slumbers more;
Death shall keep his solemn trust;—
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust."

3 But a day is coming fast—
Earth, thy mightiest and thy last;
It shall come in strife and toil,
It shall come in blood and spoil;
It shall come in empires' groans,
Burning temples, trampled thrones;
Then, ambition, rue thy lust!—
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust."

4 Yes, the dead shall all be found,
When the trump of God shall sound;
And the King of kings descends,
And in glory crowns his friends.
Then with him we shall remain—
For a thousand years to reign,—
And no more the dirge be just,
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust."

1127 *Burial of the Righteous.* C. M.

WHY should we mourn the sainted dead,
Whom God has taken home—
Why should we weep, and tears be shed,
When buried in their tomb?

2 They're gone from sorrow and from pain:
They've bid this world adieu;
With Jesus they are gone to reign,
In worlds forever new.

3 There they await, in heavenly bliss,
Our last expiring breath;
That we may dwell where Jesus is,
Beyond the reach of death.

4 Then let us live for that bright state,
To which our friends have gone;
Where holy scenes their hearts elate,
Around the Father's throne.

1128 *A Burial Hymn.* C. M.

YE living men, the tomb survey,
Where you must shortly dwell;
Hark! how the awful summons sounds
In every funeral knell!

2 Once you must die, and once for all;
The solemn purport weigh:
For know, that heav'n or hell is hung
On that important day!

3 Those eyes, so long in darkness veil'd,
Must wake, the Judge to see;
And every word, and every thought
Must pass his scrutiny.

4 O, may I in the Judge behold
My Saviour and my Friend;
And then, triumphant over death,
With all his saints ascend.

1129 *The Uncertainty of Life.* C. M.

BENEATH our feet and o'er our head
Is equal warning given;
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the heaven.

2 Death rides on every passing breeze,
And lurks in every flow'r;
Each season has its own disease
Its peril every hour.

3 Our eyes have seen the rosy light
Of youth's soft cheek decay,
And fate descend in sudden night
On manhood's middle day.

4 Our eyes have seen the steps of age
Halt feebly at the tomb;
And yet shall earth our hearts engage,
And dreams of days to come?

5 Turn, mortal, turn—thy danger know;
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead.

6 Turn, sinner, turn: thy soul apply
To truths divinely given:
The forms which underneath thee lie
Shall live, in hell or heaven.

1130 *Burial of Christian Friends.* C. M.

WHY do we mourn departed friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.

2 Why should we tremble, to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
'Twas there the flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

3 The graves of all the saints he blest,
And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?

4 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise:—
Awake, ye nations under ground;
Ye saints, ascend the skies!

1131 *Place of Equality.*—Job 3: 18,19. L. P. M.

THERE is a dark and silent home,
Whose tenants can no longer roam:
Beggars and kings are equal there,
And servants from their lords are free;
There slaves must with their masters share
A station of equality.

2 There is a dark and narrow home,
Whose inmates can no longer roam:
Oppression's voice, nor toil, nor care,
Disturbs the quiet sleeper's breast;
"The wicked cease from troubling there,—
And there the weary are at rest."

3 There is a dark and lowly home,
From which no traveler can roam:
There captives rest together, there
No tyrant can his sceptre wave;
That place where all have equal share,
Is the low mansion of the grave.

1132 *Burial of Friends.* C. M.

WHILE to the grave our friends are borne,
Around their cold remains
How all the tender passions mourn,
And each fond heart complains!

2 But down to earth, alas, in vain
We bend our weeping eyes;
O, let us leave these seats of pain,
And upward learn to rise.

3 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore
Shall rise in full immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.

1133 *The Tomb and the Resurrection.* C. M.

THRO' sorrow's night and danger's path,
Amid the deep'ning gloom,
We, soldiers of an injured King,
Are marching to the tomb.

2 There, when the turmoil is no more,
And all our pow'rs decay,
Our cold remains, in solitude,
Shall sleep the years away.

3 Our labors done, securely laid
In this our last retreat,
Unheeded, o'er our silent dust
The storms of life shall beat.

4 Yet not thus lifeless, in the grave,
The vital spark shall lie;
For o'er life's wreck, that spark shall rise,
To seek its kindred sky.

5 These ashes too, this little dust,
Our Father's care shall keep,
Till the last angel rise, and break
The long and dreary sleep.

6 Then love's soft dew on every eye
Shall shed its mildest rays,
And the long-silent dust shall burst
With shouts of endless praise.

ADVENT HYMNS.

1134 *Kingdom of Christ.* C. M.

Lo! what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes!
Signs now proclaim the advent near,
They fill the earth and skies.

2 From the third heaven, where God resides,
That holy, happy place,
The new Jerusalem comes down,
Adorned with shining grace.

3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing,
"Mortals, behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King.

4 His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
And death itself shall die."

5 How long, dear Saviour, O how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swifter 'round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

1135 *Second Advent.* L. M.

He comes! he comes! the Judge severe;
The seventh trumpet speaks him near;
His lightnings flash, his thunders roll,—
He's welcome to the faithful soul.

Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
He's welcome to the faithful soul!

2 Descending on his azure throne,
He claims the kingdoms as his own;
The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord.

Welcome, welcome, &c.

3 Shout, all ye angels of the sky,
And all the saints of the Most High;
Our God, who now his right obtains,
Forever and forever reigns.

Welcome, welcome, &c.

4 The Father praise, the Son adore,
The Spirit bless for evermore;
Salvation's glorious work is done,—
We welcome thee, thou glorious One!

Welcome, welcome, &c.

1136 *Christ's Coming and Kingdom.* C. M.

Joy to the world, the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns!
Let men their songs employ:
While fields and flocks, rocks, hills and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground:
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the earth with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

1137 *The Bridegroom Cometh.* H. M. 6,6,6,6,8,8.

YE virgin souls, arise;
With all the dead, awake;
Unto salvation wise,
Oil in your vessels take:
Upstarting at the midnight cry—
Behold the heavenly Bridegroom nigh!

2 He comes! he comes, to call
The nations to his bar,
And take to glory all
Who meet for glory are;
Make ready for your full reward;
Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.

3 Go, meet him in the sky,
Your everlasting Friend—
Your Head to glorify,
With all his saints ascend:
Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace,
To see, without a vail, his face.

4 Rejoice in glorious hope
Of that great day unknown,
When you shall be caught up
To stand before his throne;
Call'd to partake the marriage feast,
And lean on our Immanuel's breast.

1138 *Christ's Second Coming.* M. 7s & 6s.

HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son;
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes, with succor speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemn'd and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

3 To him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand forever,—
That name to us is love.

FIRST RESURRECTION.

1139 *The Saints Arise.* P. M. 11,6,11,6,8,8,8,6.

Soon we shall see, shall see the glorious morning;
Saints, arise—saints, arise!
Sinners, attend, attend the notes of warning;
Saints, arise—saints, arise!
The resurrection day draws near,
The King of saints shall soon appear,
And high unfurl his banners here;
Saints, arise—saints, arise.

2 Hear, hear the trump, the trump of God resounding:
Saints, arise—saints, arise!
Through death's dark vaults, dark vaults its notes rebounding;
Saints, arise—saints, arise!

To meet the Bridegroom, haste, prepare;
Put on your bridal garments fair,
And hail your Saviour in the air!
Saints, arise—saints, arise!

3 The saints who sleep, who sleep, with joy awaken;
All arise—all arise;
Their clay cold beds, cold beds are quick forsaken;
All arise—all arise;
Not one of all the faithful few,
Who here on earth the Saviour knew,
But starts, with bliss, his Lord to view;
All arise—all arise.

1140 *First Resurrection.* C. M.

GREAT God, my slumbering dust shall hear
Thy trumpet's quickening sound;
And, by almighty pow'r rebuilt,
At thy right hand be found.

2 These eyes shall see thee in that day,—
The God who died for me;
And all my rising bones shall say,
"Lord, who is like to thee?"

3 If such the views thy word unfolds,
To our weak faith below,
What raptures must the saints above,
In Jesus' presence know!

1141 *Resurrection of the Christian.* C. M.

MY faith shall triumph o'er the grave,
And trample on the tombs:
My Jesus, my Redeemer lives,
My God, my Saviour, comes.

2 Ere long I know he shall appear,
In power and glory great;
And death, the last of all his foes,
Lie vanquished at his feet.

3 When God shall stand upon the earth,
Him there mine eyes shall see:
My flesh shall feel a second birth,
And ever with him be.

4 How long, dear Saviour! O how long
Shall this bright hour delay!
O hasten thine appearance, Lord,
And bring the welcome day.

THE MILLENNIUM.

1142 *The Millennium.* L. M.

LOOK up, ye saints, with sweet surprise,
Toward the joyful, coming day,
When Jesus shall descend the skies,
And form his saints in bright array.

2 Nations shall in a day be born,
And swift, like doves, to Jesus fly;
The church shall know no cloud's return,
Nor sorrows mixing with their joy.

3 The lion and the lamb shall feed
Together in his peaceful reign;
And Zion, blest with heav'nly bread,
Of pinching wants no more complain.

4 The Jew, the Greek, the bond, the free,
Shall boast their sep'rate rights no more;
But join in sweetest harmony,
Their Lord, their Saviour, to adore.

5 Thus, till a thousand years be past,
Shall holiness and peace prevail;
And every knee shall bow to Christ,
And every tongue shall Jesus hail.

1143 *The Watchman's Report.* M. 7s.

WATCHMAN! tell us of the night;
What its signs of promise are?
Traveler! o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming star!

2 Watchman! does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Traveler! yes; it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel!

3 Watchman! tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveler! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth its course portends.

4 Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveler! ages are its own;
See! it bursts o'er all the earth.

5 Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveler! darkness takes it flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.

6 Watchman! let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Traveler! lo! the Prince of peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come.

1144 *Tokens of the Latter Days.* L. M.

HARK! don't you hear the turtle dove,
The tokens of redeeming love?
From hill to hill, we hear the sound,
The neighboring valleys echo 'round!
O Zion! hear the turtle dove,
The tokens of redeeming love:
They're come the barren land to cheer,
And welcome in the jubile year.

2 The winter's past, the rain is o'er,
We feel the chilling winds no more;
Sweet spring is come, and summer too,
All things appear divinely new;
On Zion's mount the watchmen cry,
The resurrection's drawing nigh;
Behold the nations from abroad
Are flocking to the mount of God.

3 The latter days have now come on,
And fugitives are flocking home;
Behold them crowd the gospel road,
All pressing for the mount of God.—
O yes! and I will join the band—
Now here's my heart, and here's my hand;
With Satan's bands no more I'll be,
But fight for Christ and liberty.

4 His banner soon shall be unfurl'd,
And he will come to judge the world;
On Zion's mountain we will stand,
Surrounded by fair Canaan's land.
The sun and moon shall darken'd be,
The flames consume the land and sea;
When worlds on worlds together blaze,
We'll shout, and loud hosannas raise.

1145 *Dawn of the Millennium.* M. 11s & 10s.

HAIL to the brightness of Zion's glad morning!
Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain;
Hush'd be the accents of sorrow and mourning,
Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.

2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning!
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold;
Hail to the millions from bondage returning,
Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.

3 Lo, in the desert rich flowers are springing,
Streams ever copious are gliding along;
Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing,
Wastes rise in verdure and mingle in song.

4 See, from all lands—from the isles of the ocean,
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
Fall'n are the engines of war and commotion,
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

1146 *The Last Lovely Morning.* P. M. 6,5,6,5.

THE last lovely morning,
All blooming and fair,
Is fast onward fleeting,
And soon will appear.
While the mighty, mighty, mighty trump
Sounds come, come away:—
O let us be ready to hail the glad day!

2 And when that bright morning
In splendor shall dawn,
Our tears shall cease flowing,
Our sorrows be gone.
While the mighty, mighty, mighty trump, &c.

3 The Bridegroom from glory
To earth shall descend;
Ten thousand bright angels
Around him attend.
While the mighty, mighty, mighty trump, &c.

4 The graves will be opened,
The dead shall arise,
And with the Redeemer
Mount up to the skies.
While the mighty, mighty, mighty trump, &c.

5 The saints then immortal,
In glory shall reign—
The bride with the Bridegroom
Forever remain.

While the mighty, mighty mighty trump, &c.

1147 *Gabriel's Trump.* C. P. M.

WHAT sound is this salutes my ear?
'Tis Gabriel's trump methinks I hear;
Th' expected day has come.
Behold, the heav'ns, the earth, the sea,
Proclaim the year of Jubilee!
Return, ye exiles, home.

2 Behold the fair Jerusalem,
Illuminated by the Lamb,
In glory doth appear!
Fair Zion, rising from the tombs,
To meet the Bridegroom; lo, he comes!
And hails the festive year.

3 Fly, ling'ring moments, fly, O fly!
I thirst, I pant, I long, to try,
Angelic joys to prove;
Soon shall I change this house of clay,
Clap my glad wings and soar away,
And shout redeeming love!

1148 *The Millennium Dawning.* M. 7s & 6s.

THE gloomy night of darkness
Begins to flee away;
The redd'ning streak of morning
Proclaims the rising day;
That welcome day of promise,
When Christ shall claim his right,
And on the world of darkness
Pour forth a flood of light.

2 Now love unites the people,
And tears away the bars;
They lay aside their weapons,
And cease from strifes and wars;
All, with united voices,
All join with one accord,
Ascribing free salvation
And glory to the Lord.

3 Now Satan roars with anguish,
His servants quake with fear;
His boasted kingdom trembles,
Its fall we soon shall hear:—
Go on, victorious Saviour!
Go on, almighty King!
O chain the woeful dragon,
That earth thy praise may sing.

1149 *Millennial Dawn.* P. M. 7,7,7,6,7,7,7,6.

SAINTS, exult!—adieu to tears;
Gloriously the dawn appears—
Dawn of bright millennial years,
Our great Messiah's reign:
See his banner floating o'er
Every dark and heathen shore;
Gloom profound shall brood no more,
Nor idol gods remain.

2 Hail the world's great jubilee!
Day of blood-bought liberty!
Satan bound—earth more than free—
Come forth, our choicest lays:
Pitch the blissful chorus high'r!
O for cloven tongues of fire!
O for an immortal lyre!
To sing the reign of grace!

1150 *Babylon is Fallen.* P. M. 8,7,8,7,8,7,12,10.

HAIL! the day so long expected,
Hail! the year of full release;
Zion's walls are now erected,
And her watchmen publish peace.
Through our Shiloh's wide dominion,
Hear the trumpet loudly roar—
Babylon is fallen—is fallen—is fallen!
Babylon is fallen, to rise no more!

2 All her merchants stand with wonder,—
What is this that comes to pass?
Murmuring like the distant thunder,
Crying, "O! alas, alas!"
Swell the sound, ye kings and nobles,
Priests and people, rich and poor,—
Babylon is fallen, &c.

3 Blow the trumpet in mount Zion,
Christ will come the second time;
Ruling with a rod of iron,
All who now as foes combine,
Babel's garments we've rejected;
And our fellowship is o'er.
Babylon is fallen, &c.

GENERAL RESURRECTION.

1151 *A Prospect of the Resurrection.* C. M.

HOW long shall death, the tyrant, reign,
And triumph o'er the just?
How long the blood, of martyrs slain,
Lie mingled with the dust?

2 Faith hears the voice, "Ye dead, arise!"
And lo! the graves obey;
And waking saints, with joyful eyes,
Salute th' expected day.

3 They leave the dust, and on the wing
Rise to the midway air;
In shining garments meet their King,
And low adore him there.

4 O may our humble spirits stand
Among them, clothed in white!
The lowest place at his right hand
Is infinite delight.

5 How will our joy and wonder rise,
When our returning King
Shall bear us home to paradise,
On love's triumphant wing.

1152 *Exulting in the Resurrection.* C. M.

When the last trumpet's awful voice
This rending earth shall shake,
When opening graves shall yield their charge,
And dust to life awake,—

2 Those bodies that corrupted fell
Shall incorrupt arise,
And mortal forms shall spring to life
Immortal in the skies.

3 Behold, what heavenly prophets sung
Is now at last fulfill'd;
And death yields up his ancient reign,
And, vanquish'd, quits the field.

4 Let faith exalt her joyful voice,
And now in triumph sing:—
O grave, where is thy victory?
And where, O death, thy sting?

1153 *Resurrection from the Grave.* L. M.

SHALL man, O God of light and life,
Forever moulder in the grave?
Canst thou forget thy glorious work,
Thy promise and thy pow'r to save?

2 Shall life revisit dying worms,
And spread the joyful insect's wing?
And O, shall man awake no more
To see thy face, thy name to sing?

3 Cease, cease, ye vain desponding fears!
When Christ, our Lord, from darkness sprung,
Death, the last foe, was captive led,
And heav'n with praise and wonder rung.

4 The trump shall sound, the dust awake;
From the cold tomb, the slumb'rers spring;
Through heav'n, with joy their myriads rise,
And hail their Saviour and their King.

1154 *Longing for the Resurrection.* L. M.

NO: I'll repine at death no more;
But, calm and cheerful, will resign
To the cold dungeon of the grave,
These dying, with'ring limbs of mine.

2 Let worms devour my wasting flesh,
And crumble all my bones to dust;
My God shall raise my frame anew
At the revival of the just.

3 Break, sacred morning! through the skies,
And usher in that glorious day:
Come quickly, Lord! cut short the hours!
Thy ling'ring wheels, how long they stay!

4 Haste, then, upon the wings of love,
Rouse all the pious sleeping clay;
That we may join in heav'nly joys,
And sing the triumph of the day.

1155 *Assurance of the Resurrection.* L. M.

WHAT sinners value, I resign:
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine!
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

2 This life's a dream, an empty show;
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake and find me there?

3 O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near, and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

1156 *Triumph over Death.* C. M.

GREAT God, I own thy sentence just;
And nature must decay;
I yield my body to the dust,
To dwell with fellow clay.

2 The mighty Conqu'ror shall appear,
High on a royal seat,
And death, the last of all his foes,
Lie vanquished at his feet.

3 Though greedy worms devour my skin,
And gnaw my wasting flesh,
When God shall build my bones again,
He'll clothe them all afresh.

4 Then shall I see thy lovely face,
With strong immortal eyes,
And feast upon thy wondrous grace
With pleasure and surprise.

1157 *Hope of the Resurrection.* L. M.

WHEN God is nigh, my faith is strong;
His arm is my almighty prop;
Be glad, my heart, rejoice, my tongue,
My dying flesh shall rest in hope.

2 Though in the dust I lay my head,
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
My soul forever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave.

3 My flesh shall thy first call obey,
Shake off the dust, and rise on high;
Then shalt thou lead the wondrous way
Up to thy throne above the sky.

4 There streams of endless pleasure flow;
And full discoveries of thy grace,
Which we but tasted here below,
Spread heavenly joys through all the place.

JUDGMENT.

1158 *Day of Judgment.* M. 8s 7s & 4.

DAY of judgment, day of wonders!
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound—
Louder than a thousand thunders,—
Shakes the vast creation, round!
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!

2 See the Judge, our nature wearing,
Cloth'd in majesty divine!
You, who long for his appearing,
Then shall say, "This God is mine:"
Gracious Saviour,
Own me in that day for thine!

3 At his call the dead awaken—
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the pow'rs of nature, shaken
By his looks, prepare to flee:
Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee?

4 Horrors, past imagination,
Will surprise your trembling heart,
When you hear your condemnation,
"Hence, accursed wretch, depart!
And with Satan
And his angels have thy part!"

5 But to those who have confessed,
Lov'd and serv'd the Lord below,
He will say, "Come near, ye blessed,
See the kingdom I bestow:
You forever
Shall my love and glory know."

1159 *Reflections on the Judgment.* C. M.

And must I be to judgment brought,
And answer, in that day,
For every vain and idle thought,
And every word I say?

2 Yes, every secret of my heart
Shall shortly be made known,
And I receive my just desert
For all that I have done.

3 How careful, then, ought I to live!
With what religious fear!
Who such a strict account must give
For my behavior here.

4 Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,
The watchful power bestow;
So shall I to my ways take heed,
To all I speak or do.

5 If now thou standest at the door,
O, let me feel thee near,
And make my peace with God, before
I at thy bar appear.

1160 *Preparation for Judgment.* S. M.

THOU Judge of quick and dead!
Before whose bar severe,
With holy joy, or guilty dread,
We all must soon appear:

2 Our caution'd souls prepare
For that tremendous day,
And fill us all with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray;

3 To pray and wait the hour,
That awful hour unknown,
When robed in majesty and pow'r,
Thou shalt from heav'n come down:

4 Th' immortal Son of man,
To judge the human race,
With all thy Father's dazzling train,
With all thy glorious grace.

5 O may we all ensure
A lot among the blest;
And watch a moment, to secure
An everlasting rest!

1161 *Banishment from God Dreadful.* C. M.

THAT awful day will surely come,
Th' appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.

2 Thou lovely chief of all my joys,
Thou sovereign of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the sound, Depart?

3 The thunder of that dismal word
Would so torment my ear,
'Twould tear my soul asunder, Lord,
With most tormenting fear.

4 What! to be banish'd from my life,
And yet forbid to die!
To linger in eternal pain,
Yet death forever fly!

5 O wretched state of deep despair!
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station, where
I cannot taste his love!

6 O tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands!
Show me some promise in thy book,
Where my salvation stands.

1162 *Christ Coming to Judgment.* M. 8s, 7s, & 4.

Lo! he comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!
Jesus comes, and comes to reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at naught, and sold him,
Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
That they now condemn'd must be.

3 Now the Saviour, long expected,
See, in solemn pomp appear:
All his saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air;
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear.

4 Mighty King, let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne;
Saviour, take the power and glory,
Claim the kingdoms for thine own!
O come quickly,—
Reign, Lord Jesus, reign alone!

1163 *Judgment in Prospect.* S. M.

AND will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?

2 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven before his face
Astonish'd, shrink away?

3 But ere that trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark! from the gospel's cheering sound
What joyful tidings spread.

4 Ye sinners, seek his grace—
His wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

5 So shall that curse remove,
By which the Saviour bled;
And the last awful day shall pour
His blessings on your head.

1164 *The Lord will Come.* L. M.

THE Lord will come: the earth shall quake;
The hills their ancient seats forsake;
And, withering, from the vault of night
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

2 The Lord will come; but not the same
As once in lowly form he came,
A quiet Lamb, to slaughter led,
The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.

3 The Lord will come; a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame and robe of storm,
On cherub wings and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of all mankind.

4 Can this be he, once wont to stray,
A pilgrim on the world's highway;
By power oppress'd and mocked by pride—
The Nazarene—the Crucified?

5 Go, tyrants, to the rocks complain;
Go, seek the mountain's cleft in vain;
But faith, victorious o'er the tomb,
Shall sing for joy, "The Lord is come."

1165 *Judgment in Prospect.* M. 8s, 7s & 4.

See th' eternal Judge descending!
View him seated on the throne!
Now, poor sinner, now lamenting,
Stand and hear thy awful doom:—
Trumpets call thee!
Stand and hear thy awful doom.

2 Hear the cries he now is venting,
Fill'd with dread of fiercer pain,
While in anguish thus lamenting
That he ne'er was born again:
Greatly mourning
That he ne'er was born again.

3 "Yonder sits my slighted Saviour,
With the marks of dying love;
O that I had sought his favor,
When I felt his Spirit move!—
Golden moments,
When I felt his Spirit move."

4 Now, despisers, look and wonder!
Hope and sinners here must part:
Louder than a peal of thunder,
Hear the dreadful sound, "Depart!"
Lost forever!
Hear the dreadful sound, "Depart!"

1166 *Judgment Scenes.* P. M.

PARENT'S and children there may part,
Parents and children there may part,
Parents and children there may part,
May part to meet no more.
O, there will be mourning!
Mourning—mourning—mourning!
O, there will be mourning
At the judgment seat of Christ!

2 Wives and husbands there may part, &c.
3 Brothers and sisters there may part, &c.
4 Friends and neigbors there may part, &c.
5 Pastors and people there may part, &c.
6 Devils and sinners there will meet, &c.
7 Saints and angels there will meet, &c.
O, there will be shouting! &c.

1167 *Wheat and Tares, or Last Harvest.* L. M.

THIS is the field, the world below,
In which the sowers come to sow;
Jesus the wheat, Satan the tares—
For so the word of truth declares:
And soon the reaping time will come,
And angels shout the harvest home.

2 To love my sins, a saint appear,
To grow with wheat and be a tare—
May serve me while on earth below,
Where tares and wheat together grow:
But soon the reaping time will come, &c.

3 Most awful truth! and is it so?
Must all mankind the harvest know?
Is every one a wheat or tare?
Me for the harvest, Lord, prepare:
For soon the reaping time will come, &c.

4 Then all who truly righteous be,
Their Father's kingdom there shall see;
But tares in bundles shall be bound,
And cast to hell,—O doleful sound!
For soon the reaping time will come, &c.

1168 *Pleading for Acceptance.* C. P. M.

WHEN thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come
To take thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?

2 I love to meet thy people now,
Before thy feet with them to bow,
Though weakest of them all;
But, can I bear the piercing thought?—
What, if my name should be left out,
When thou for them shalt call?

3 O Lord, prevent it by thy grace;
Be thou my only hiding place
In that tremendous day;
Thy pardoning voice, O let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 And when the final trump shall sound,
Among thy saints let me be found,
To bow before thy face:
Then in triumphant strains I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring,
With shouts of boundless grace.

1169 *The Judgment Anticipated.* C. M.

WHEN, rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face,
O! how shall I appear?

2 If now, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks
And trembles at the thought;

3 When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclosed,
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
O! how shall I appear?

4 Then see my sorrows, gracious Lord;
Let mercy set me free;
While, in the confidence of pray'r,
My heart takes hold on thee.

5 For never shall my soul despair
Thy mercy to procure,
Since thy beloved Son has died
To make that mercy sure.

1170 *Final Separation at the Judgment.* C. M.

BEHOLD! that great and awful day
Of parting soon will come,
When sinners must be hurl'd away,
And christians gathered home:—

2 Perhaps the parent sees the child
Sink down to endless pain,
With groans, and shrieks, and bitter cries,
Never to rise again:—

3 "O father, see my bleeding hands!"
"Mother, behold! your child
Against you now a witness stands,
With all its sins defiled:

4 The child, perhaps, its parents views,
Sink headlong down to hell—
Gone with the rest of Satan's crews,
And bid the child—"Farewell:"

5 The husband sees his piteous wife,
With whom he once did dwell,
Depart with groans and bitter cries—
"My husband, fare you well:"

6 But O, perhaps the wife may see
The man she once did love,
Sink down to endless misery,—
While she is crowned above!

HELL.

1171 *Hell.* L. M.

HELL! 'tis a word of dreadful sound!
It chills the heart and shocks the ear,
It spreads a sickly damp around,
And makes the guilty quake with fear.

2 Far from the utmost verge of day,
Its frightful, gloomy region lies!
Fierce flames amidst the darkness play,
And thick sulphureous vapors rise.

3 Conscience, the never dying worm,
With constant torture gnaws the heart;
And woe and wrath, in every form,
Inflame the wounds, increase the smart.

4 The wretches rave, o'erwhelm'd with woe,
And bite their everlasting chains:
And with their rage, their torments grow;
Resentment but augments their pains.

5 Sad world indeed! what heart can bear
Hopeless in all those pains to lie;
Rack'd with vexation—grief, despair—
And ever dying—never die?

6 "Lord, save a guilty soul from hell,
Who seeks thy pard'ning, cleansing blood;
O! let me in thy kingdom dwell,
To praise my Saviour and my God."

1172 *Perdition.* C. M.

FAR from the utmost verge of day,
Hell's gloomy regions lie;
Where flames amid the darkness play,
The worm shall never die.

2 The breath of God, his angry breath,
Supplies and fans the fire;
There sinners taste the second death,
And would, but can't expire.

3 Conscience, the never dying worm,
With torture gnaws the heart;
And woe and wrath in every form,
Is now the sinner's part.

4 Sad world indeed; ah! who can bear
Forever there to dwell,—
Forever sinking to despair,—
In all the pains of hell?

1173 *Where their Worm Dieth Not.* M. 8s & 7s.

SINNER, can you slight the Saviour,
Press your downward way to hell,
Sink your priceless soul forever,
Where the lost in anguish dwell?

2 Conscience is a worm undying,
Guilt an everlasting fire;
Hope, its blessed beam denying,
Must from that dark world retire.

3 In that prison, endless moanings,
Blasphemies and madness dwell;
Chains of darkness, shrieks and groanings,
This, O sinner, this is hell.

4 Sinner, can you slight the Saviour,
Press your downward way to hell,
Sink your priceless soul forever,
Where the lost in anguish dwell.

1174 *The Rich Man and Lazarus.* L. M.

In what confusion earth appears—
God's dearest children bathed in tears!
While they, who heaven itself deride,
Riot in luxury and pride.

2 But patient let my soul attend,
And, ere I censure, view the end;
That end how different! who can tell
The wide extremes of heaven and hell:

3 See the red flames around him twine
Who did in gold and purple shine;
Nor can his tongue one drop obtain
T' allay the scorching of his pain;

4 While round the saint, so poor below,
Full rivers of salvation flow;
On Abrah'm's breast, he leans his head,
And banquets on celestial bread.

HEAVEN.

1175 *Cheering Prospect of Heaven.* C. M.

There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There, everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flow'rs;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
That heav'nly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green:
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shiv'ring, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 O, could we make our doubts remove—
These gloomy doubts that rise—
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes;—

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,—
Not Jordan's streams, nor death's cold flood,
Could fright us from the shore.

1176 *The Peace and Repose of Heaven.* C. M.

THERE is an hour of hallowed peace
For those with cares opprest,
When sighs and sorrowing tears shall cease,
And all be hushed to rest.

2 'Tis then the soul is freed from fears
And doubts which here annoy;
Then they who oft had sown in tears
Shall reap again in joy.

3 There is a home of sweet repose,
Where storms assail no more;
The stream of endless pleasure flows
On that celestial shore.

4 There purity with love appears,
And bliss without alloy;
There they who oft had sown in tears
Shall reap again in joy.

1177 *What is Heaven?* C. H. M.

HEAVEN is the land where troubles cease,
Where toils and tears are o'er;
The blissful clime of rest and peace,
Where cares distract no more;
And not a shadow of distress
Dims its unsullied blessedness.

2 Heaven is the place where Jesus dwells,
And pleads his flowing blood,
While to his pray'rs, his Father gives
An unknown multitude—
Whose harps and tongues, through endless days,
Shall crown his head with songs of praise.

3 Heaven is the dwelling-place of joy,
The home of light and love,
Where faith and hope in rapture die,
And ransomed souls above
Enjoy, before their Father's throne,
Bliss everlasting and unknown.

1178 *Christian's Home.* P. M. 6,4,6,4,6,6,6,4.

I'M but a stranger here—
Heaven is my home;
Earth is a desert drear—
Heaven is my home:
Danger and sorrow stand
'Round me on every hand—
Heaven is my father-land,
Heaven is my home.

2 What, though the tempests rage?
Heaven is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage—
Heaven is my home;
And time's wild, wint'ry blast
Soon will be overpast;
I shall reach home at last—
Heaven is my home.

3 There at my Saviour's side,—
Heaven is my home;
I shall be glorified,—
Heaven is my home;
There are the good and blest
Those I love most and best,
There too, I soon shall rest,—
Heaven is my home.

4 Therefore, I murmur not—
Heaven is my home;
Whate'er my earthly lot,
Heaven is my home;
And I shall surely stand
There at my Lord's right hand—
Heaven is my fatherland;
Heaven is my home.

1179 *The Perpetuity of Heaven.* S. H. M.

BEYOND the flight of time,
Beyond the reign of death,
There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affections, transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upwards and expire.

2 There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A long eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone,
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that glorious sphere.

3 Thus star by star declines,
Till all are passed away:
As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
But hide themselves in heaven's own light.

1180 *The Heavenly Jerusalem.* C. M.

JERUSALEM, my happy home,
O, how I long for thee!
When will my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

2 Thy walls are all of precious stones,
Most glorious to behold!
Thy gates are richly set with pearl,
Thy streets are paved with gold.

3 Thy gardens and thy pleasant greens
My study long have been;
Such sparkling light, by human sight,
Has never yet been seen.

4 If heaven be thus, O glorious Lord,
Why should I stay from thence?
What folly 'tis, that I should dread
To die, and go from hence.

1181 *The Promised Land.* C. M.

ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2 O the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields, arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight!

3 O'er all those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God, the Sun, forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

4 No chilling winds or poisonous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death
Are felt and feared no more.

5 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

6 Fill'd with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

1182 *Believer's Hope and Portion.* C. M.

WHAT have I in this barren land,
When Jesus is not here?
My soul is never bless'd, until
My Jesus doth appear.

2 My Jesus has gone up to heav'n,
To fix a place for me:
For 'tis his will, that where he is,
His followers should be.

3 Canaan I view from Pisgah's top;
Of Canaan's grapes I taste;
My Lord, who sends them to me here,
Will send for me at last.

4 I have a God who changeth not;
Why should I be perplex'd?
My God, who owns me in this world,
Will own me in the next.

1183 *Heaven, the Pilgrim's Home.* C. M.

WHILE thro' this changing world we roam,
From infancy to age,
Heaven is the christian pilgrim's home,
His rest at every stage.

2 Thither his raptured thought ascends,
Eternal joys to share;
There his adoring spirit bends,
While here he kneels in pray'r.

3 From earth his freed affections rise,
To fix on things above,
Where all his hope of glory lies,—
Where all is perfect love.

4 There, too, may we our treasure place,
There let our hearts be found;
That still, where sin abounded, grace
May more and more abound.

5 Henceforth our conversation be
With Christ before the throne;
Ere long we eye to eye shall see,
And know as we are known.

1184 *The Happy Land.* P. M. 6,4,6,4,6,7,6,4.

THERE is a happy land,
Far, far away,—
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day:
O, how they sweetly sing,—
Worthy is the Saviour King!
Loud let his praises ring
For evermore.

2 Come to this happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand?
Why still delay?
O, we shall happy be!
When from sin and sorrow free;
Lord, we shall live with thee,
Blest evermore.

3 Bright, in that happy land,
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
O, then, to glory run;
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And bright above the sun,
Reign evermore.

1185 *Children in Heaven.* C. M.

AROUND the throne of God in heaven,
Thousands of children stand;
Children, whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band.

2 What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair—
Where all is peace, and joy, and love?
How came those children there?

3 Because the Saviour shed his blood
To wash away their sins;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean!

4 Saved here on earth by Jesus' grace,
In honor of his name;
So now they see his blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb.

1186 *The Spirit Land.* C. M.

O YES, there is a happier shore,
A land of sweeter bliss!
More radiant, bright and beautiful,
And lovelier far than this.

2 Where stainless spirits wander free,
In shining garments clad;
And every eye is lit with joy,
And every heart is glad.

3 No pain or sorrow ever can
Enter this world so fair,
No scenes of woe, oft felt below,
Are ever witnessed there.

4 This blissful region ever was,
And ever still shall be;
And never will it pass away,
Through all eternity.

5 It is the weary pilgrim's home,
The rest to wand'rers given;
The great rewards of holy souls,
The christians' future heaven.

1187 *Heaven the Saint's Father-land.* M.9s & 8s.

THERE is a place where my hopes are stay'd,
My heart and treasure are there;
Where verdure and blossoms never fade,
And fields are eternally fair.

That blissful place is my father-land;
By faith its delights I explore;
Come, favor my flight, angelic band,
And waft me in peace to the shore.

2 There is a place where the angels dwell,
A pure and a peaceful abode;
The joys of that place no tongue can tell;
For there is the palace of God!
That blissful place, &c.

3 There is a place where my friends are gone
Who suffer'd and worship'd with me;
Exalted with Christ, high on his throne,
The King in his beauty they see.
That blissful place, &c.

4 There is a place where I hope to live,
When life and its labors are o'er;
A place which the Lord to me will give,
And then I shall sorrow no more.
That blissful place, &c.

1188 *Jesus is there.* P. M. 6,4,6,4,6,6,6,4.

HASTE, my dull soul, arise—
Shake off thy care;
Press to thy native skies—
Mighty in prayer.
Christ, he has gone before,
Count all thy sufferings o'er;
He all thy burdens bore—
Jesus is there.

2 Souls for the marriage feast,
Robe and prepare;
Holy must be each guest;
Jesus is there!
Saints, wear your victor's palms,
Chant your celestial psalms;
Bride of the Lamb, thy charms,
O, let me wear!

3 Heaven's bliss is perfect, pure—
Jesus is there!
Heaven's bliss is ever sure—
Thou art its heir.
What makes its joys complete—
What makes its hymns so sweet?
There we our friends will greet—
Jesus is there.

1189 *The Promised Land.* C. M.

FAR from these narrow scenes of night,
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

2 Fair distant land! could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more!

3 There pain and sickness never come;
There grief no more complains;
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And purest pleasure reigns.

4 No cloud those blissful regions know,
Forever bright and fair;
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

5 There no alternate night is known,
Nor sun's faint sickening ray;
But glory, from th' eternal throne,
Spreads everlasting day.

1190 *The Faithless World.* P. M. 8,7,8,8,7.

THE faithless world promiscuous flows,
Enwrapt in fancy's vision;
Allured by charms, beguiled by shows,
And empty dreams; nor scarcely knows
There is a brighter heaven.

2 Fine gold will change, and diamonds fade,
Swift wings to wealth are given;
All varying times our forms invade,
The seasons roll—light shines in shade;
There's nothing sure but heaven.

3 Empires decay—the nation dies,
Our hopes to winds are given;
The vernal bloom in ruin lies,
Death reigns o'er earth, and seas, and skies;
And nothing stays but heaven.

4 In vain do mortals sigh for bliss,
Without their sins forgiven;
True pleasure, everlasting peace,
Are only found in God's free grace;
Nothing's so good as heaven.

5 Creation's mighty fabric all,
Will be to atoms riven;
The sky consumed, the planets fall,
Convulsions wreck this earthly ball;
There's nothing firm but heaven.

6 There all is peace, there all is joy,
Sweeter than summer's even;
Glad songs shall all my powers employ,
And rapture feel no dull alloy;
All—all is safe in heaven.

1191 *Longing for Heaven.* M. 11s.

I would not live alway; I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lucid mornings that dawn on us here
Are followed by gloom or beclouded with fear.

2 I would not live alway, if fettered by sin—
Temptation without and corruption within;
And th' rapture of pardon be mingled with fears,
And th' cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

3 I would not live alway; no—welcome the tomb:
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom:
There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

4 Who, who would live alway away from his God—
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where rivers of pleasure flow bright o'er the plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?

5 There saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And th' smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

1192 *No Tears in Heaven.* C. M.

WHAT, if our bark, o'er life's rough wave,
By adverse winds be driven,
And howling tempests 'round us rave?—
There are no tears in heaven.

2 What, though affliction be our lot,
Our hearts with anguish riven?
Still, let it never be forgot—
There are no tears in heaven.

3 Our sweetest joys here vanish all,
And fade like hues at even;
Our brightest hopes like meteors fall;—
There are no tears in heaven.

4 The mourner sad, who, drowned in grief,
Hath long in sorrow striven,
Shall find, at last, a sweet relief—
Tears wiped away in heaven.

5 Thou, God, our joy and rest shalt be,
And sorrow far be driven;
And sin and death forever flee;—
There are no tears in heaven.

6 There, from the blooming tree of life
The healing fruit is given;
There, there shall cease the painful strife;
There are no tears in heaven.

1193 *The Realms of the Blest.* P. M. 8s.

WE speak of the realms of the blest,—
That country so bright and so fair;
And oft are its glories confess'd:
But what must it be to be there?

2 We speak of its pathways of gold,—
Its walls, decked with jewels so rare,—
Its wonders and pleasures untold;
But what must it be to be there?

3 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,—
From trials without and within:
But what must it be to be there?

4 We speak of its service of love,—
The robes which the glorified wear,—
The church of the first-born above:
But what must it be to be there?

5 O Lord, amidst gladness or woe,
For heaven our spirits prepare;
And shortly we also shall know,
And feel, what it is to be there.

6 Then anthems of praise we will sing,
When safe in that heavenly rest,
To Jesus, our Saviour and King,
Who reigns in those realms of the blest.

1194 *Joyful Song.* C. M.

IMMORTAL joys await the blest,
On yon eternal shore;
There happy souls forever rest,
And sorrows are no more.

O that will be joyful, joyful, joyful!
O that will be joyful!
To meet to part no more—
To meet to part no more,
On that delightful shore;
At Jesus' feet, we all shall meet,
Shall meet to part no more.

2 What millions have to glory gone,
And have obtained the prize;
Still millions more are pressing on,
To join them in the skies.

O that will be joyful, &c.

3 These living armies shall at last
On Zion's mountain meet:
When once the stormy Jordan's pass'd,
Their union is complete.
O that will be joyful, &c.

4 If friendship in this vale of woe,
With christians be so sweet,
What gushing extasy shall flow,
When round the throne we meet!
O that will be joyful, &c.

5 There friends belov'd shall never die,
Nor loveliness decay;
There's not a pang, nor parting sigh,
To dim eternal day.
O that will be joyful, &c.

1195 *My Father's House.* C. M.

THERE is a place of sacred rest,
Far, far beyond the skies,
Where beauty smiles eternally,
And pleasure never dies;—

2 My Father's house, my heavenly home,
Where "many mansions" stand,
Prepared, by hands divine, for all
Who seek the better land.

3 In that pure home of tearless joy,
Earth's parted friends shall meet,
With smiles of love that never fade,
And blessedness complete.

4 There, there adieus are sounds unknown;
Death frowns not on that scene,
But life and glorious beauty shine,
Untroubled and serene.

5 Lord, help us, by thy mighty grace,
To keep in view the prize,
Till thou dost come to take us home,
Where pleasure never dies.

6 When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise,
Than when we first begun.

1196 *The Heavenly Rest.* P. M. 8,7,8,8,7.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest
To weary wanderers given;
There is relief for souls distrest;
A balm for every wounded breast;
'Tis found above, in heaven.

2 There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven—
Who're toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear;—'tis heaven.

3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye
To brighter prospects given;
It views the tempest passing by,
Sees evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene, in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

1197 *The World a Fleeting Show.* P. M. 8,7,8,8,7.

THIS world is all a fleeting show,
For man's probation given;
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow;
There's nothing true but heaven.

2 And false the light of glory's plume
As fading hues of even;
And love, and hope, and beauty's bloom
Are blossoms gathered from the tomb;
There's nothing bright but heaven.

3 Poor wanderers of a stormy day—
From wave to wave we're driven;
And fancy's flash, and reason's ray
Serve but to light our troubled way;
There's nothing calm but heaven.

4 And where's the light held out to cheer
This heart, with anguish riven?
Affliction's sigh and sorrow's tear
Have never found a refuge here;
There's nothing kind but heaven.

5 From those who walk in wisdom's ways
Corroding fears are driven;
They're washed in Christ's atoning blood,
Enjoy communion with their God,
And find their way to heaven.

1198 *The Glorified Saints.* M. 7s.

WHO are these array'd in white,
Brighter than the noon-day sun?
Foremost of the sons of light,
Nearest the eternal throne?
These are they who bore the cross,
Nobly for their Master stood;
Suff'rers in his righteous cause;
Followers of the dying God.

2 Out of great distress they came;
Wash'd their robes by faith below
In the blood of yonder Lamb,
Blood that washes white as now;
Therefore, are they next the throne,
Serve their Maker day and night;
God resides among his own,
God doth in his saints delight.

3 More than conquerors at last,
Here they find their trials o'er;
They have all their sufferings pass'd,
Hunger now and thirst no more:
Christ shall all their sorrows chase,
All their wants at once remove;
Wipe the tears from every face;
Fill up every soul with love.

1199 *Future Life.* S. M.

THE earth is not our home,
Our dwelling is on high—
In the bright city of our God,
Away, beyond the sky.

2 The Lamb of God is there,
Who was for sinners slain;
There we shall see him face to face,
There evermore remain.

3 There is the tree of life,
And there the fount of love!
Our spirits long, O Lord, to flee
To that bright world above.

4 There, every woe shall cease,
And every tear be dried;
There, hope be lost in certainty,
And every want supplied.

1200 *The Everlasting Song.* C. M.

EARTH has engross'd my love too long;
'Tis time I lift mine eyes
Upward, dear Father, to thy throne,
And to my native skies.

2 There the blest man, my Saviour, sits:
My God! how bright he shines!
And scatters infinite delights
On all the happy minds.

3 Seraphs, with elevated strains,
Circle the throne around,
And move and charm the starry plains
With an immortal sound.

4 Jesus, the Lord, their harps employs;
Jesus, my love, they sing;
Jesus, the life of all our joys,
Sounds sweet from every string.

5 Now let me mount, and join their song,
And be an angel too;
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
Here's joyful work for you.

1201 *The Dwelling Place of God.* L. M.

THERE is a region lovelier far
Than sages tell or poets sing,
Brighter than noonday glories are,
And softer than the tints of spring.

2 It is not fann'd by summer's gale;
'Tis not refreshed by vernal show'rs;
It never needs the moonbeam pale—
For there are known no evening hours.

3 No; for that world is ever bright
With purest radiance all its own:
The streams of uncreated light
Flow 'round it from th' eternal throne.

4 It is all holy and serene,
The land of glory and repose;
No cloud obscures the radiant scene;
There not a tear of sorrow flows.

5 In vain the curious, searching eye
May seek to view the fair abode,
Or find it in the starry sky:
It is the dwelling place of God.

1202 *The Christian's Hope.* C. M.

HAIL, sweetest, dearest tie, that binds
Our glowing hearts in one!
Hail, sacred hope, that tunes our minds
To harmony divine!

It is the hope, the blissful hope,
Which Jesus' grace has given—
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven:
We all shall meet in heaven at last,
We all shall meet in heaven;
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven.

2 What though the northern wintry blast
Shall howl around our cot?
What, though beneath an eastern sun
Be cast our distant lot?
Yet still we share the blissful hope, &c.

3 From Burmah's shores, from Afric's strand,
From India's burning plain,
From Europe, from Columbia's land,
We hope to meet again.
It is the hope, the blissful hope, &c.

4 No ling'ring look, no parting sigh
Our future meeting knows;
There friendship beams from every eye,
And love immortal glows.
O sacred hope! O blissful hope, &c.

1203 *Heaven.*—1 Cor. 2: 9, 10. C. M.

NOR eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor sense nor reason known,
What joys the Father has prepar'd
For those who love the Son.

2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heav'n to come:
The beams of glory in his word
Allure and guide us home.

3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace;
No wanton lips nor envious eye
Can see or taste the bliss.

4 Those holy gates forever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame;
None shall obtain admittance there,
But followers of the Lamb.

5 He keeps the Father's book of life,
There all their names are found;
The hypocrite in vain shall strive
To tread the heav'nly ground.

1204 *Jerusalem the Believer's Home.* C. M.

JERUSALEM, my glorious home,
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end
In joy, and peace, and thee?

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 O when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend—
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And sabbaths have no end?

4 Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

5 Apostles, prophets, martyrs, there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

6 Jerusalem, my glorious home,
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

1205 *A Better Country—A Heavenly.* L. M.

THERE is a heav'n above the skies,
A heav'n where pleasure never dies;
A heav'n I sometimes hope to see,
But fear again 'tis not for me.

But Jesus, Jesus is my friend! O hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Jesus, Jesus is my friend.

2 The way is difficult and straight,
And narrow is the gospel gate;
Ten thousand dangers are therein,
Ten thousand snares to take me in.
But Jesus, &c.

3 I travel through a world of foes,
Through conflicts sore my spirit goes;
The tempter cries,—I ne'er shall stand
Nor reach fair Canaan's happy land.
But Jesus, &c.

4 Come life, come death, come then what will,
His footsteps I will follow still;
'Mid thickening toils, and hell's alarms,
I shall be safe in his dear arms.
But Jesus, &c.

5 Then, O my soul, arise and sing,
Behold thy Saviour, Friend and King,
With pleasing smiles he now looks down,
And cries "press on and take the crown."
But Jesus, &c.

6 "Prove faithful, then, a few more days,
Fight the good fight, and win the race,
And then the kingdom thou shalt share;
Thy head a crown of glory wear."
But Jesus, &c.

1206 *The Heavenly Re-union.* S. M.

Ye saints of God below,
Lift up your longing eyes,
And let your thoughts to glory go,
Away beyond the skies.
When you get there and I get there,
We'll join the host that's gone before;
Then you'll praise God and I'll praise God,
Praise him for evermore.

2 There is a home in heaven,
For all the saints of God;
Assurance in his word is given
Of such a blest abode.
When you get there, &c.

3 Then let our song resound
From earth up to the sky;
While joyfully we're upward bound,
To fairer worlds on high.
When you get there, &c.

4 We've friends, who've gone before;
We follow in their train:
To meet them on that heavenly shore,
And never part again.
When you get there, &c.

5 They're happy 'round the throne—
They joy to see us come;
They're waiting fondly, every one,
To bid us welcome home.
When you get there, &c.

MISCELLANEOUS.

1207 *Stand for the Right.* C. M.

BE firm, be bold, be strong, be true,
"And dare to stand alone;"
Strive for the right, whate'er ye do,
Though helpers there be none.

2 Nay—bend not to the swelling surge
Of fashion's sneer and wrong;
'Twill bear thee on to ruin's verge,
With current wild and strong.

3 Stand for the right: though falsehood rail,
And proud lips coldly sneer;
A poisoned arrow cannot wound
A conscience pure and clear.

4 Stand for the right, and with clean hands
Exalt the truth on high;
Thou'lt find warm, sympathizing hearts
Among the passers by.

5 Stand for the right: proclaim it loud,
Thou'lt find an answering tone
In honest hearts, and then no more
Be doomed to stand alone.

1208 *All Things Become New.* C. M.

SINCE man, by sin, has lost his God,
He seeks creation through,
And vainly hopes for solid good,
In finding something new.

2 The new possess'd, like fading flow'rs,
Soon loses its gay hue;
The gilded too, no longer charms,
We still want something new.

3 Yea, could we all the world possess,—
Own all things that we view,—
The soul would feel an aching void,
And still want something new.

4 But when we find the God we lost,
Whose promises are true,
Old things then quickly pass away—
All things in Christ are new.

5 O sinner, hear the gospel's voice,
And wisdom's ways pursue;
So you may spend your coming days
Enjoying something new.

209 *Droop not upon your Way.* C. M.

Ho! ye who start a noble scheme,
For general good design'd—
Ye workers in a cause that tends
To benefit mankind,—

2 Mark out the path you fain would tread,
The part you mean to play;
And if it be an honest one,
Keep steadfast on your way.

3 Although you may not gain at once
The points you most desire,
Be patient—time can wonders work—
Plod on, and do not tire;

4 Obstructions, too, may crowd your path,
In threatening, stern array;
Yet flinch not! fear not! they may prove
Mere shadows in your way.

210 *Earthly Pleasures Dangerous.* C. M.

How vain are all things here below!
How false, and yet how fair!
Each pleasure hath its poison too,
And every sweet a snare.

2 The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flattering light;
We should suspect some danger nigh
Where we possess delight.

3 Our dearest joys, our nearest friends,
The partners of our blood—
How they divide our wavering minds,
And leave but half for God!

4 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense!
Thither the strong affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.

5 Dear Saviour, let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

1211 *Watchfulness over the Tongue.* C. M.

Thus I resolved before the Lord—
"Now will I watch my tongue,
Lest I let slip one sinful word,
Or do my neighbor wrong."

2 And if I'm e'er constrained to stay
With men of lives profane,
I'll set a double guard that day,
Nor let my talk be vain.

3 I'll scarce allow my lips to speak
The pious thoughts I feel;
Lest scoffers should th' occasion take,
To mock my holy zeal.

4 Yet if some proper hour appear,
I'll not be over-awed;
But let the scoffing sinners hear
That I can speak for God.

1212 *Prayer for General Peace.* L. M.

THY footsteps, Lord, with joy we trace,
And mark the conquests of thy grace;
Complete the work thou hast begun,
And let thy will on earth be done.

2 O, show thyself the Prince of peace,
Command the din of war to cease;
O, bid contending nations rest,
And love pervade each human breast.

3 Then peace shall lift her balmy wing,
Glad plenty laugh, the valleys sing;
Reviving commerce lift her head,
And want, and woe, and hate be fled.

4 Thou good, and wise, and righteous Lord,
All move subservient to thy word;
O, soon let every nation prove
The perfect joy of christian love.

1213 *Best Things.*—1 Cor. 12: 31. C. M.

THE best of wisdom, is to know
The Father in the Son;
The best of power, is to bow
To what the Lord has done.

2 The best of prayer, is oft to pray
That we may still believe;
The best of patience, is to stay
Till we a crown receive.

3 The best of watching, is to watch
Against the world and sin;
The best of preaching, is to preach
Jesus, and nought but him.

4 Then let my soul enjoy the best,
For that is best for me;
And let me find no lasting rest,
But when I rest in thee.

1214 *The Transfiguration.* C. M

ON Tabor's height the Saviour stood,
With Peter, James and John;
And while he talked of Calvary there,
His face resplendant shone.

2 In dazzling brightness all arrayed,
Jesus transfigured stands;
From heav'n descends the man who gave
To Israel God's commands.

3 Elijah, too, of burning zeal,
Who did that law restore,
Appeared with Moses on this mount,
And talked his suff'rings o'er.

4 Transported with this glorious scene,
The witnesses exclaim:
"'Tis good, Lord, with such guests to dwell
Here let us still remain.

5 Three tents with joyful hands we'll raise,
And place them side by side,
For these celestials and for thee;
And here let us abide."

6 While thus they spoke, a cloud descends
And takes them from their sight;
But Jesus yet remains with them,
The Father's chief delight.

7 This is my Son, his voice declares,
Hear him in all he says;
Not Moses nor Elijah now
Shall guide you in my ways.

1215 *The Good Child's Song.* M. 7s & 6s.

I WANT to be an angel,
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand;

There, right before my Saviour,
So glorious and so bright,
I'd wake the sweetest music,
And praise him day and night.

2 I never would be weary,
Nor ever shed a tear,
Nor ever know a sorrow,
Nor ever feel a fear:
But, blessed, pure and holy,
I'd dwell in Jesus' sight,
And with ten thousand thousands
Praise him both day and night.

3 I know I'm weak and sinful,
But Jesus will forgive;
For many little children
Have gone to heav'n to live.
Dear Saviour, when I languish,
And lay me down to die,
O, send a shining angel,
And bear me to the sky!

4 O, there I'll be an angel,
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand;
And there, before my Saviour,
So glorious and so bright,
I'll join the heavenly music,
And praise him day and night!

1216 *The Orphan's Prayer.* C. P. M.

O THOU, the helpless orphan's hope,
To whom alone my soul looks up,
In each distressing hour:
Father, for that's the sweetest name
That e'er these lips were taught to frame,
Instruct my heart to pray.

2 Low in the dust my parents lie,
And no attentive ear is nigh,
But thine, to mark my woe;
No hand to wipe away my tears,
No gentle voice to soothe my fears,
Remain to me below.

3 To heaven my earthly friends are gone,
And thither are my wishes flown,
But I continue here:
But thou art Patron, Friend, and Guide,
To those who have no hope beside,—
And what have I to fear?

4 If I am spared throughout the span
That makes the narrow life of man,
And reach to hoary age;
Instruct me in thy holy will,
Teach me the duties to fulfil,
Of each successive stage.

5 But if thy wisdom should decree
An early sepulchre for me,
Father, thy will be done;
Upon my Saviour I rely,
And let me live or let me die,
My heart be thine alone.

1217 *The Soul.* C. M.

WHAT is the thing of greatest price,
The whole creation 'round?
That, which was lost in paradise,
That, which in Christ is found.

2 The soul of man,—Jehovah's breath!
That keeps two worlds at strife;
Hell moves beneath, to work its death,
Heaven stoops, to give it life.

3 God, to reclaim it, did not spare
His well-beloved Son;
Jesus, to save it, deigned to bear
The sins of all in One.

4 And is this treasure borne below,
In earthly vessels frail?
Teach us, O God, its worth to know,
Lest we its loss bewail.

5 Then let us gather 'round the cross,
That knowledge to obtain—
Not by the soul's eternal loss,
But everlasting gain.

1218 *Prayer for Christian Graces.* M. 7s.

DANIEL'S wisdom may I know,
Stephen's faith and spirit show,
John's divine communion feel,
Moses' meekness, Joshua's zeal;
Run like the unwearied Paul,
Win the day and conquer all.

2 Mary's love may I possess,
Lydia's tender-heartedness;
Peter's ardent spirit feel,
James's faith by works reveal;
Like young Timothy, may I
Every sinful passion fly.

3 Job's submission may I show,
David's true devotion know;
Samuel's call, O, may I hear,
Laz'rus' happy portion share;
Let Isaiah's hallowed fire
All my new-born soul inspire.

4 Mine be Jacob's wrestling pray'r,
Gideon's valiant steadfast care;
Joseph's purity impart,
Isaac's meditating heart;
Abrah'm's friendship may I prove,
Faithful to the God of love.

5 Most of all, may I pursue
That example Jesus drew,
By my life and conduct show
How he lived and walked below:
Day by day, through grace restor'd,
Imitate my blessed Lord.

6 When the dreams of life are fled,
When its wasting lamps are dead,
When in cold oblivion's shade
Youth, and fame, and power are laid,
Where immortal spirits reign,
There may we all meet again.

1219 *The Penitent Thief.* M. 7s.

WHEN our Lord was crucified,
Two transgressors with him died;
One with vile blaspheming tongue,
Scoff'd at Jesus as he hung.

2 Thus he spent his wicked breath,
In the very jaws of death,
Perished—as too many do—
With the Saviour in his view.

3 But the other, moved by grace,
Saw the danger of his case,
And, by faith, embraced his Lord,
Whom the scribes and priests abhorr'd.

4 "Lord," he prays, "remember me,
When in glory thou shalt be:"
"Soon with me," the Lord replies,
"Thou shalt be in paradise."

5 This was wondrous grace indeed,
Grace bestowed in time of need;
Sinners, trust in Jesus' name,
You will find him still the same.

6 O, beware of unbelief!
Think upon the hardened thief;
If the gospel you disdain,
Christ for you hath died in vain.

1220 *The Dreadful End of the Wicked.* L. M.

LORD, what a thoughtless wretch was I,
To mourn, and murmur, and repine
To see the wicked, placed on high,
In pride and robes of honor shine!

2 But O, their end, their dreadful end!
Thy sanctuary taught me so:
On slippery rocks I see them stand,
And fiery billows roll below.

3 Their fancied joys, how fast they flee!
Just like a dream when man awakes;
Their songs of softest harmony
Are but a prelude to their plagues.

4 Now I esteem their mirth and wine
Too dear to purchase with my blood;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine,
My life, my portion, and my God.

1221 *Following Departed Worthies.* C. M.

RISE, O my soul, pursue the path
By ancient worthies trod;
Aspiring, view those holy men
Who lived and walked with God.

2 Though dead, they speak in reason's ear,
And in example live;
Their faith, and hope, and mighty deeds
Still fresh instruction give.

3 'Twas through the Lamb's most precious blood
They conquered every foe;
To his almighty power and grace
Their crowns of life they owe.

4 Lord, may I ever keep in view
The patterns thou hast given,
And ne'er forsake the blessed road
That led them safe to heaven.

1222 *The Thunder Storm.* 7s

WHEN the dark and heavy cloud
Lifts on high its awful form;
And above us, pealing loud,
Rolls the thunder of the storm;—

2 Do not fear the lightning's flash;
God directs it where to fall;
Do not fear the thunder's crash;
For your Saviour rules it all.

3 Only love and fear the Lord:
Lift your head to him in pray'r;
Rest upon your Saviour's word;
God will for his children care.

4 If your hopes are fixed on high,
And your hearts are changed by grace,
Far above this stormy sky,
You will find a land of peace.

5 There no angry storm will come,
And no tempest stir your fear;
Nothing will disturb that home;
Jesus is forever there.

1223 *Pride in Clothes.* L. M.

HOW proud we are, how fond, to show
Our clothes, and call them rich and new;
When the poor sheep and silk-worms wore
That very clothing long before.

2 The tulip and the butterfly
Appear in gayer coats than I:
Let me be dressed fine as I will,
Flies, worms, and flowers, exceed me still.

3 O, that my heart were set to find
Inward adornings of the mind!
Knowledge and virtue, truth and grace,—
These are the robes of richest dress.

4 Then, worms would not with me compare;
For this is raiment angels wear;
The Son of God, when here below,
Put on this blest apparel too.

5 In this, on earth I should appear;
Then go to heaven, and wear it there;
God will approve it in his sight;
'Tis his own work, and his delight.

224 *"Thou shalt not Kill."* C. M.

"Thou shalt not kill."—An angry thought
Is murder in the soul!
Thus are we in the Scriptures taught
Our passions to control.

2 "Thou shalt not kill."—No one can tell
The limits of his ire;
Just as a falling spark may swell
To be a raging fire.

3 "Thou shalt not kill."—How carefully
Should each his passion check,
Lest, in an evil moment, he
A brother's life may take.

4 "Thou shalt not kill."—The evil seeds,
That in our bosoms grow,
May ripen into bloody deeds,
That cause eternal woe.

5 "Thou shalt not kill."—May God forgive
Each angry word and thought;
That we at peace with all may live—
In love to him be brought.

1225 *Thou shalt not Covet.* C. M.

"THOU shalt not covet," God hath said;
But be content with what
He, in his sovereign will, hath made
The portion of my lot.

2 "Thou shalt not covet."—Yet how strong
Desire has sometimes grown;
Until, in earnestness, we long
For what is not our own.

3 "Thou shalt not covet."—O, how mean
To want another's good!
Ah! if these secret sins were seen,
How shame our face would cloud.

4 "Thou shalt not covet."—Each desire
For what another holds,
Is adding fuel to the fire
Of envy in our souls.

5 "Thou shalt not covet."—Every theft
In envy is begun:
Lord, leave us not of grace bereft;
Help us this sin to shun.

1226 *Thou shalt not Steal."* C. M.

"THOU shalt not steal."—These words of God
Each form of theft forbid:
How sad and solemn is the thought,
That we such warning need!

2 "Thou shalt not steal."—How common, too,
This sin, of dye so deep!
How many break the law! how few
The precept strictly keep!

3 "Thou shalt not steal."—O, how the soul
Defiles itself by theft!
For he, who yields to its control,
Of virtue is bereft.

4 "Thou shalt not steal."—Ah! who can put
A trust in such a hand?
The heart of confidence is shut,
When one breaks this command.

5 "Thou shalt not steal."—What risks we run
Of God's own vengeance, too!
Lord, from this sin keep every one,
Lest we our souls undo.

1227 *Prayer for Rain.* C. M.

O GRACIOUS Father! send us show'rs,
The gentle show'rs of rain,—
To cheer the corn, the grass, the flow'rs,
On mountain-side and plain.

2 Command the watery clouds to rise,
And vail the fiery sun;
While, from the fountains of the skies,
The streams of blessing run.

3 The spider's web is on the mead,
The worm consumes the leaf:
And all thy works before thee plead
The silent plea of grief.

4 O gracious Father! send us show'rs;
Regard our earnest cries:
But meek submission still be ours,
While our petitions rise.

MEETING, PARTING, DISMISSION.

1228 *Meeting of Friends.* L. M.

ONCE more a pleasant interview
The Lord doth grant us, to renew
Our social friendship, kind and dear;
Our hearts to warm, our souls to cheer.

2 While we were absent far abroad,
We saw the kindness of our God;
Therefore his love let us adore,
That we are here alive once more.

3 How many souls have launch'd away
To everlasting night or day;
In sickness many more remain,
Whilst we our life and health retain.

4 Into his presence let us haste,
And thank him for his favors past;
Down on our knees devoutly all,
Before the Lord, our Maker, fall.

1229 *A Farewell Hymn.* L. M.

My dearest friends, in bonds of love,
Whose hearts the sweetest union prove,
Your friendship's like the strongest band;
Yet we must take the parting hand.

2 Your company is sweet and dear,
Your words delightful to mine ear;
And when I see that we must part,
You draw like cords around my heart.

3 O could I stay with friends so kind,
How would it cheer my fainting mind!
But duty makes me understand,
That we must take the parting hand.

1230 *Taking Leave of a Brother.* M.7s & 6s.

Farewell!—serve God, dear brother,
Where'er thy home may be:
Serve him, where'er thou travel,
Whether by land or sea.

2 This is thy bounden duty,
As thou canst clearly see,
In nature's book, and Bible,
The school-books of the free.

3 These blessed books to study,
Be all thy heart's delight;
Life, peace, and free salvation,
Come through their heavenly light.

4 But most of all, live holy;
Do good to all mankind;
Then, when your days are ended,
The crown of life you'll find.

1231 *No Parting in Heaven.* C. M.

BRETHREN and sisters, we must part,
And to our callings go;
But let us still be one in heart,
Whilst we remain below.

We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground!
We soon shall hear the trumpet's sound;
And then with Jesus we shall meet,
And never, never part again.
What!—never part again?
No!—never part again.
What!—never part again?
No!—never part again!
But there we shall each other greet,
And never, never part again.

2 Below we soon may meet no more;
But we shall meet above;
Where pains and partings are no more—
In the blest world of love.

We're marching through, &c.

3 With Christ we shall in paradise,
To endless ages dwell;
Where saints rejoice in ceaseless strains,
And never say, "Farewell."

We're marching through, &c.

1232 *About to Part.* S. M.

AND let our bodies part—
To different climes repair:
Inseparably joined in heart
The friends of Jesus are.

2 O, let our heart and mind
Continually ascend,
That haven of repose to find,
Where all our labors end.

3 O, happy, happy place,
Where saints and angels meet!
There we shall see each other's face,
And all our brethren greet.

4 The church of the first born,
We shall with them be blest,
And, crown'd with endless joy, return
To our eternal rest.

5 To gather home his own
God will his angels send,
And bid our bliss, on earth begun,
In deathless triumph end.

1233 *Christians Loth to Part.* C. M.

LORD, when together here we meet,
And taste thy heavenly grace,
Thy smiles are so divinely sweet,
We're loth to leave the place.

2 Yet, Father, since it is thy will
That we must part again,
O let thy gracious presence still
With every soul remain.

3 Thus let us all in Christ be one,
Bound with the cords of love,
Till we around thy glorious throne
Shall joyous meet above.

1234 *Good Night.* C. M.

FAREWELL, dear friends, adieu, adieu,
Still in God's ways delight;
And grace, and peace shall be with you;
Good night, dear friends, good night.

2 We part, though often here we meet,
And feel a great delight;
Then let us hope we'll meet at home;
Good night, dear friends, good night.

3 But when we meet in heaven above,
With joy we'll all unite,
To sing of Christ's redeeming love,
And never say, good night.

1235 *Re-union in Heaven.* P. M. 6,5,6,5,6,6,6,5.

WHEN shall we meet again—
Meet ne'er to sever?
When will peace wreathe her chain
'Round us forever?
Our hearts will ne'er repose,
Safe from each blast that blows
In this dark vale of woes—
Never—no, never.

2 When shall love freely flow,
Pure as life's river?
When shall sweet friendship glow,
Changeless forever?
Where joys celestial thrill,
Where bliss each heart shall fill,
And fears of parting chill
Never—no, never.

3 Up to that world of light
Take us, dear Saviour;
May we all there unite,
Happy forever:

Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel
Never—no, never.

4 Soon shall we meet again—
Meet ne'er to sever;
Soon will peace wreathe her chain
Round us forever:
Our hearts will then repose,
Secure from worldly woes;
Our songs of praise shall close
Never—no, never.

1236 *A Parting Hymn.* C. M.

THROUGH Christ, when we together came,
In singleness of heart,
We met, O Jesus, in thy name,
And in thy name we part.

2 We part in body, not in mind,—
Our minds continue one;
And each to each in Jesus join'd,
We happily go on.

3 Present in spirit still we are,
And intimately nigh;
While on the wings of faith and pray'r
We Abba, Father! cry.

1237 *Parting Hymn.* P. M. 8s.

'TIS GOD, the great God, we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable friend,
Whose love is as large as his pow'r,
And neither knows measure nor end.

2 'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home:
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

1238 *Parting.* S. M.

ONCE more, before we part,
We'll bless the Saviour's name;
Let every tongue and every heart
Adore and praise the same.

2 Still on thy holy word
We'll live, and feed, and grow;
And still go on to know the Lord,
And practice what we know.

1239 *Parting Hymn.* C. M.

NOW, pilgrims, let us go in peace,
While through this world we rove;
Till all these parting moments cease,
And we shall meet above.

2 Though trials here our souls annoy,
And foes beset the road,
We're hast'ning to eternal joy,
Where we shall rest with God.

3 Let us rejoice in God our King,
While pilgrims here we rove;
And join with heart and voice to sing
The wonders of his love.

4 Soon we shall reach the heavenly land,
And tread the peaceful shore;
And there unite, a glorious band,
Our Jesus to adore.

1240 *The Parting Blessing.* M. 8s, 7s & 4s.

JESUS, grant us all a blessing:
Send it down, Lord, from above;
May we part, thy love possessing,
And rejoicing in thy love.
Farewell, brethren, farewell, sisters,
Till we all shall meet again.

2 Jesus, pardon all our folly,
Since together we have been;
Make us humble, make us holy,
Cleanse us all from every sin.
Farewell, brethren, farewell, sisters,
Till we all shall meet again.

1241

At Parting. M. 8s & 7s.

MAY the grace of Christ, our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above.

2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

1242

Farewell Hymn. L. M.

FAREWELL, dear friends, I must be gone;
I have no home or stay with you;
I'll take my staff and travel on,
Till I a better world do view.

Farewell, farewell, farewell,
My loving friends, farewell.

2 Farewell, young converts of the cross,
O labor hard for Christ and heaven;
You've counted all things here but dross;
Fight on, the crown shall soon be given.

Farewell, farewell, &c.

3 Farewell, old soldiers of the cross;
You've struggled long and hard for heaven;
You've counted all things here but loss;
Fight on, the crown will soon be given.

Farewell, farewell, &c.

4 Farewell, poor careless sinners, too;
It grieves my heart to leave you here;
Eternal vengeance waits for you,—
O turn, and find salvation near!
Farewell, farewell, &c.

1243 *At Parting.* M. 7s.

WHEN shall we all meet again?
When shall we all meet again?
Oft shall glowing hope expire;
Oft shall wearied love retire,
Oft shall death and sorrow reign,
Ere we all shall meet again.

2 When in distant lands we sigh,
Parch'd beneath a burning sky,
Though the deep between us rolls,
Friendship shall unite our souls;
And in fancy's wide domain
Oft shall we all meet again.

3 When the dreams of life are fled,
When its wasted lamp is dead,
When in cold oblivion's shade
Beauty, wealth and fame are laid,—
Where immortal spirits reign,
There may we all meet again.

1244 *A Parting Hymn.* C. M.

BLESS'D be the dear uniting love,
That will not let us part!
Our bodies may far off remove—
We still are join'd in heart.

2 Join'd in one spirit, to our Head,
Where he appoints, we'll go;
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And show his praise below.

3 O let us ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside;
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified.

4 Closer and closer let us cleave
To his beloved embrace;
That we may ever strength receive,
Through his abounding grace.

1245

The Great Meeting. Sentences.

WHAT a meeting, what meeting that will be,
What a meeting, what a meeting that will be,
What a meeting that will be,
When our Father's face we'll see,
And we all meet around God's bright throne!

2 Our brethren, our brethren will be there, &c.
Whom we often met in pray'r, &c.

3 Our sisters, our sisters will be there, &c.

4 Our fathers, our fathers will be there, &c.

5 Our mothers, our mothers will be there, &c.

6 Our children, our children will be there, &c.

7 Our preachers, our preachers will be there, &c.

1246

Dismission. M. 8s, 7s & 4s.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace,
Let us all, they love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
O, refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For the gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound:
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 Then, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne, on angels' wings, to heaven,—
Glad the summons to obey—
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

1247 *Dismission, or a Parting Hymn.* L. M.

COME, christian brethren, ere we part,
Join every voice and every heart;
One solemn hymn to God, to raise,
One final song of grateful praise.

2 Christians, we here may meet no more!
But there is yet a happier shore;
And there, releas'd from toil and pain,
Dear brethren, we shall meet again.

1248 *Dismission.* S. M.

ONCE more, before we part,
Great God, attend our pray'r,
And seal the gospel on the heart
Of all assembled here.

2 And if we meet no more
On Zion's earthly ground,
O may we reach that blissful shore
To which all saints are bound.

1249 *Dismission.* L. M.

DISMISS us, with thy blessing, Lord!
Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

2 Though we are faulty, thou art good;
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;
Give every burdened soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

1250 *Benediction.* M. 8s & 7s.

PRINCE of peace, be ever near us,
Fix in all our hearts thy home;
With thy blessed presence cheer us,
Let thy sacred kingdom come.
Raise to heaven our expectation;
Give our favor'd souls to prove
Glorious and complete salvation,
In the realms of bliss above.

DOXOLOGIES.

1 *Praise from all Creatures.* L. M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

2 *Adoration from all Creatures.* L. M.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

3 *Adoration to Jehovah.* C. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God, whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

4 *The Trinity Adored.* C. M.

NOW let the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit be ador'd,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

5 *Ascription of Praises.* S. M.

GIVE to the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son,
And to the Spirit of his grace
Be equal honor done.

6 *Co-equal Honors.* S. M.

To the eternal Three,
In will and essence one;
To Father, Son, and Spirit be
Co-equal honors done.

7 *Honor, Praise and Glory to God.* S. P. M.

To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit—Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory given:
To the great One in Three
Eternal praises be,
From all on earth and all in heaven.

8 *The Source of all Blessings.* C. P. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be praise amid the heavenly host,
And in the church below;
From whom all creatures draw their breath,
By whom redemption frees from death,
From whom all comforts flow.

9 *Praise to the Sacred Three.* L. P. M.

Now to the great and Sacred Three,
The Father, Son, and Spirit be
Eternal praise and glory given,
Through all the worlds where God is known,
By all the angels near the throne,
And all the saints in earth and heaven.

10 *Universal Praise to God.* M. 7s.

PRAISE the name of God most high,
Praise him, all below the sky,
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

11 *Prayer and Praise.* M. 6 lines 7s.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in Three, and Three in One,
As by the celestial host,
Let thy will on earth be done;
Praise by all to thee be giv'n,
Glorious Lord of earth and heav'n.

12 *The Trinity Enthroned.* M. 8s, 7s & 4.

GREAT Jehovah! we adore thee,
God, the Father—God, the Son—
God, the Spirit—join'd in glory,
On the same eternal throne;
Endless praises
To Jehovah, Three in One.

13 *Praise to the Trinity.* H. M. 6,6,6,6,8,8.

To God the Father's throne,
Your highest honors raise:
Glory to God the Son;
To God the Spirit praise:
With all our powers, eternal King,
Thy name we'll praise, thy name we'll sing.

14 *Boundless Praise.* M. 6s & 4s.

To God—the Father, Son,
And Spirit—Three in One—
All praise be giv'n:
Crown him, in every song;
To him your hearts belong:
Let all his praise prolong,
On earth—in heav'n.

15 *Boundless and co-equal Praise.* M. 7s & 6s.

FROM all in earth and heaven,
To God, the Three in One,
Be boundless glory given,
And ceaseless service done;
Co-equal praise to Father,
To Son, and Spirit be;
One God they reign together,—
One Holy Trinity.

16 *A Benediction Implored.* P. M. 7s & 6s.

NOW may grace and mercy rest,
On our congregation;—
May thy saints be richly blest,
With thy great salvation:
May thy word and Spirit guide,
All thy people in the way,
Till with all the sanctified,
They shall reign in endless day.

17 *Adoration to the Triune God.* M. 10s.

TO Father, Son, and Spirit, ever blest,
Eternal praise and worship be address'd;
From age to age, ye saints, his name adore,
And spread his fame, till time shall be no more.

18 *Praise to Father, Son, and Spirit.* M. 11s & 8s.

ALL praise to the Father, all praise to the Son,
All praise to the Spirit, thrice bless'd,
The Holy, Eternal, Supreme Three in One,
Was, is, and shall still be address'd.

19 *Glory and Worship Addressed to God.* M. 11s.

O FATHER almighty, to thee be address'd,
With Christ and the Spirit, one God ever blest,
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As was, and is now, and shall ever be giv'n.

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Hail ! my ever blessed Jesus !	*Wingrove*	356
Hail ! my partners in distress	*Varden*	645
Hail ! sovereign love, that first began	*Brewer*	390
Hail ! sweetest, dearest tie that binds	*Lutton*	1202
Hail ! the blest morn, when the great	*Heber*	112
Hail ! the day so long expected	*Unknown*	1150
Hail ! the day that brought our freedom	*Unknown*	1005
Hail ! the day that sees him rise	*C. Wesley*	194
Hail ! thou once despised Jesus	*Bakewell*	509
Hail ! to the brightness of Zion's glad	*Hastings*	1145
Hail ! to the Lord's Anointed	*Montgomery*	1138
Happy the child whose early years	*Watts*	947
Happy the heart where graces reign	*Watts*	582
Happy the man that finds the grace	*C. Wesley*	413
Happy the meek, whose gentle breast	*Scott*	590
Hark ! don't you hear the turtle dove ?	*Unknown*	1144
Hark ! from the cross a gracious voice	*Unknown*	151
Hark ! from the tombs a doleful sound	*Watts*	1124

	HYMN.
Hark! my soul, it is the Lord.....*Cowper*	380
Hark! ten thousand harps and voices.....*Kelly*	211
Hark! the glad sound, the Saviour co.*Doddridge*	111
Hark! the herald angels sing.....*C. Wesley*	106
Hark! the song of jubilee.....*Montgomery*	208
Hark! the voice of love and mercy.....*Francis*	166
Hark! what triumphant strains are.....*Unknown*	205
Haste, my dull soul, arise.....*Unknown*	1188
Hasten Lord, the glorious time.....*Lyte*	806
Haste, O sinner, to be wise.....*Scott*	254
Heal us, Immanuel, here we stand.....*Cowper*	323
Hearken, christian, hear the groaning...*Unknown*	988
Hearts of stone, relent, relent.....*C. Wesley*	154
Hear what the voice from heaven proclaims. *Watts*	1119
Heaven is the land where troubles cease. *Unknown*	1177
He comes! he comes! the Judge severe. *C. Wesley*	1135
He dies!—the Friend of sinners dies!..... *Watts*	168
Hell!—'tis a word of dreadful sound.....*Browne*	1171
Help, Lord, an humble instrument.....*Unknown*	448
Help us, O Lord, thy yoke to wear.....*Unknown*	530
Here, at thy table, Lord, we meet.....*Toplady*	555
Here, in the presence of our God.....*Unknown*	867
Here stands another bethel.....*J. W.*	1026
Here we close our school-day labors.....*Bumbaugh*	936
Higher, higher, higher raise.....*Unknown*	699
High on a throne of light, O Lord.....*Unknown*	527
High rolls the temperance wave..... *Wiestling*	999
Hither, ye faithful, haste, in songs of.....*Grant*	113
Holy and reverend is thy name.....*Needham*	29
Holy Bible! book divine!.....*Unknown*	70
Hosanna, Lord, thine angels cry.....*Unknown*	475
Hosanna to the royal Son!..... *Watts*	497
Ho! ye that thirst! a living Fount.....*Unknown*	296
Ho! ye who start a noble scheme.....*Unknown*	1209
How are thy servants bless'd, O Lord.....*Addison*	908
How beauteous are their feet..... *Watts*	435
How beautiful the morning!.....*Mason*	1044
How blest is he who fears the Lord..... *Watts*	607
How blest is he who ne'er contents.....*Unknown*	602
How blest the righteous, are.....*Unknown*	1115
How blest the righteous when he dies...*Barbauld*	1101
How can a sinner know.....*C. Wesley*	348
How can I sink with such a prop?..... *Watts*	529
How can I vent my grief?..... *Unknown*	876
How can we see the children, Lord.....*Unknown*	926
How charming is the place.....*Stennett*	473
How condescending and how kind..... *Watts*	96

		HYMN.
How did my heart rejoice to hear	*Watts*	462
How firm a foundation, ye saints of the	*Kennedy*	674
How happy every child of grace	*C. Wesley*	394
How happy is the christian's state	*Unknown*	566
How helpless guilty nature lies	*Mrs. Steele*	361
How honored is the place	*Watts*	417
How long has God bestowed his care	*Newton*	890
How long shall death, the tyrant, reign?	*Watts*	1151
How long the time since Christ began	*Unknown*	305
How lost was my condition	*Newton*	388
How much the hearts of those revive	*Hoskins*	853
How oft, alas, this wretched heart	*Mrs. Steele*	882
How perfect is thy word	*Watts*	76
How pleasant, how divinely fair	*Watts*	469
How precious is the book divine	*Fawcett*	69
How precious is the name!	*Unknown*	571
How proud we are, how fond to show	*Unknown*	1223
How sad our state by nature is!	*Watts*	99
How shall the young secure their hearts?	*Watts*	965
How short and hasty is our life!	*Watts*	1068
How short the race our friend has run!	*Unknown*	1120
How still and peaceful is the grave!	*Watts*	1123
How sweet and awful is the place,	*Watts*	561
How sweet, how heavenly is the sight	*Swain*	692
How sweetly flowed the gospel sound	*Bowring*	136
How sweet the melting lay	*Unknown*	768
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds	*Newton*	119
How sweet to be allowed to pray	*Foiten*	589
How sweet, to leave the world awhile	*Kelly*	771
How swift the torrent rolls	*Doddridge*	1049
How tedious and tasteless the hours	*Newton*	823
How vain are all things here below	*Watts*	1210
Humble and teachable and mild	*C. Wesley*	671
I AM but a young convert	*Unknown*	538
I ask the gift of righteousness	*C. Wesley*	338
I bless my Maker's name	*Unknown*	1093
If Jesus Christ was sent	*Unknown*	303
If thou impart thyself to me	*C. Wesley*	681
If 'tis sweet to mingle where	*Unknown*	765
I have sought 'round this verdant earth	*Unknown*	402
I hear a voice that comes from far	*Kelly*	833
I know that my Redeemer lives	*Medley*	374
I'll go attempting prayer	*Unknown*	312
I'll praise my Maker with my breath	*Watts*	483
I love to steal awhile away	*Mrs. Browne*	710

		HYMN.
I long to see the season come	*Unknown*	835
I love the sabbath school—the place	*Unknown*	956
I love the sons of grace	*Unknown*	698
I love thy kingdom, Lord	*Dwight*	414
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger	*Unknown*	644
I'm but a stranger here	*Unknown*	1178
I'm glad that I was born to die	*Unknown*	381
Immortal joys await the blest	*Unknown*	1194
I'm not ashamed to own my Lord	*Watts*	389
I my Ebenezer raise	*Fawcett*	920
In all my Lord's appointed ways	*Ryland*	635
In Christ I've all my soul's desire	*Unknown*	140
Indulgent Sov'reign of the skies	*Doddridge*	816
Indulgent God of love and power	*J. W.*	1017
Indulgent God, to thee we pray	*Unknown*	812
In evil long I took delight	*Newton*	392
In Jesus' name once more we meet	*H. C. S.*	546
In Jesus' name, we come to thee	*Unknown*	732
In seasons of grief to my God I fl repair	*Unknown*	614
Inspire our souls, thou heav'nly Dove	*Unknown*	197
Intemp'rance, like a raging flood	*Unknown*	992
In thy great name, O Lord, we come	*Hoskins*	512
In thy name, O Lord, assembling	*Kelly*	516
In vain had God, the Father sent	*Unknown*	222
In vain men talk of living faith	*Unknown*	344
In what confusion earth appears	*Doddridge*	1174
I send the joys of earth away	*Watts*	386
I sing th' almighty power of God	*Watts*	45
Israel in ancient days	*Unknown*	81
Is there a God? yon rising sun	*Unknown*	4
Is this a fast for me?	*Drummond*	884
I think, when I read that sweet story of old	*Unknown*	946
It is the Lord, enthroned in light	*T. Green*	56
It shall be well, let sinners know	*Hoskins*	1066
I've found the pearl of greatest price	*Unknown*	129
I waited patient for the Lord	*Watts*	359
I want to be an angel	*Unknown*	1215
I would not live alway	*Muhlenberg*	1191
JEHOVAH'S image brightly shone	*Garner*	42
O Jehovah is a God of might	*Unknown*	289
Jehovah speaks, let Israel hear	*Watts*	117
Jerusalem, my glorious home	*Montgomery*	1204
Jerusalem, my happy home	*D. Dickson*	1180
Jesus, and shall it ever be	*Grigg*	570
Jesus, at thy command	*De Courcy*	911

		HYMN.
Jesus, dear name, how sweet it sounds	*Medley*	292
Jesus, friend of sinners hear	*C. Wesley*	879
Jesus grant us all a blessing	*Askirs*	1240
Jesus, great healer of mankind	*C. W.*	1073
Jesus, great shepherd of thy sheep	*C. Wesley*	694
Jesus, hail! enthron'd in glory	*Bakewell*	199
Jesus hath died that I might live	*C. Wesley*	688
Jesus, I love thy charming name	*Doddridge*	118
Jesus, immortal King, arise	*Burder*	803
Jesus, I my cross have taken	*Grant*	395
Jesus invites his saints	*Watts*	551
Jesus, lover of my soul	*C. Wesley*	616
Jesus, my advocate on high	*C. Wesley*	310
Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone	*Cennick*	335
Jesus, my life thyself apply	*C. Wesley*	682
Jesus, my Saviour, and my God	*Stennett*	584
Jesus, my Saviour, and my Lord	*Stennett*	78
Jesus, my Saviour, let me	*Beddome*	679
Jesus, our Lord ascend thy throne	*Watts*	139
Jesus, Redeemer of mankind	*C. Wesley*	851
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun	*Watts*	202
Jesus, the conqu'ror reigns	*C. Wesley*	207
Jesus, the cross for me endured	*Unknown*	532
Jesus, the Saviour of my soul	*Unknown*	575
Jesus, this mid-day hour of prayer	*Unknown*	772
Jesus, thy blood and righteousness	*J. Wesley*	349
Jesus, thy love shall we forget	*Unknown*	553
Jesus, the name high over all	*C. Wesley*	116
Jesus, thou everlasting King	*Watts*	468
Jesus, united by thy grace	*C. Wesley*	702
Jesus, we come at the command	*Unknown*	535
John was the prophet of the Lord	*Unknown*	88
Join all the glorious names	*Watts*	135
Joyfully, joyfully, onward I more	*W. Hunter*	643
Joy is a fruit that will not grow	*Newton*	595
Joy to the world! the Lord is come	*Watts*	1136
Just as I am, without one plea	*Unknown*	334
Just as thou art—without one trace	*Unknown*	275

KEEP silence, all created things	*Watts*	33
Kindred, and friends, and native land	*Ward*	793
Kindred in Christ, for his dear sake	*Newton*	781
Know, my soul, thy full salvation	*Montgomery*	378
Know, sinner, every one is free	*Unknown*	242

		HYMN.
LAMP of our feet, whereby we trace..	*Unknown*	74
Let all the people join.....	*Unknown*	899
Let children hear the mighty deeds.....	*Watts*	927
Let children that would fear the Lord...	*Unknown*	949
Let earth and heaven agree.....	*C. Wesley*	122
Let earthly minds the world pursue.....	*Newton*	357
Let every creature join.....	*Watts*	480
Let every heart rejoice and sing..	*H. S. Washburn*	1007
Let every mortal ear attend.....	*Watts*	225
Let hypocrites attend.....	*Hoskins*	256
Let Joshua's solemn charge.....	*Unknown*	244
Let others boast how strong they be.....	*Watts*	1069
Let others boast their ancient line.....	*Watts*	371
Let party names no more.....	*Beddome*	693
Let sinners take their course.....	*Watts*	773
Let thoughtless thousands choose the road .	*Hoskins*	401
Let us love, and sing, and wonder.....	*Newton*	496
Let vain pursuits, and vain desires.....	*Unknown*	559
Let Zion's sons, and Levi's tribe.....	*S. M. Hoover*	902
Let Zion's watchmen all awake.....	*Doddridge*	438
Life is a span—a fleeting hour.....	*Mrs. Steele*	1117
Life is the time to serve the Lord.....	*Watts*	1055
Lift up your hearts, Immanuel's friends..	*Unknown*	649
Lift up your hearts to things above.....	*C. Wesley*	782
Like Abraham, to a land unknown.....	*Unknown*	800
Like Noah's weary dove.....	*Muhlenberg*	421
Little drops of water.....	*Unknown*	962
Lo! another year is gone.....	*Unknown*	1038
Lo! he comes with clouds descending.....	*Oliver*	1162
Lo! Jesus, the Saviour in mercy draws...	*Unknown*	837
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye..	*Doddridge*	852
Look not behind! you've broke the chain	*Unknown*	672
Look up, ye saints, with sweet surprise..	*Unknown*	1142
Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious.....	*Kelly*	198
Lo! on a narrow neck of land.....	*C. Wesley*	1084
Lord, all I am is known to thee.....	*Watts*	17
Lord, at thy feet, I prostrate fall.....	*Cennick*	318
Lord, at thy feet, we sinners lie.....	*Browne*	322
Lord, at thy table we behold.....	*Stennett*	554
Lord, can a simple child like me.....	*Unknown*	957
Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing.....	*Taylor*	1246
Lord, how delightful 'tis to see.....	*Watts*	463
Lord, how secure my conscience was.....	*Watts*	266
Lord, I am thine, entirely thine.....	*S. Davies*	343
Lord, I approach thy mercy-seat.....	*Newton*	309
Lord, I believe, the father cried.....	*Unknown*	333
Lord, in the morning I will send.....	*Unknown*	716

		HYMN.
Lord, in the morning, thou shalt hear	*Watts*	727
Lord in thy courts, we now appear	*Needham*	749
Lord in thy presence here we meet	*Holman*	1010
Lord in thy temple we appear	*Watts*	472
Lord may thy goodness cause our land	*Unknown*	893
Lord of the harvest, God of grace	*Hastings*	523
Lord of the harvest, hear	*C. Wesley*	1013
Lord of the worlds above	*Watts*	478
Lord of the worlds below	*Unknown*	1039
Lord, our ransomed souls adore thee	*Unknown*	846
Lord send thy servants forth	*C. Wesley*	811
Lord, send thy word, and let it fly	*Gibbons*	792
Lord, teach us how to pray	*Unknown*	752
Lord, thou wilt hear me, when I pray	*Watts*	734
Lord, we adore thy matchless ways	*Hoskins*	855
Lord, we are vile, conceived in sin	*Watts*	62
Lord, we come before thy now	*Hammond*	756
Lord, we come to ask thy blessing	*Unknown*	924
Lord, what a thoughtless wretch was I	*Watts*	1220
Lord, what a wretched land is this	*Watts*	657
Lord, when my raptured thoughts	*Mrs. Steele*	54
Lord, when, together here we meet	*Unknown*	1233
Lord, while for all mankind we pray	*Wreford*	1000
Lo! the day of pentecost	*Unknown*	849
Love is the strongest tie	*Unknown*	588
Lovers of pleasure more than God	*C. Wesley*	240
Lo! what a cloud of witnesses	*Unknown*	637
Lo! what a glorious sight appears	*Watts*	1134
MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned	*Stennett*	147
Make us, by thy transforming gra.	*Mrs. Steele*	144
Mary to the Saviour's tomb	*S. B. Marsh*	192
May the grace of Christ, our Saviour	*Unknown*	1241
Men of God, go, take your stations	*Kelly*	791
Mercy! O thou Son of David	*Newton*	315
'Mid scenes of confusion, and creature	*F. S. Key*	624
Millions that are on heathen ground	*Unknown*	796
Mistaken souls, that dream of heaven	*Watts*	340
Mortals, awake, with angels join	*Medley*	107
Must Simon bear his cross alone	*Unknown*	622
My Bible! 'tis a book divine	*Unknown*	75
My brethren, I have found	*Unknown*	580
My country, 'tis of thee	*S. M. Smith*	1003
My days, my weeks, my months, my	*Unknown*	1089
My dearest friends, in bonds of love	*Unknown*	1229
My dear Redeemer and my Lord	*Watts*	143

		HYMN.
My drowsy powers, why sleep ye so?.....	*Watts*	825
My faith looks up to thee.....	*R. Palmer*	336
My faith shall triumph o'er the grave.....	*Watts*	1141
My Father calls me to his arms.....	*H. Miller*	1075
My God, how endless is thy love.....	*Watts*	737
My God, I know, I feel thee mine.....	*C. Wesley*	689
My God, my Father, cheering name.....	*Mrs. Steele*	53
My God, my life, my love.....	*Watts*	574
My God, my portion and my love.....	*Watts*	572
My God, permit my tongue.....	*Watts*	573
My God, the covenant of thy love.....	*Unknown*	676
My God, the spring of all my joys.....	*Watts*	577
My God, thy service well demands.....	*Doddridge*	1061
My gracious Lord, I own thy right.....	*Doddridge*	567
My life declines, my strength is gone.....	*Unknown*	1072
My Lord, my life, at last to thee.....	*Unknown*	327
My lovely Jesus, while on earth.....	*Unknown*	709
My Maker, and my King.....	*Mrs. Steele*	24
My Saviour, my almighty Friend.....	*Watts*	503
My son, know thou the Lord.....	*Unknown*	928
My sorrows, like a flood.....	*Unknown*	264
My soul, be on thy guard.....	*Heath*	667
My soul, come, meditate the day.....	*Watts*	1082
My soul, repeat his praise.....	*Watts*	32
My soul shall praise thee, O my God.	*Heginbotham*	489
My soul, thy minutes haste away.....	*Browne*	1071
My thoughts on awful subjects roll.....	*Watts*	248
My times of sorrow and of joy.....	*Beddome*	60
My times are in thy hand.....	*Unknown*	673

NO foot of land do I possess.....	*Unknown*	647
No: I'll repine at death no more.....	*Unknown*	1154
No more, my God, I'll boast no more.....	*Watts*	352
Nor eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard.....	*Watts*	1203
No room for mirth or trifling here.....	*C. Wesley*	1090
Not all the blood of beasts.....	*Watts*	179
Not all the nobles of the earth.....	*Stennett*	370
Not all the outward forms on earth.....	*Watts*	365
Not from the dust affliction grows.....	*Watts*	630
Not life nor all the toys of art.....	*Unknown*	581
Not the malicious or profane.....	*Watts*	363
Not to the terrors of the Lord.....	*Watts*	419
Now begin the heavenly theme.....	*Longfield*	101
Now be the gospel banner.....	*Hastings*	799
Now, brethren, though we part.....	*Unknown*	1015
Now, brethren, to your homes repair.	*S. M. Hoover*	903

		HYMN.
Now from labor and from care	*Hastings*	736
Now from the altar of our hearts	*Mason*	730
Now in a song of grateful praise	*Medley*	400
Now, in the heat of youthful blood	*Watts*	967
Now is th' accepted time	*Dobell*	284
Now is the time, th' accepted hour	*Cowper*	255
Now let each happy guest	*Unknown*	562
Now let our mournful songs record	*Watts*	153
Now let our mourning hearts revive	*Doddridge*	1111
Now let us raise our voices high	*Unknown*	1045
Now, Lord, the heavenly seed is sown	*Unknown*	520
Now, O my soul, another year	*Browne*	1035
Now, pilgrims, let us go in peace	*Unknown*	1239
Now we are met in holy fear	*Burnham*	776
Now the shades of night are gone	*Unknown*	718
O BLESSED souls are they	*Watts*	350
O bless the Lord, my soul!	*Montgomery*	484
O come, come away, intemperance	*Unknown*	994
O, come, come away from sin, that	*Unknown*	838
O, could I find from day to day	*Harrison*	714
O could I speak the matchless worth	*Medley*	132
O'er the gloomy hills of darkness	*P. Williams*	807
O for a closer walk with God!	*Cowper*	824
O, for a faith that will not shrink	*Bathhurst*	332
O for a glance of heavenly day	*Hart*	265
O for a heart that loves to pray	*Unknown*	680
O for a heart to praise my God	*C. Wesley*	678
O for a prophet's fire	*Unknown*	560
O for a shout of joy	*Unknown*	91
O for a shout of sacred joy	*Watts*	193
O for a thousand tongues to sing	*C. Wesley*	495
O for that tenderness of heart	*C. Wesley*	301
O for the death of those	*Unknown*	1109
O for the happy hour	*Bethune*	842
Oft as the bell, with solemn toll	*Newton*	1085
O give me, Lord, my sins to mourn	*Unknown*	271
O God of mercy, hear my call	*Watts*	329
O God of sov'reign grace	*Millrose*	819
O God our help in ages past	*Watts*	578
O God! thou art a Spirit pure	*Unknown*	15
O God! to thee we raise our eyes	*Unknown*	629
O gracious Father! send us showers	*Unknown*	1227
O happy day, that stays my choice	*Doddridge*	385
O happy is the man who hears	*Unknown*	409
O how divine, how sweet the joy	*Newton*	854

	HYMN.
O how happy are they.....*C. Wesley*	379
O ! if my soul were formed for woe.....*Watts*	304
O Jesus! full of grace.....*C. Wesley*	817
O Jesus, I have come to thee.....*Unknown*	319
O Lamb of God! O Lamb of God.....*Unknown*	177
O Lord, another day is flown.....*H. K. White*	733
O Lord, behold us at thy feet.....*Mrs. F.*	930
O Lord, I would delight in thee.....*J. Ryland*	596
O Lord, our fathers oft have told.....*Unknown*	1064
O Lord, our God, arise.....*Unknown*	812
O Lord, our King, how excellent.....*Montgomery*	25
O Lord, our languid souls inspire.....*Newton*	515
O Lord, thy work revive.....*Hastings*	843
O Lord, through Christ, come down.....*Unknown*	841
O Lord, to us assembled here.....*Unknown*	759
O Lord, we launch again.....*Unknown*	914
O Love divine, how sweet thou art!.....*C. Wesley*	687
O may I love, at early day.....*Unknown*	769
On Bethel's solemn ground.....*J. W.*	1027
Once I thought my mountain strong.....*Newton*	880
Once more a pleasant interview.....*Unknown*	1228
Once more, before we part.....*Unknown*	1238
Once more, before we part.....*Unknown*	1248
Once more, my soul, the rising day.....*Watts*	721
Once more, we lift our hearts to God.....*Unknown*	514
Once, O Lord, thy garden flourished.....*Newton*	827
One there is, above all others.....*Newton*	125
One thing is needful, one alone.....*Unknown*	412
On Jordan's stormy banks I stand.....*Stennett*	1181
On Tabor's height the Saviour stood.....*Unknown*	1214
On this illustrious, joyful morn.....*Unknown*	189
On thy church, O Power divine.....*Lyte*	420
O sing to me of heaven.....*Mrs. Dana*	1081
O speed thee, christian, on thy way.....*Unknown*	662
O that I could forever dwell.....*Newton*	568
O that I could my Lord receive.....*C. Wesley*	269
O that I were as heretofore!.....*C. Wesley*	878
O tell me no more of this world's vain.....*Unknown*	403
O that my load of sin were gone.....*C. Wesley*	307
O that the Lord's salvation.....*Lyte*	809
O that the Lord would guide my ways.....*Watts*	684
O the delights, the heavenly joys.....*Watts*	510
O the sharp pangs of smarting pain.....*Watts*	150
O thou, from whom all goodness flows.....*Hawes*	321
O thou, in whose presence my soul takes.....*Swain*	383
O thou God of my salvation.....*C. Wesley*	506
O thou, my light, my life, my joy.....*Unknown*	50

		HYMN.
O thou, that hearst when sinners cry	*Unknown*	317
O thou that hearest prayer	*Unknown*	223
O thou, the helpless orphan's hope	*Unknown*	1216
O thou who driest the mourners' tears	*Unknown*	620
O thou whose tender mercy hears	*Mrs. Steele*	270
O time! how few thy value weigh	*Scott*	1050
O turn from the wine glass away!	*Unknown*	996
Our Father, who in heaven art	*Unknown*	762
Our great High Priest we sing	*Unknown*	141
Our heavenly Father, hear	*Montgomery*	766
Our bondage here shall end, by and by	*Unknown*	658
Our God is love, and all his saints	*Unknown*	700
Our great Redeemer rose	*Unknown*	188
Our Lord is risen from the dead	*C. Wesley*	195
Our souls by love together knit	*Miller*	695
O what a blessed morn	*Unknown*	114
O what amazing words of grace	*Medley*	233
O! what hath Jesus bought for me	*Unknown*	675
O when shall I see Jesus	*Unknown*	666
O when the tear is gushing	*G. B. Ide*	712
O where shall rest be found	*Montgomery*	1086
O yes, there is a happier shore	*Unknown*	1186
O ye young, ye gay, ye proud	*Unknown*	977
O young men, "stand up for Jesus"	*Unknown*	775

PARENTS and children there may part	*Unknown*	1166
People of the living God	*J. W.*	542
People of the living God	*Montgomery*	883
Physician of my sin-sick soul	*Newton*	302
Planted in Christ, the living Vine	*S. F. Smith*	429
Plunged in a gulf of dark despair	*Watts*	93
Poor and needy though I be	*Unknown*	959
Praise the Lord, ye heavens adore him	*Unknown*	482
Praise to God, immortal praise	*Mrs. Barbauld*	895
Praise to God, the great Creator	*Fawcett*	491
Prayer is the breath of God in man	*Beddome*	708
Prayer is the soul's sincere desire	*Montgomery*	703
Prayer may be sweet in cottage homes	*Sigourney*	915
Prayer was appointed to convey	*Hart*	704
Precious Bible! what a treasure	*Newton*	80
Prepare me, gracious God	*Elliott*	326
Preserved by thine almighty power	*Unknown*	941
Prince of peace, be ever near us	*Unknown*	1250
Proclaim, said Christ, my Father's grace	*Newton*	540
Prostrate, dear Jesus, at thy feet	*Stennett*	263

		HYMN.
QUENCH not the Spirit of the Lord....	*Unknown*	220
RAISE your triumphant songs.....	*Watts*	94
Rapid my days and months run on...	*Unknown*	1037
Rejoice, believer in the Lord.....	*Newton*	669
Rejoice, for Christ, the Saviour, reigns...	*Beddome*	209
Rejoice in Jesus' birth.....	*Unknown*	115
Rejoice, the Lord is King.....	*C. Wesley*	204
Religion is the balm of life.....	*Unknown*	406
Religion is the chief concern.....	*Fawcett*	407
Remark, my soul, the narrow bound....	*Doddridge*	1033
Remember, man, thou hast a soul.....	*Unknown*	1092
Remember, sinful youth.....	*Unknown*	982
Remember thy Creator now.....	*Unknown*	966
Repent and be baptized.....	*Burnham*	544
Repent, the voice celestial cries.....	*Doddridge*	299
Retire, vain world, awhile retire.....	*Unknown*	848
Return, my soul, unto thy rest.....	*Cennick*	345
Return, O wanderer, return.....	*Collyer*	288
Return, O wand'rer, to thy home.....	*Collyer*	294
Revive thy work, O Lord.....	*Hart*	844
Rich are the joys that cannot die.....	*Unknown*	528
Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings.....	*Cennick*	652
Rise, O my soul! pursue the path.....	*Needham*	638
Rise, rise, my soul, and leave the ground	*Unknown*	9
Rise, rise, rise from thy mourning.....	*Unknown*	190
Round the temperance standard rally....	*Unknown*	997
Rock of ages, cleft for me.....	*Toplady*	123
Roll on, thou joyful day.....	*Unknown*	990
SAFELY through another week.....	*Newton*	455
Saints, exult!—adieu to tears.....	*W. N.*	1149
Salem's bright King, Jesus by name.....	*Unknown*	543
Salvation! how precious the sound.....	*Chappel*	155
Salvation, let the tidings roll.....	*Unknown*	801
Salvation! O the joyful sound!.....	*Watts*	228
Saviour, visit thy plantation.....	*Newton*	840
Saw ye my Saviour? Saw ye my.....	*Unknown*	152
Say, sinner, has a voice within.....	*Hyde*	217
Scarlet and crimson sins, from mine erase.....	*Heber*	583
See, gracious God, before thy throne...	*Mrs. Steele*	885
See how the morning sun.....	*Scott*	717
See, in the vineyard of the Lord.....	*Unknown*	830
See, Jesus, thy disciples see.....	*C. Wesley*	743

		HYMN.
See th' eternal Judge descending!.....	*Cleland*	1165
See what a living Stone.....	*Watts*	1023
Servant of God, well done.....	*C. Wesley*	1102
Shall foolish, weak, short-sighted man...	*C. Wesley*	14
Shall I, for fear of feeble man.....	*J. Wesley*	446
Shall man, O God of light and life.....	*Dwight*	1153
Shed not a tear o'er your friend's.....	*Mrs. Dana*	1122
Shepherd divine, our wants relieve.....	*C. Wesley*	627
Show pity, Lord; O Lord forgive.....	*Watts*	311
Since all the varying scenes of time.....	*Harvey*	51
Since Jesus freely did appear.....	*Berridge*	922
Since, Lord, thy mighty grace did call...	*Unknown*	367
Since man, by sin, has lost his God.....	*Unknown*	1208
Sing, all ye ransomed of the Lord.....	*Doddridge*	639
Sing to the Lord—Jehovah's name.....	*Watts*	474
Sin has a thousand treacherous arts.....	*Watts*	65
Sin, like a venomous disease.....	*Watts*	66
Sinner, art thou still secure?.....	*Newton*	247
Sinner! awake, to think.....	*Unknown*	250
Sinner, behold! behold the Man!.....	*C. Wesley*	173
Sinner, can you slight the Saviour.....	*B. H. P.*	1173
Sinners, hear, for God hath spoken.....	*Unknown*	236
Sinner, how oft hath God reproved.....	*Unknown*	252
Sinner, O! why so thoughtless grown?.....	*Watts*	253
Sinners, this solemn truth regard.....	*Fawcett*	360
Sinners, the voice of God regard.....	*Fawcett*	237
Sinners turn, why will ye die?.....	*C. Wesley*	241
Sinners, will you scorn the message.....	*Allen*	517
Sinner, your danger view.....	*Unknown*	863
Sister thou wast mild and lovely.....	*S. F. Smith*	1112
So did the Hebrew prophet raise.....	*Unknown*	85
Softly, now, the light of day.....	*Doane*	735
Soldiers of Christ, arise.....	*C. Wesley*	663
Solemnly, sadly, the mourners draw near...	*Miller*	183
So let our lips and lives express.....	*Watts*	585
Songs of praise, the angels sang.....	*Montgomery*	485
Soon shall the trump of freedom.....	*Unknown*	986
Soon we shall see the glorious morning	*Unknown*	1139
Sovereign of worlds, display thy....	*B. H. Draper*	815
Sovereign Ruler, Lord of all.....	*Roffles*	273
Sovereign Ruler of the skies.....	*Ryland*	55
Sow in the morn thy seed.....	*Montgomery*	440
Sparkling and bright in its liquid light	*Mrs. Dana*	998
Speak gently! it is better far.....	*Unknown*	931
Speak gently to the erring ones.....	*F. G. Lee*	612
Spirit divine attend our prayer.....	*Reed*	1028

		HYMN.
Spirit of God, thine influence shed	*J. W.*	850
Stand up, and bless the Lord	*Montgomery*	488
Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears	*Watts*	661
Star of peace, to wanderers weary	*Unknown*	912
Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay	*C. Wesley*	316
Stern winter throws his icy chains	*Mrs. Steele*	1043
Stop, poor sinners, stop and think	*Newton*	259
Stoop down, my thoughts, that used to rise.	*Watts*	1097
Strait is the way, the door is strait	*Watts*	601
Stretched on the cross, the Saviour dies	*Mrs. Steele*	164
Submissively, my God	*Unknown*	631
Supreme in wisdom, and in power	*Unknown*	638
Sure, there is a righteous God	*Watts*	52
Sweet glories rush upon my sight	*Unknown*	1065
Sweet is the work, my God, my King	*Watts*	458
Sweet is the work, O Lord!	*Unknown*	454
Sweet rivers of redeeming love	*Unknown*	1064
Sweet, to rejoice in lively hope	*Unknown*	1099
Swell the anthem, raise the song	*Unknown*	892
Swift the moments fly away	*Unknown*	1054
Sweet was the time when first I felt	*Newton*	826

TAKE up thy cross! the Saviour said	*Unknown*	599
Teach me the measure of my days	*Watts*	1079
Teach us, in time of deep distress	*Unknown*	626
Teach us, O Lord, aright to plead	*J. W.*	740
Teach us, O Lord, to sing and pray	*J. W.*	742
Tell me no more of earthly toys	*Harrison*	382
That awful day will surely come	*Watts*	1161
The best of wisdom is to know	*Wright*	1213
The Bible is a blessed book	*Unknown*	71
The christian knows his God aright	*Unknown*	565
The Church of God believes it right	*J. W.*	549
The cross of Jesus purifies	*Unknown*	621
The day has come, the joyful day	*Unknown*	861
The day is past and gone	*Unknown*	729
The drink that's in the drunkard's bowl.	*Unknown*	995
The earth is not our home	*Unknown*	1199
Thee we adore, eternal name	*Watts*	1077
Thee will we praise, eternal King	*Medley*	408
The faithless world promiscuous flows	*Unknown*	1190
The gloomy night of darkness	*Unknown*	1148
The glorious light of Zion	*Unknown*	404
The God of harvest praise	*Montgomery*	898
The God of nature and of grace	*Montgomery*	38
The happy morn is come	*Unknown*	191

		HYMN.
The head that once was crowned with thorns.	*Kelly*	203
The heavens declare thy glory, Lord	*Watts*	39
The King of heaven his table spreads..	*Doddridge*	556
The last lovely morning	*Unknown*	1146
The law by Moses came	*Watts*	231
The long-lost son, with streaming eyes...	*Unknown*	306
The Lord is ris'n indeed	*Kelly*	187
The Lord Jehovah reigns	*Watts*	206
The Lord Jehovah reigns	*Watts*	7
The Lord my Shepherd is	*Watts*	127
The Lord, our God, is full of might....	*H. K. White*	20
The Lord, who truly knows	*Newton*	746
The Lord will come, the earth shall quake...	*Heber*	1164
The Lord will happiness divine	*Cowper*	877
The moment a sinner believes	*Hart*	346
The morning light is breaking	*S. F. Smith*	810
The pearl that worldlings covet	*Unknown*	396
The people called christians	*L. G. Wells*	919
The perfect world, by Adam trod	*N. P. Willis*	46
The promises I sing	*Doddridge*	87
There is a dark, a silent home	*Unknown*	1131
There is a dwelling house above	*Unknown*	683
There is a fountain fill'd with blood	*Cowper*	176
There is a God—all nature speaks	*Mrs. Steele*	2
There is a God, who reigns above	*R. Jukes*	939
There is a God, who rules on high	*Jukes*	3
There is a happy land	*Unknown*	1184
There is a heaven above the skies	*Unknown*	1205
There is a hope, a blessed hope	*Unknown*	124
There is a house, not made with hands	*Watts*	1098
There is an hour of hallowed peace...	*W. B. Tappan*	1176
There is an hour of peaceful rest	*W. B. Tappan*	1196
There is a land, like Eden fair	*A. C. Coxe*	1095
There is a land of pure delight	*Watts*	1175
There is a path that leads to God	*Watts*	636
There is a place of sacred rest	*Turnbull*	1195
There is a place where my hopes are	*Unknown*	1187
There is a region, lovelier far	*Tuck*	1201
There is a school on earth begun	*Unknown*	972
There is a time, we know not when	*Unknown*	257
There seems a voice in every gale	*Mrs. Opie*	43
There's joy in heaven and joy on earth...	*Unknown*	858
There's not a tint that paints the rose	*Watts*	40
The rich memorial of thy grief	*Unknown*	564
The sabbath school, how dear to me	*Unknown*	945
The sabbath school's a place of prayer...	*Unknown*	938
The sabbath school, that blessed plan	*Unknown*	943

		HYMN.
'he sacred bond of perfectness	*C. Wesley*	691
'he sacred page proclaims abroad	*Unknown*	541
'he Saviour calls—let every ear	*Mrs. Steele*	286
'he Saviour—O what endless charms !..	*Mrs. Steele*	120
'he Saviour ris'n to-day we praise	*Unknown*	185
'he Son of man they did betray	*Unknown*	175
'he spacious firmament on high	*Addison*	5
'he Spirit in our hearts	*Unknown*	279
'he sun that lights the world shall fade..	*Unknown*	1091
'he time is short, the season near	*Hoskins*	1051
'he true Messiah now appears	*Watts*	86
'he truth of God shall still endure	*Beddome*	31
'he voice of free grace cries, escape to....	*Thornby*	839
'he wanderer no more will roam	*Unknown*	369
'he worth of truth no tongue can tell....	*Unknown*	411
'hine earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love..	*Doddridge*	456
'his bethel now, eternal God	*Unknown*	1025
'his book of books I'd rather own	*Unknown*	72
'his day belongs to God alone	*Unknown*	961
'his is a precious book revealed	*Unknown*	953
'his is the day the Lord hath made	*Watts*	432
'his is the field, the world below	*Unknown*	1167
'his is the word of truth and love	*Watts*	230
'his life is but a summer's day	*Unknown*	971
'his new built bethel now is done	*J. W.*	1029
'his world is all a fleeting show	*Unknown*	1197
'hou art the way; to thee alone	*Doane*	126
'hou didst, O mighty God, exist	*Unknown*	8
'hough earth-born shadows now may	*Barton*	619
'hough parents may in covenant be	*Doane*	932
'hough troubles assail. and dangers	*Newton*	59
'hou great First Cause, least understood	*Unknown*	873
'hou great Foundation of the church	*Unknown*	1021
'hou hast said, exalted Jesus	*J. E. Giles*	533
'hou Judge of quick and dead	*C. Wesley*	1160
'hou Refuge of my soul	*Mrs. Steele*	1062
'hou'rt gone to the grave; but we will not..	*Heber*	1108
'hou shalt not covet	*Unknown*	1225
'hou shalt not kill	*Unknown*	1224
'hou shalt not steal	*Unknown*	1226
'hou Shepherd of Israel, and mine	*C. Wesley*	690
'hou sweet gliding Kedron	*Unknown*	161
'hou, who art the Ever-Present	*Unknown*	909
'hou, who dost my life prolong !	*Unknown*	725
'hou, who for sinners once was slain	*Ellicott*	377
'hrough all the changing scenes of life...	*Unknown*	492
'hrough all the dangers of the night	*Kelly*	722

	HYMN
Through Christ, when we together came...*Bulwer*	1236
Through endless years thou art the same *Unknown*	11
Throughout the Saviour's life we trace....*Unknown*	156
Through sorrow's night and danger's path..*White*	1133
Through tribulations deep.....*Unknown*	910
Thus I resolved before the Lord.....*Watts*	1211
Thus said Jesus: Go and do.....*Roscoe*	603
Thus saith the first, the great command.....*Watts*	606
Thus saith the Lord, my son shall reign.....*Watts*	817
Thus saith the wisdom of the Lord.....*Scott*	234
Thy goodness, Lord, our souls confess.....*Gibbon*	23
Thy footsteps, Lord, with joy we trace.....*Unknown*	1213
Thy kingdom, Lord, forever stands.....*Unknown*	49
Thy mercy heard my infant prayer.....*Glenely*	1047
Thy presence, gracious Lord, afford.....*Fawcett*	517
Thy people, Lord, who trust thy word.....*Yoke*	798
Thy way, O Lord, is in the sea.....*Fawcett*	49
'Time is earnest, passing by.....*Unknown*	243
'Time is winging us away.....*Burton*	1053
Time, like an ever-rolling stream.....*Watts*	1053
Time!—what an empty vapor 'tis.....*Watts*	1050
'Tis a point I long to know.....*Newton*	87
'Tis faith that lays the sinner low.....*Beddome*	337
'Tis finish'd—so the Saviour cried.....*Stennett*	177
'Tis finished! the conflict is past.....*Unknown*	1103
'Tis finished! the Messiah dies!.....*C. Wesley*	180
'Tis God, the great God we adore.....*Hart*	1237
'Tis my happiness below.....*Cowper*	617
'Tis midnight; and on Olive's brow.....*Tappan*	167
To-day,—if ye will hear his voice.....*Muller*	297
To-day the Saviour rose.....*Unknown*	469
To God, the mighty Lord,.....*Unknown*	480
To God the only wise.....*Watts*	507
To our Redeemer's glorious name.....*Mrs. Steele*	504
To praise thee, ever bounteous Lord.....*Needham*	896
To the, O Lord, my heavenly King.....*Medley*	753
To the flowing stream of Jordan.....*Unknown*	543
To us a child of hope is born.....*Montgomery*	103
Try us, O God, and search the ground...*C. Wesley*	743
'Twas by an order from the Lord.....*Watts*	82
'Twas Jesus' last and great command.....*B.*	443
Twas on that dark that doleful night.....*Watts*	553
'Twas on that night, when doomed to kn..*Unknown*	553
'Twas the commission of our Lord.....*Watts*	534

UNCERTAIN how the way to find.....*Newton* 877
Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb.....*Watts* 1123

		HYMN.
Upon the banks of Jordan stood	*Unknown*	89
Upward, onward! is our watchword	*Unknown*	987
VAIN are the hopes, the sons of men	*Watts*	351
Vain delusive world, adieu	*C. Wesley*	393
Vain man thy fond pursuits forbear	*Hart*	300
Vital spark of heavenly flame	*Pope*	1088
WAKE up, my muse, condole the loss	*Unknown*	1121
Walk while ye have light, so shalt thou know	*Barton*	605
Watchman, tell us of the night	*Bowring*	1143
Weary of wrestling with my pain	*Watts*	869
We bless the Prophet of the Lord	*Watts*	134
We bid thee welcome in thy name	*Montgomery*	443
We bless the Lord, the just and good	*Watts*	906
We come, O Lord, before thy throne	*Watts*	918
We come to sing thy praise	*Unknown*	964
Weep, mourning scholars, weep	*Unknown*	950
Weep not for a brother deceased	*C. Wesley*	1114
We give immortal praise	*Watts*	36
We know, by faith we know	*Unknown*	1107
Welcome, delightful morn	*Hayward*	459
Welcome, sweet day of rest	*Watts*	450
Welcome, ye anxious, to this place	*Unknown*	864
Welcome, ye well-beloved of God	*Unknown*	427
Welcome, O Saviour, to my heart	*Unknown*	865
We live as pilgrims and strangers below	*Unknown*	640
We'll not give up the Bible	*Unknown*	948
We meet again in gladness	*Unknown*	940
We now to Christ, the Saviour King	*Unknown*	963
We now have heard our brethren tell	*Unknown*	786
We're marching to the promis'd land	*Unknown*	646
We're met dear friends in Jesus' name	*J. W.*	764
We're met, O Lord, before thy throne	*J. W.*	741
We're traveling home to heaven above	*Unknown*	655
We speak of the realms of the blest	*Unknown*	1193
We sing the Saviour's wondrous death	*Unknown*	174
We've no abiding city here	*Kelly*	642
What a meeting, what a meeting that will	*Unknown*	1245
What a mercy, a mercy is this	*Unknown*	832
What cheering words are these	*Kent*	670
What contradictions meet	*Unknown*	449
What dreadful spot is this	*Unknown*	471
What glory gilds the sacred page?	*Unknown*	77
What heavenly music do I hear	*Unknown*	859

		HYMN.
What have I in this barren land	*Watts*	1182
What, if our bark, o'er life's rough wave.	*Unknown*	1192
What is the thing of greatest price	*Montgomery*	1217
What is this something in the mind	*Unknown*	579
What language now salutes the ear?	*Hoskins*	276
What mean ye, that ye bruise and bind..	*Unknown*	984
What now is my object and aim?	*Unknown*	770
What poor despised company	*Unknown*	653
What shall I render to my God	*Watts*	1221
What shall the dying sinner do?	*Crittenden*	229
What sinners value I resign	*Watts*	1155
What sound is this? a song through	*Unknown*	28
What sound is this salutes my ear?	*Unknown*	1147
What's this that steals, that steal upon..	*Unknown*	1083
What strange perplexities arise	*Davies*	874
What sweet emotions in me move	*Unknown*	376
What think you of Christ? is this best	*Newton*	133
What tho' no flowers, the fig-tree clothe...	*Unknown*	58
What various hindrances we meet	*Cowper*	745
What various lovely characters	*Unknown*	131
When Abrah'm, full of sacred awe	*Rippon*	1001
When Adam sinned, thro' all his race	*Unknown*	64
When all thy mercies, O my God	*Addison*	493
When any turn from Zion's way	*Newton*	623
When blooming youth is snatched away	*Mrs. Steele*	1113
When brighter suns and milder skies	*Peabody*	1041
When Christ, at Heaven's command alone	*Unknown*	102
When daily I kneel down to pray	*Unknown*	958
Whene'er a sinner turns to God	*Stennet*	856
When for some little insult given	*J. Taylor*	952
When for th' eternal world I steer	*Unknown*	913
When gathering clouds around I view...	*L. Glenelg*	632
When God revealed his gracious name	*Watts*	353
When God is nigh, my faith is strong	*Watts*	1157
When I can read my title clear	*Watts*	668
When Israel's sons, a murm'ring race	*Unknown*	84
When I survey the wondrous cross	*Watts*	167
When Jesus Christ was here below	*Unknown*	547
When Jesus dwelt in mortal clay	*Gibbon*	142
When languor and disease invade	*Toplady*	1057
When marshall'd on the nightly plain	*H. K. White*	121
When o'er the mighty deep we rode	*Unknown*	917
When our Lord was crucified	*Unknown*	1210
When rising from the bed of death	*Addison*	1169
When shall we all meet again	*Unknown*	1243
When shall we meet again	*Unknown*	1235

		HYMN.
When the dark and heavy cloud	*Unknown*	1222
When the first parents of our race	*Unknown*	92
When the harvest is past and the	*S. F. Smith*	836
When the last trumpet's voice	*Unknown*	1152
When the sabbath bell, which we love	*Unknown*	944
When thou, my righteous Judge, shall come	*Rippon*	1168
When torn is the bosom by sorrow or care	*Unknown*	707
When we with welcome slumber press'd	*Unknown*	719
Where'er you meet, you always say	*Unknown*	862
Where two or three together meet	*Kent*	787
Where two or three with sweet accord	*Stennett*	751
While [illegible] prolongs its precious light	*Dwight*	258
While shepherds watched their flocks	*Tate*	108
While sounds of war are heard around	*Aikin*	887
While thee I seek, protecting power	*Miss Williams*	715
While through this changing world	*Montgomery*	1183
While to the grave our friends are borne	*Unknown*	1132
While with ceaseless course the sun	*Newton*	1036
Who are these, arrayed in white	*C. Wesley*	1198
Who but thou, almighty Spirit	*Unknown*	813
Who can describe the joys that rise ?	*Watts*	860
Who is as the christian great ?	*Unknown*	569
Who is this that comes from Edom ?	*Unknown*	210
Why do we mourn departed friends ?	*Watts*	1130
Why is my heart so far from thee ?	*Watts*	828
Why should I join with those in play	*Unknown*	942
Why should our tears in sorrow flow	*Unknown*	1110
Why should the children of a King	*Watts*	375
Why should we mourn the sainted dead	*Unknown*	1127
Why should we spend our youthful days	*Unknown*	979
Why should we start and fear to die	*Watts*	1087
Wide is the gate and broad the way	*Unknown*	651
With aching heart and weeping eyes	*Unknown*	272
With banner and with badge we come	*Unknown*	993
With cheerful voices rise and sing	*Unknown*	923
With guilt oppressed bowed down with	*Unknown*	368
With grateful hearts and tuneful lays	*Unknown*	925
With heavenly power, O Lord, defend	*Unknown*	1019
Within thy courts, O God, to-day	*Unknown*	1031
Within thy house, O Lord, our God	*Unknown*	513
With joy we hail the sacred day	*Lyte*	476
With joy we meditate the grace	*Watts*	137
With my substance I will honor	*Unknown*	526
With songs and honors sounding loud	*Watts*	1040
With stately towers and bulwarks strong	*Unknown*	418
With tears of anguish I lament	*Stennett*	260

		HYMN.
With what a fixed and peaceful mind	*Unknown*	1118
With willing hearts we tread	*S. F. Smith*	537
Would you win a soul to God?	*Hammond*	444
Would'st thou an erring soul redeem	*Unknown*	608
YE burden'd souls, to Jesus come	*Dobell*	868
Ye followers of the Prince of Peace	*Unknown*	563
Ye careless professors, who rest on your	*Unknown*	829
Ye friends of liberty, awake	*Unknown*	985
Ye glittering toys of earth, adieu	*Mrs. Steele*	410
Ye hearts with youthful vigor warm	*Doddridge*	976
Ye humble souls, approach your God	*Mrs. Steele*	22
Ye living men, the tomb surgey	*Doddridge*	1128
Ye lovely bands of blooming youth	*Doddridge*	974
Ye messengers of Christ	*Cowper*	1016
Ye nations 'round the earth, rejoice	*Watts*	487
Ye saints of God, below	*Wesh[illegible]*	1206
Ye saints, proclaim abroad	*Ryland*	500
Ye servants of the Lord	*Doddridge*	606
Ye sin-sick souls dismiss your fears	*Phippard*	290
Ye sin-sick souls, draw near	*Unknown*	297
Yes, I will bless thee, O my God!	*Heginbotham*	481
Yes, my native land, I love thee	*S. F. Smith*	790
Yes, we trust the day is breaking	*Unknown*	808
Ye trembling souls dismiss your fears	*Beddome*	594
Ye wretched, hungry, starving poor	*Mrs. Steele*	287
Ye unconverted, careless souls	*J. W.*	251
Ye virgin souls, arise	*C. Wesley*	1137
Yonder amazing sight I see	*Stennet*	165
Young people all, attention give	*Unknown*	981
ZEAL is that pure and heavenly flame	*Newton*	593
Zion, awake! thy strength renew	*Shrubsole*	423
Zion stands with hills surrounded	*Kelly*	426

23 Jan. 1860.

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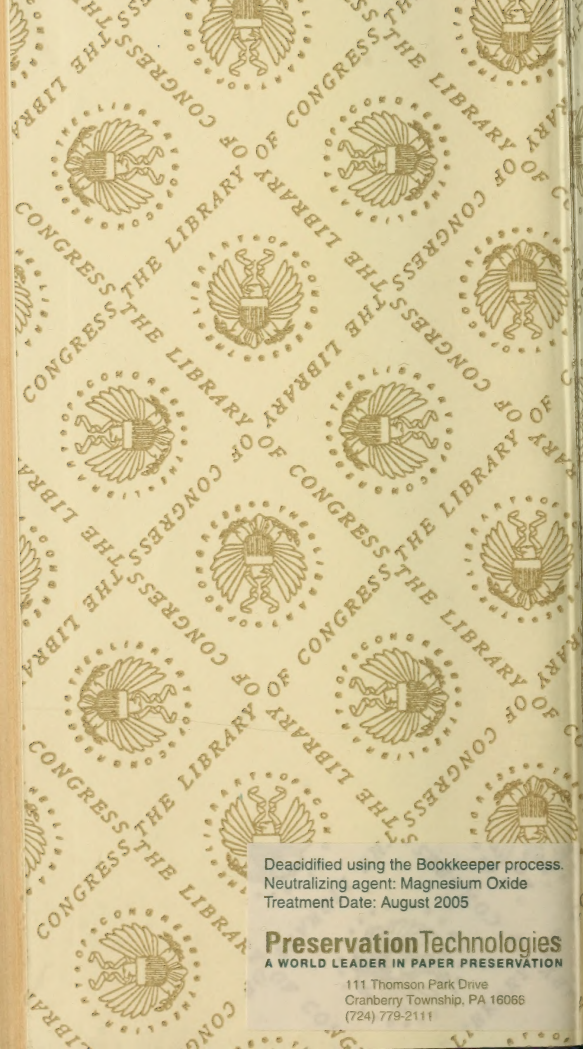

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